PENTHOUSE

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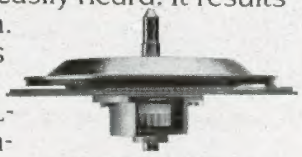

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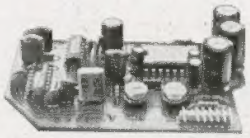

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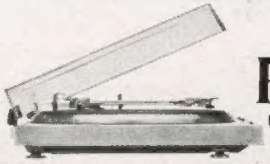

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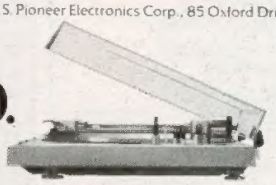

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PENTHOUSE

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BOB GUCCIONE (RIGHT) WITH GIANCARLO LUI

Mario Tursi

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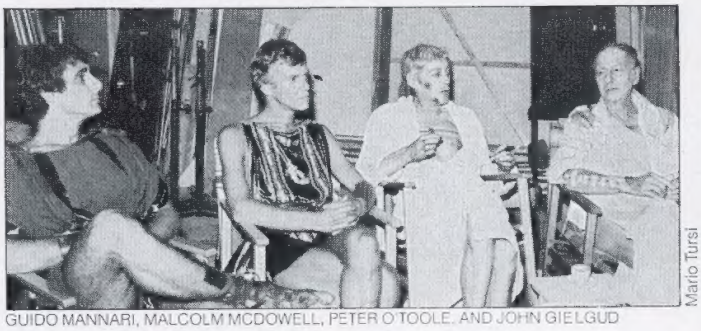
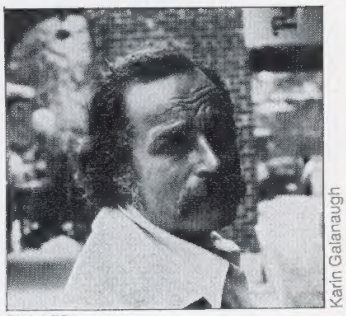


Mario Tursi

GUIDO MANNARI, MALCOLM MCDOWELL, PETER O'TOOLE, AND JOHN GIELGUD



Karin Galanaugh

BILL LEE

HOUSECALL

Four years and $17,500,000 ago, Bob Guccione began production of an epic motion-picture portrait of ancient Rome's most notorious emperor, Caligula. Earlier this year *Penthouse* acquired New York City's Trans-Lux East, a 516-seat theater, renamed it the Penthouse East, and opened *Caligula* to an eager audience ... and a hostile press. The critics were bewildered, stunned, and even shocked. After waiting in long, cold lines with the ordinary public, they had to pay the same admission price as everyone else ... an unprecedented $7.50. Some of them were upset by the film, too.

Anyone following the fortunes of *Penthouse, Forum,* and *Omni* will not be surprised to learn that *Caligula* has broken every standing box-office record at the former Trans-Lux East. In 18 days it grossed $222,105, an extraordinary sum that proves, if nothing else, America's film critics may be out of touch with their audience. Despite the fact that New York City was going through the worst of its below-freezing winter (11 degrees at one point), there were lines around the block at every performance.

In his first-ever *Penthouse* interview, complemented by a ten-page pictorial, Bob Guccione recounts the making of a motion picture that he described in *Variety* as "a landmark cinematic event that combines the film industry's two extremes: the high-budget, artistically crafted establishment at one end, and the more freewheeling, 'underground' side at the other." Guccione spent several days with top-flight *Penthouse* reporter Ernest Volkman discussing his reasons for adopting such a controversial point of view in his first film ("The reality of life in ancient Rome has never been seen on the screen.... We have re-created a time that existed before Christianity"), answering the critics' accusations that the film was just an expensive porno movie ("If it was our intention to make an obscene film, we certainly wouldn't have spent that kind of money. For that kind of money, I could have made about 40 or 50 porno films"), and *Caligula*'s natural history of soaring costs and colliding egos ("No author in the world, no matter who he is or how important he is, can say, when he submits a screenplay to a director, that the screenplay has to remain inviolate").

In addition to the interview with Guccione (page 112) and the behind-the-scenes pictorial on the making of *Caligula* (page 136), this issue also features a lavish layout on the film itself (page 68), a fashion supplement on the newest Italian designers who currently dominate the men's clothing world as the Caesars dominated theirs (page 170), and Humor Editor Bill Lee's very special look at ancient Rome and its citizens, "Veni, Vidi, Veni" — which Bill translates, much to the consternation of pedants, as "I came, I saw, I came again" (page 122).

Although the theme of Caligula and his times dominates this issue, the pleasures and problems of our own twentieth century cannot be overlooked. And certainly among the very worst problems is the irrational dumping of chemical-waste material into our land and water. In "Poisoned Water" (page 60), Michael H. Brown, an investigative reporter who was the first to break the Love Canal story, writes that "the United States government [has] neglected the problem of chemical-waste disposal and, indeed, [has covered up] situations that could be costing thousands of people their health." There are literally tens of thousands of life-threatening dumping sites throughout America, according to Brown, whose book on the subject, *Laying Waste,* will be published this month by Pantheon.

Among the pleasures of this issue, and of springtime generally, is the annual observance of the return of the baseball season, which we mark by profiling Charley Lau, the Yankee batting coach, who has probably taught more men how to hit a ball properly than anyone else in the history of the sport (page 132). Peter Kaminsky, former managing editor of the *National Lampoon* and an avid sports fan, interviewed Lau at Yankee Stadium with *Penthouse* Sports Editor Kay Shaw.

Our fiction this month is "Jimmy Maroon" (page 90), another excerpt from the forthcoming novel *Appaloosa Rising: The Legend of the Cowboy Buddha,* by Gino Sky. Since we published our last excerpt in the February issue, Sky's novel, which will be published this month by Doubleday, has been optioned by Columbia Pictures.

In this issue we also conclude Craig S. Karpel's "Tales of the Mossad" (page 128). In this third part Karpel discusses the vital, and very secret, role that Israeli intelligence plays in preserving U. S. security in the Middle East as events continue to slide downhill in that area.

Of course, one of the greatest pleasures of our own twentieth century is that special technological advance known as "The Penthouse Pet of the Month." This month she's Monica Kaelin, former Miss Switzerland, whose charms can be savored on page 95. A very special girl for a very special issue.

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MAY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

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Homecoming festivities

I am currently in my third year of college. I just recently returned to my school from Thanksgiving vacation—and the greatest sexual experience of my life.

My hometown is small, less than 5,000 people, and is sometimes wanting for action. Through a friend I learned of a party going on that week, and I decided to check it out. When I arrived at the party, the scene was that of a tame, almost innocent gathering. And no wonder; most of the people there were still in high school. I had practically decided to turn around and walk back out when I noticed a pair of beautiful green eyes admiring me from across the room. I've always been turned on by green eyes and red hair, and this young lass had the most sensuous auburn hair you could imagine. Her deep, shining eyes were staring at me so intensely I decided I had to meet her. As I walked toward her, I could feel her gaze enveloping me. Of course, I was doing a little gazing myself. Her breasts were so full and large and her nipples becoming so enticingly erect that I felt myself beginning to grow.

I introduced myself and began a mild conversation, but her voice was so compelling that I soon turned to the subject of physical pleasure. Her luscious figure, highlighted by her inviting eyes and lovely hair, were simply too much for me.

We found a bedroom upstairs, and soon our passion for each other overwhelmed us. Her thighs were softer than I had imagined possible. As she wrapped her legs around my face, I felt as if I could maintain this position forever. She really enjoyed being eaten and let herself go so crazy that I was sure her screams of excitement could be heard throughout the house. As she began to feel contented, I felt her tongue start working its way down my body. She licked my chest, moved her way down my stomach, and began running her tongue around my shaft. I was about ready for a blowjob, but to my delight she prolonged the fun by licking and sucking my balls. She took my balls one at a time into her mouth and applied just enough pressure with her tongue to make me roll around in ecstasy. She then worked her way up my throbbing, hard cock and enveloped my full eight inches. As she pumped her head up and down on my shaft, I ran my fingers through her glowing red hair. She was extremely skillful, especially for a girl her age, and I came with such force that I nearly blew her off me.

A good, rounded butt is the sexiest feature a girl can have, and believe me, this girl had it. I got her on her hands and knees and positioned myself behind her. As I entered her ass, she gave a soft moan of pleasure and begged me to go deeper. "Ram it up me. Please, ram it harder! Harder! Harder!" Soon my thrusts were so forceful that each one nearly knocked her over, but I had a good grip on her breasts and managed to hold her in place! As we reached orgasm, we were both moaning so loudly that we nearly drowned out the music from the party below.

Well, needless to say, I now look forward to vacations even more than I used to. This green-eyed redhead has pleased me more than any woman I have ever known.—*Name and address withheld*

Four on three

One of my most memorable experiences occurred a few years ago when I and three of my best friends were attending a wedding in a nearby state. The wedding was in the morning, and the reception followed immediately, because the newlyweds were catching an early flight out to start on their honeymoon. Jack, Pete, Tom, and I were going to spend Saturday night at the friend's apartment and clean up after the reception.

After everyone had left, the four of us quickly became bored and decided to head into town to hit the bars. It's a college town, but because it was the middle of summer, we really didn't expect to have much luck. We went to one of the bars that had pool tables to amuse ourselves, but our pool game was interrupted when four lovely young ladies strolled into the bar. Jack had noticed them first; so he talked the rest of us into trying to put the make on these beauties. They all looked as if they could pose for your magazine.

In less time than it usually takes us to get acquainted with the women back home, we were on very friendly terms with Linda, Cathy, Patty, and Susan. We were successful perhaps because we weren't trying so hard, expecting not to get too far with these girls. The only sour note in the evening came when Susan left. She was also from out of town and, unfortunately, had to return home that night. That left us with a four-on-three situation.

As the hours wore on, we soon paired up, I with Linda, Pete with Cathy, and Jack with Patty. Poor Tom was left out in

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the cold. When the bar closed, the girls invited us to their house, since they had two bedrooms and plenty of liquor. We decided to stop at the apartment on the way there, and Tom stayed and went to sleep. He didn't know what he was missing.

By the time we had returned to the girls' house, we had once again regained the intimate mood of the bar and everyone was doing his best to heat up the night. We sat around the living room, drinking and listening to records for a while. Then Cathy got up and said she was going to bed. She gave Pete an inviting wink and disappeared into her bedroom. Pete didn't know what to make of the situation. In his drunkenness he started to get his jacket to leave. Just then Cathy reappeared in the living room in a very revealing nightie, holding a couple of pillows and blankets, which she quickly distributed to Patty and Linda. Cathy gave Pete another look as if to say "follow me" and turned and left for her bedroom, with Pete in close pursuit. Linda and I got comfortable on the floor, with one blanket on top of us and one underneath, while Jack and Patty were doing the same on the couch.

Before I knew what was happening, Linda was taking her clothes off, while trying to do the same to me! I was surprised because she had been hesitant and somewhat passive in the bar, and even though we had started petting and tonguing each other in the bar, she had seemed distant and sort of embarrassed by her earlier behavior when we had arrived at the house.

Linda had a magnificent pair of breasts, which I had been admiring all night, because I had never gotten this close to such a pair of tits before. I'm an ass man, basically, but I appreciate all the parts of any beautiful woman's body. Yet at that moment my mind was only concerned with seeing those luscious breasts. She had really big, dark nipples, which stood out about one and one-half inches from her dark and appealing areolas.

I started to kiss her on the neck and shoulders, moving down to her beautiful breasts slowly, the more to savor that luscious treat. Before I had proceeded too far, Linda sort of moaned very loudly and demanded that I fuck her immediately. We were both completely naked by now; so she reached down and started to pull my erection toward her very hairy cunt. The hair around her cunt was very dark and bushy but trimmed in a very neat heart shape. This was my first encounter with a very thick bush, and since that night, it's been my favorite kind!

I positioned myself over her and started to thrust gently, but Linda would have none of that. She grabbed me by my ass and pulled me toward her so that my full seven inches were firmly embedded in her cunt. I started to thrust in and out, with a sideways rotation, trying to stretch her tight cunt, until Linda started to lift her ass off the floor to meet my thrusts. She had to be the best fuck of my life, because she really got into it, not like most of the women I've fucked, who seem to be very passive and require a lot of foreplay. As our fucking became more intense, I could feel my balls tightening and knew my come shot was not far off. I slid my hand down between our bodies, and although I had to do some maneuvering to accomplish it, I started to rub her clit very vigorously. Almost immediately I came; so I stopped my thrusting and started to concentrate on bringing Linda off. After some very intense clitoral stimulation, Linda gave out with a very loud yell and started shaking. The look of pleasure on her face convinced me to keep going; so I didn't stop massaging her clit. She must have come about five or six times in the space of three minutes.

At this point I became aware of the activity occurring on the couch; so Linda and I just sat back and, while smoking a joint, watched Patty and Jack going at it. Linda became excited watching them fuck and started masturbating. This was the first time we had ever seen anyone else make love, and the thrill of seeing it live got us all excited again. Linda turned to me and asked me if I had ever had the pleasure of anal sex, which I hadn't, and, with a look of glee, started to grease up her ass with her cunt juice. She lay on her back, and I stuck my erect prick into her cunt to lubricate it properly. Then Linda flipped over onto her knees with her face and shoulders flat on the floor. This was a lovely sight. What with her cunt and anus completely exposed and wide open, who could resist?

I put the head of my prick against her anal opening and started to push gently against it. Linda looked back and told me to stick the whole thing in her and to do it right now. I had gotten the head in a little bit. Then, taking a grip on her hips, I sank the length of my prick into her. The tightness was just incredible! It felt as if a rigid pair of hands were gripping my dick! It took some thrusting before I could really start getting a motion going, but when I started picking up speed, nothing was going to stop me. Linda reached back and started massaging her clit again, and when I shot my load up her ass, she collapsed on the floor in a mass of quivering flesh, in the midst of a wild orgasm and only the second multiple orgasm of her life! In fact, this was the first time she had ever orgasmed at all.

Later on, all of us went into the bedroom and continued our lovemaking in more comfortable confines. We eventually switched partners, and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. We left later in the morning, totally exhausted but fully sated. It turned out that Cathy was married and that Patty was engaged to be married in the fall; so the fact that we had had such success was surprising. I kept in touch with Linda, and we met and repeated the fun and sex

we enjoyed that first night, but nothing can compare with the first time.—*B. G., Chicago, Ill.*

Setting the mood

I am a college student from central Illinois and have been dating Kevin for almost one year. We usually fuck seven times a week, but lately our sex life has taken an upward thrust (take it any way you want). But last week our sex life more than tripled. In one week we fucked 24 times. I don't have the time or space to write about the whole week, but I will tell you about one weekend.

It was a rainy evening, perfect for staying in, I thought to myself as I pulled in the drive. Not knowing what to expect, I opened the door with anticipation. Even though we had been going together for almost one year, my desire for Kevin has only increased. As I got inside, I noticed that all I heard was the rain on the roof and the music on the stereo. I could see that Kevin was well prepared. I walked through the house to the bedroom, where I knew he would be, stripping off my clothes all the way. Kevin was lying in bed, his beautiful eight and one-half inches throbbing with anticipation.

At the sight of this, I could feel my already damp pussy become even wetter. I was ready to fuck right then, but I could see that he had other ideas. He poured me a glass of wine and had me lie on the bed and get comfortable. He started licking my ear and nibbling my neck, his hands dancing lightly over my breasts. He continued his journey downward, licking and nibbling all the way. Then on to my second favorite thing in this world, being eaten. He was running his tongue up and down my pussy lips and then savagely attacked my clit, licking it up and down and side to side, exciting me to the point of frenzy.

At this point, I grabbed his shoulders and pulled him upon me. Then I spread my legs and guided him into me. However, I decided to make him wait and asked him to lie on his back so that I could taste his gorgeous eight-and-one-half-inch cock. I cupped his balls in one hand (a difficult task, since he has such lovely huge ones) and with my other one guided him into my mouth, knowing that as I did so, he would begin moaning with pleasure. Sure enough I began hearing low moans, telling me I was doing the job right. Then I concentrated on flicking my tongue over his balls and down to his ass, sticking my tongue up his hole and driving him wild. Then I licked my way back up to the head, covering every inch of his cock with my tongue.

Kevin could take no more and abruptly flipped me onto my back, entering me with one hard thrust. As he began pumping furiously, he covered my neck and face with kisses. I wrapped my legs around him, and I could feel myself climbing to the heights of ecstasy that Kevin always brings me to. In two more

Volkswagen's new Pickup: It's built like

Where is it written that a truck has to drive like a truck? Certainly not on that brand new Volkswagen Pickup Truck.

When it comes to going, a VW Pickup can pick 'em up and lay 'em down with the best of 'em. Under its aerodynamic hood is a very dynamic engine. A fuel-injected, over-head cam powerhouse that can outaccelerate even an MGB.

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a truck, but drives like something else.

moving nimbly. Even when the road throws it a curve. The steering is precise and quick because it's Volkswagen's rack-and-pinion system.

What's equally impressive is how good a pickup a VW Pickup is. It's the only truck in its class with a fully unitized body and double-wall bed construction for extra strength. And its heavy-duty suspension takes the tension out of hauling over 1100 pounds of stuff.

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VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

fierce thrusts he joined me in the climax of a truly beautiful fuck. We lay there for a while catching our breath and pouring wine down our parched throats. We talked and smoked cigarettes and then Kevin started kissing me in such a way that I knew he was ready to fuck again, and so it went all weekend. The only time we were in our clothes was for a few hours when some friends dropped in unexpectedly. It had to be the most exciting weekend I have ever had. *—L.L., Jacksonville, Fla.*

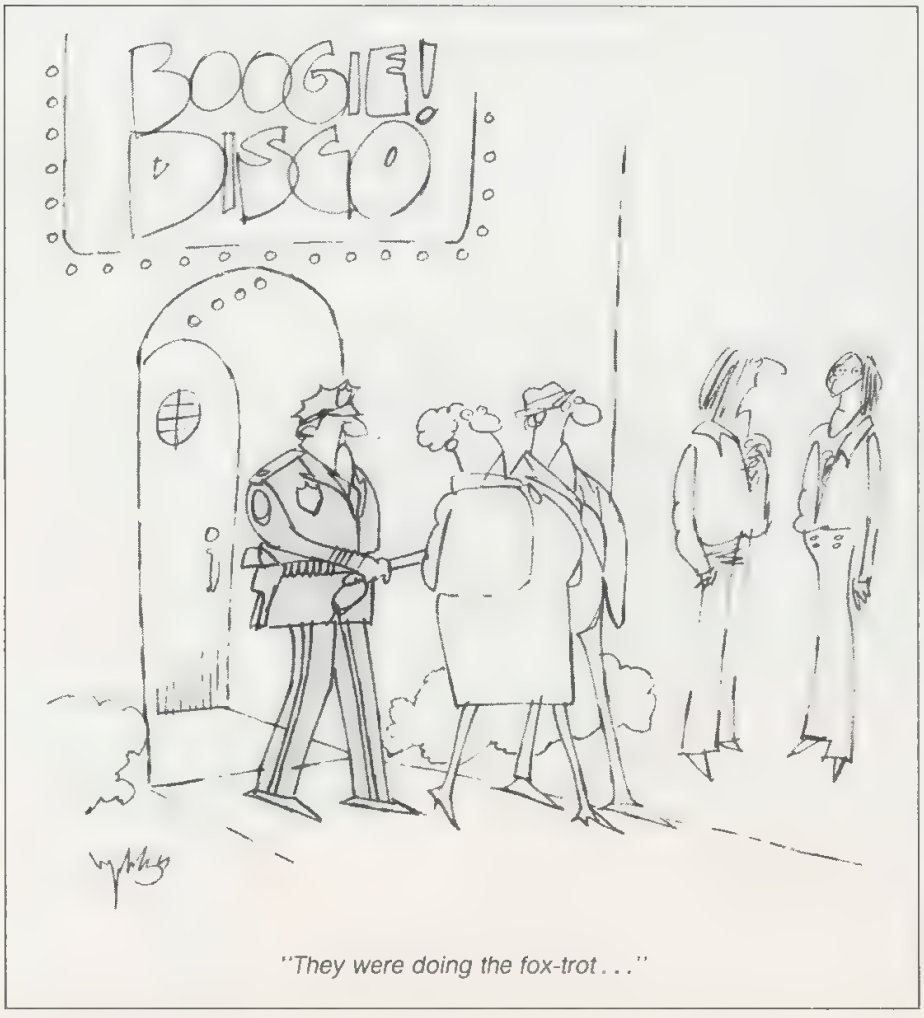
Four in a fountain

My friend and I, whom I'll call John, read *Penthouse* every month and have spent many good times masturbating while we read the erotic stories. We never thought that we would have an experience worth writing to you about. We attend Purdue University, and an experience last summer has prompted us to write.

There is a fountain in the center of the school, and we were walking by it early one morning about four o'clock. We had been to a frat party and had smoked some good weed; so we were flying pretty high by then. Someone called to us, and we looked over and saw two beautiful girls skinny-dipping in the fountain. Their names were Sue and Karen. They invited us in (we almost creamed our jeans right then), and of course we did not hesitate. We've always been pretty open-minded about fucking. As soon as we got in, they went to work.

As they grabbed our cocks, they said they needed some help and were wondering if we could oblige. Sue started giving me head right away (the best that I have ever had, I might add), and Karen was busy munching on John. I came instantly, and as she pulled my cock out of her mouth, my semen shot up into the spray of the fountain. John started to give Karen the best cunt-licking that she had ever experienced. She shuddered in orgasm, and I thought that the whole university would hear it. I got so excited that I exploded again, and this time Sue swallowed every drop. I inserted my swollen member into her love triangle and started to pump her. We climaxed at the same time and sank below the water, exhausted. John was not to be outdone. He wasted no time in plunging his eagerly throbbing cock into Karen's pussy. The humping bodies created what seemed like tidal waves. He pulled his organ out and came in her mouth and then licked his mess clean. They got out of the fountain and dressed, kissed us good-bye, and then walked off into the night. John and I just sat in the fountain overwhelmed by these fantastic, mysterious girls. We hope that the readers of "Forum" can experience what it is like to fuck in water. We look forward to finding these girls again sometime, maybe at a waterfall.

—Name and address withheld



"They were doing the fox-trot . . ."

Salt and pepper seasoning

Penthouse has for many years been one of my favorite sources for its stories, letters, and ideas about sexual pleasure. Although I continually get turned on by many of the fantasies and extraordinary scenes presented, I had never experienced erotica such as I was fortunate enough to participate in one momentous evening.

Early this summer my college roommate, Tim, and I spent two fantastic weeks in downtown Vancouver. Luckily, we found reasonable acommodations with what has to be the world's greatest view. Here, in Vancouver's fashionable Gastown district, restaurants, offices, boutiques, galleries, and clubs offered us the grand opportunity to sample the cock-hungry cunts of the hundreds of foxes parading about. After we got settled in our hotel room, we ate dinner and began barhopping. Our first stop was a write-off. Not only did the music suck, but also, unfortunately, the women would not do likewise. Tim and I left and headed for the neon lights of the discos. Neither of us particularly enjoys the disco brand of packaged entertainment. However, we sacrificed our principles in favor of our pricks.

After a few drinks and a few turndowns, both Tim and I were wondering if it was going to be another long night of going without. But this was only to be a temporary low, and the tide was about to rise. As I continued on my search for cunt, I spied a luscious-looking black girl. Dressed in a white-satin gown, she looked like a cock-warming dream.

She seemed to be lost in conversation with her friends, but as I got closer, her smile met mine. Her style and grace sent heavenly visions of an erotic black angel. When I asked her to dance, I noticed how her delicate shoulder straps strained themselves to contain her mountainous tits. My nine-inch cock made a noticeable bulge in my pants. At any other time, I might have been embarrassed, but at that moment I was proud of my endowment, and I did not mind displaying it. She accepted, and we danced a few fast disco hits. On our first slow number, I ground my hard love arrow into her. I was taking a chance in offending her. Needless to say, she was not. In fact, she gained the controlling role as she shoved her love box onto my shaft in tempo with the music.

This erotic friction was too much for my stiff organ. I could feel my preejaculatory fluid dripping onto my briefs. If she was as hot as I was, her pussy juices must have been flowing, too. Tired out, we decided to sit the next few out. She told me her name was Arlene, and we talked. Then I suddenly remembered Tim. I was curious how he was making out. Arlene and I walked over to him. He was occupying the same space he had an hour

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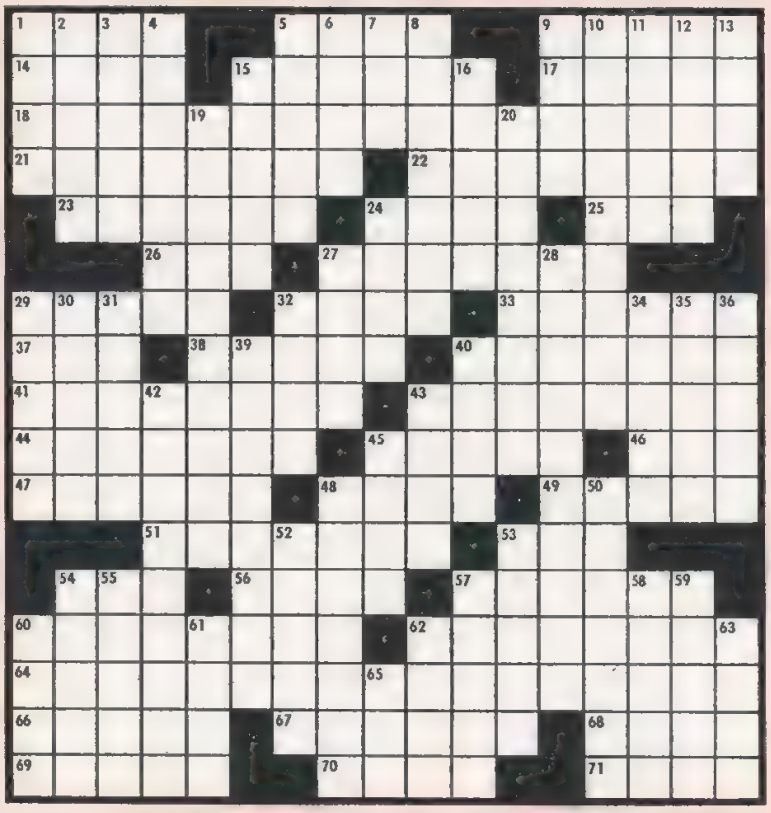

ACROSS

1 Carpenter's file
5 Game with 32 cards
9 Plowed land
14 Nanking nana
15 Audient
17 Noted Finnish philosopher: 1835-1924
18 Start of a poem by Burns
21 Too young to be served liquor
22 "--- tavern..."
23 Rubbernecking
24 Make sound
25 Q-U connection
26 "--- for the road"
27 Composer of "The Red Mill"
29 Middle East weight unit
32 Walleyed pike
33 Matador's lure
37 Raggedy doll
38 Philippine trees: Var.
40 Round Table town
41 China
43 Equipment for Mr. America
44 He has no deity or piety
45 Japanese lyric
46 Seine sight
47 Yucatecs
48 Undiluted
49 "And every --- queen": Kingsley
51 Goes
53 What an R.N. gives
54 Watering place
56 Birds called wahoos
57 Secular
60 Part of an atom
62 Painted the town red
64 Dos Passos novel
66 Famed Austrian contralto: 1803-77
67 Eiffel Tower levels
68 Douglas Hyde was its first president
69 German sculptor-painter: 1440-1533
70 Argus' multiple features
71 Ocular ailment

DOWN

1 Stew, in Siena
2 Mohammed's mother
3 White --- National Monument, N.M.
4 One that may set the world on fire
5 Flock of herons
6 Danny, Sammy or Stubby
7 Estuary
8 Reeling
9 "Kilt him --- when he was three"
10 Church of Scotland clergyman: 1804-68
11 He spawned Hitler
12 "When thou --- this terrible thing": Isa.64.3
13 Author Seton
15 Viscount Templewood
16 Therapy center, to a G.I.
19 Battle site: Sept. 11, 1777
20 Skier's turn
24 Linen marking
27 Darner's target
28 Uproar; fracas
29 Palindromic title
30 Loos or Louise
31 Not bashful
32 Gossip's interest
34 --- Bell (Emily Bronte)
35 End of a Hemingway title
36 Flummoxed
39 Foreign visitor's need
40 Item to go with ale
42 Vexatious situations
43 Man from 40 Across
45 Shebangs
48 Turn the palm downward or backward
50 Impeaches
52 Make --- of (record)
53 Gogol's "--- Bulba"
54 Distort a report
55 Hungarian coin: 1925-46
57 Roman tutelary gods
58 --- as a fiddle
59 Suspicious
60 Australian avifauna
61 Grog quaffers
62 Drayman's charge: Abbr.
63 Scotch for grief
65 Aye neutralizer

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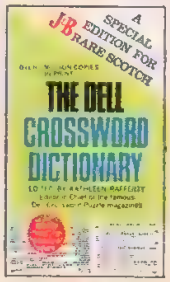

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earlier. Saying that she had to talk to a friend, Arlene excused herself. Within minutes, she returned with her girl friend, Eva, who looked like a white angel in black attire. Arlene explained that Eva and she were "closer than sisters." Later, I was to find out exactly what she meant.

Everything seemed to be going perfectly. Both Tim and I had contrastingly beautiful chicks. Unexpectedly, Tim took me aside and informed me that he was going back *alone* to our hotel room. I questioned him regarding his sanity. Wishing me a good time, Tim told me that his bronchitis was getting the better of him and he needed *rest*. Tim was ill, but I suspect his blind loyalty to an old girl friend in Ontario was probably a contributing factor to his decision.

I told Tim to "take care" and went over to the disco foxes. I was aware that three generally is a crowd. Smiling and talking to these beauties, I racked my brains for a solution whereby I could make it with either Arlene or Eva. But for the life of me, I could not decide which one I wanted most. They sensed my uneasiness and suggested we *all* go out to an all-night restaurant. Throughout coffee and sandwiches we all loosened up and gradually felt more comfortable in each other's company. Later in the evening, Eva invited us to her apartment for brandied coffee. Buzzing from the great Colombian Tim and I had smoked earlier, I pulled out another joint and we shared it on the way to Eva's place. After a few brandied coffees and five or six more joints, we all were getting pretty high and horny.

I must have drifted off for a few moments because when I awoke, the sofa had been unfolded and was now a bed. Arlene gently shook me, saying, "Honey, I think you're pretty tired. Why don't you sleep here." I started to get up, but I found it difficult to keep my balance. Eva rushed over to help Arlene guide me. Fully dressed, I lay on the bed thoroughly stoned. I was mentally kicking myself inside out for blowing a chance in a lifetime when Arlene proceeded to undress me. "Babe," she said, "you can't sleep that way." Eva took my boots off while Arlene unbuttoned my shirt and unzipped my pants. Her hand reached inside my briefs for my flaccid cock.

As she slowly fingered my growing member between her Nubian long-nailed fingers, it began to throb with anticipatory delight. Wide-eyed, Eva removed my socks as Arlene flicked her warm tongue over my circumcised cockhead. She kissed and licked every inch of my nine-inch throbber. Walking away, Eva gazed back over her shoulder at this horny scene. "May I join in?" she asked coyly. "Of course, you can," I answered without a second's delay. "I'll be there in a sec," she said. Slipping into her bedroom, Eva returned to witness Arlene giving me head. Her long nails erotically scratched my sensitive abdomen and inner thighs as she deep-throated my love pole. Sticking her hands inside Arlene's gown, Eva lovingly fondled her tits as only an experienced lover can. Arlene moaned in ecstasy as she simultaneously gobbled my hot nuts in lustful abandonment.

Then Eva disrobed and began to masturbate her bushy, glistening mound. She squirted strawberry love gel over my cock, balls, and inner thighs. Arlene ate it up. My cock shot hot spurts of come into her insatiable mouth. Swallowing every drop, she darted her pink tongue around my prickhead. She licked the dribbles of semen that continued to flow from my favorite eye. Helping Arlene up off her knees, Eva removed her white, angelic gown. Not wanting to miss a piece of this action, I pulled down Arlene's silky panties. Her black bush dripped her sweet love juices down her smooth, ebony thighs. "Sister" Arlene began to tongue "Sister" Eva's cock-hard nipples. Eva responded with tender squirts of love gel carefully aimed at Arlene's tits, labia, and ass. Arlene returned the loving gesture.

Switching into a passionate double-header, the girls voraciously kissed, licked, and sucked each other's muff. Meanwhile, my flaccid cock grew to stallion proportions. As the girls got into a heavy 69 session, I grabbed my now rock-hard cock and stroked it lovingly. As the girls shook in orgasmic ecstasy, I shot hot jism onto Eva's tight ass and back. Directing my nine-inch poker toward Arlene's face and tits, I sprayed her with the remaining streams of my warm come. The girls licked and sucked my love juice from each other's limbs, face, and torso. Arlene rolled over on top of me and whispered, "Fuck me. Be a dirty white boy. Fuck Mama!" Needing no more encouragement, I held my semi-erect organ in my conventional jack-off fashion only to meet Eva's waiting lips. Still in control of the love gel, she squirted the cool, red fluid over my cock and balls. She licked and sucked the length of my swollen shaft down to my hot rocks. Stroking my cock, she gently led me to Arlene's open cunt. Her fingers spread her labia for me, and I could not resist eating her enticing pussy. Arlene moaned as my tongue searched for her clit. The deeper I got, the more she began begging, "Give me your hot cock, white boy!"

I could hold back no longer. I pulled her sensuous, ebony legs over my shoulders and directed my strawberry tool into her steamy hole. Groaning as my prickhead entered her, Arlene climbed aboard my love rod. With her arms around my neck, she worked her body to meet my throbbing pole. As we increased our rhythm, I felt a solid object against my pounding buttocks. Lost in the ecstasy of the moment, my ass hole took the assault of the six-inch dildo that Eva had inserted

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MERIT
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into it. The dildo was well greased and slid up my hole, adding to my stimulation toward climax. After some heavy pumping, Arlene and I exploded in a cosmic orgasm. Cock-crazed, Eva yelled, "Sperm me, stud! Sperm me!" Straddling her mouth, I shoved my limp cock between her open lips. Meanwhile, Arlene licked my balls and slipped her index finger into my greased but tight anus. I felt like exploding. My cock grew inch by inch to its nine-inch status.

I quickly popped out of Eva's hungry mouth and guided my tool toward her wet, juicy cunt. The deeper I entered, the more I felt her srong vaginal walls constrict and massage my shaft in a loving embrace. Arlene fondled Eva's tits and passionately kissed her. I could see Eva's long tongue slide down Arlene's hot mouth and throat. What a turn-on! I humped harder, driving my cock deep into Eva's slick, dripping bushy pussy. Reaching over, I stuck two and then three of my fingers into Arlene's hot, juicy love box. I manipulated them in unison with the fuck strokes I was giving Eva. I shot another hot wad deep inside Eva's sweet cunt. Arlene moaned and sent orgasmic juices down my right hand and my arm. Eva then pounded away on my stiff dick. Finally, her warm fluids mixed with my sperm, drenching both herself and my semihard shaft. Exhausted, now, we three all cuddled next to one another in the sweet ecstasy of sexual fulfillment.

To this day, I am convinced that three is much more than company. In fact, I know it is the *coming* thing! I have since left my town in Ontario for the liberated West Coast scene.—*Name and Address withheld*

Presents of lust

I had a wonderful birthday party recently and would like to share my experience with your readers. I threw a champagne brunch for all my friends, including my lover. As I planned my party (menus and decorations), it occurred to me to plan what I would wear and what I would like to get from my lover as a birthday "present." I decided to see how seductively I could dress and act and what kind of reactions I would solicit from my lover.

The morning of my party I slipped into a raw silk dress with no bra or panties, just a half-slip, garter belt, and nylons underneath. Over 30 friends came to my brunch, and it was arousing just to know that I was circulating among them with no bra or panties on! At one point, a male friend had his arm around my waist while we were talking to a small group. As his hand slid over my rear, I caught his eye. I could tell that he was pleasantly surprised to discover nothing under my dress but the edge of my garter belt.

Eventually, my lover showed up and joined me in a conversation with another couple. The woman and I were sitting on the couch, her husband on a nearby chair and my lover stretched out on the carpet in front of the couch. As we all talked, I uncrossed my legs, gradually pulled my skirt up to my knees, and gave my lover an excellent view of my furry, brown bottom. He quickly noticed the view and arranged himself to take best advantage of it. Whenever no one was looking at him, he would make eyes at me or lick his lips. I was so hot for him that I could barely sit still and carry on a normal conversation. Finally, all the guests except one couple had left, and I began to clean up, partially as a hint for them to leave.

I went into the bedroom to retrieve some boxes (in which to repack rented wine glasses), and my lover followed me. As I was headed out with my arms full of two bulky boxes, he caught me around the waist, lifted the back of my dress, and gently rubbed my hot, wet pussy. As the voices of the other couple came closer, he dropped my dress and we continued into the dining room. A few minutes later I carried several wet towels into the bathroom to wring them out. As I bent over the tub, I heard the bathroom door slam shut. Before I could look up, my lover had encircled my waist with his arms and lifted up my dress. As he touched my clit, he whispered in my ear, "You might want to drop that towel because your first orgasm for the day is about to come." He was right. Very quickly he had my whole wild body convulsing madly with pleasure.

We both exited from the bathroom looking somewhat flushed, and the other couple soon excused themselves from the cleanup. When we were alone, my lover asked me what I wanted for my birthday present and I told him more of him. He soon stripped, and so I led him to the couch. He sat down. Then I knelt in front of him and began to lick and gently suck his beautiful cock. Soon he asked me to undress, and I pulled my dress and slip over my head. I went back to eating his lovely dick while he fondled both my breasts. Soon I could feel his body trembling and his muscles tensing, and he said, "Put it where you want it, baby. I'm going to come!" I slipped his large cock out of my mouth and rubbed its head against my cheeks and lips while he came over my face. His come was warm and silky. I loved the feel of it on my skin and the bird's-eye view of the sweet liquid shooting out of his throbbing cock. After I licked him clean, I took off my garter belt and nylons and we adjourned to a lovely bubble bath. It was beautifully relaxing and erotic to lie in the warm, slippery water together and talk about the high points of the party. My lover continuously fondled my breasts and clit until I had numerous climaxes for my birthday present.

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Our 1980 XS400 Special could easily be mistaken for one of our larger Specials. Not surprising, since the only real difference is its size.

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Rear view mirror(s) standard equipment. Always wear a helmet and eye protection.

What a fun way to make waves—and my day!—*Name and address withheld*

Dormitory cuisine

Until this past fall, I never dreamed that I would ever be writing a letter to *Penthouse* "Forum." My sex life never went beyond heavy petting, but one weekend in September it was catapulted beyond the limits of my imagination.

My name is Cindy, and I am an art student at Syracuse University. My roommate, Deirdre, and I decided last year to room together in one of the dorms. I had heard that drama students were wild, and Deirdre proved the rumor true beyond any shadow of a doubt.

One warm Saturday afternoon, Deirdre and I put on our shorts and T-shirts and jogged across campus. It started to rain. Wet and sweaty, we ran into one of the all-guy dorms in the vicinity to dry off and drop in on our good friends in a suite.

John, Rick, Tom, and Lou were sitting in the spacious suite, playing cards. They are four really cute guys with great bodies, and Deirdre and I were hot for them. Deirdre wanted to take a shower, and, fortunately, the suite was equipped with bathroom facilities. She disappeared into the shower, leaving me alone with these four sexy hunks.

We talked about school and our classes, but naturally the conversation turned to sex. I asked them if they ever read the *Penthouse* "Forum," and before I knew it, we were sitting around reading aloud from past issues. John, a clean-cut stud in ROTC, absently shuffled the deck of cards when suddenly his eyes lit up. "Hey, let's play strip poker!" he announced. Rick, Tom, and Lou agreed immediately.

I decided to take the challenge just to see how it would go. We had been playing a while, and I was down to my lace panties. The guys were staring intently at my breasts, but I didn't care. I was too terrified at the thought of losing the next hand and revealing the final intimate parts of my firm, 35-24-34 figure. At the sight of the four attractive guys clad only in their colored briefs, I crossed my legs so as to conceal my juice-soaked panties.

The next hand began, and things looked pretty bad. I was dealt a bad hand. And when Rick shoved his full house in my face, I knew this was it. Rick, noticing my hesitation at removing the last article of clothing, suggested that I leave the panties on and just masturbate instead. I decided to agree to his terms. I was just too embarrassed to reveal my virginal love box; so I slid my hand into my silky panties. At first I merely pretended to be turned on, but after a certain amount of stimulation to my clitoris, my back arched as I neared orgasm.

Lou, a dark, virile computer major who was noticeably excited, dropped to his knees and eagerly slipped off my panties. Then Tom wrapped his weight-lifter torso around me as he gave me the deepest French kiss I've ever had, his probing tongue gently caressing the insides of my mouth.

Suddenly Deirdre came out of the bathroom clad only in a towel. She gasped at the sight of my nude body surrounded by four horny guys. Rick jumped up, pressed his warm, quivering body against Deirdre, and kissed her passionately. She obviously wanted to fuck, but when she saw the size of Rick's gigantic ten-incher, she announced that she wasn't wet enough. Rick pulled her to the floor and pressed his eager lips and tongue into her pussy. As Rick ate Deirdre out, John lowered his impressive eight-inch member in front of her face. She took it gladly and began to suck his pulsating dong.

Tom and Lou entered me orally and anally, respectively. After the initial pain and awkwardness of penetration, I began to throb with excitement. It seemed as if my body were moving in all directions. I thought I would explode as Lou massaged my clitoris. Suddenly Tom quivered and erupted in my mouth. I sucked up every dop of his salty jism, and with a massive burst, Lou came inside of me. I shuddered in ecstasy.

I looked over at Deirdre. John withdrew his glistening semierect prick from her mouth. I could see she had done her job. Rick reached out for a bottle of vegetable oil sitting next to a popcorn popper. He uncapped the bottle, poured oil into his hand, and began to massage Deirdre's nude, sensual body. He rolled her gently onto her knees, and they fucked doggie style. I thought her shrieks would alert all the guys in the entire dorm. After intense pumping like two well-oiled machines, they collapsed on the floor exhausted.

The guys were pretty worn out, but Deirdre and I were ready for more. We started to lick each other out in the 69 position. Upon seeing our erotic activity, the guys moved in a circle around us and pulled on their flaccid puds. Rick, Tom, and Lou were soon erect and ready to go, while John was still pounding furiously on his meat. Deirdre crawled over to Lou and mounted his thick, rigid cock while simultaneously sucking Tom's meaty rod.

Horny as ever, I took Rick's balls into my mouth and carefully rotated them with my tongue. By this time John had finally achieved an erection. He ran over to join in on the fun but ejaculated before he could locate an orifice. Rick's balls throbbed in my mouth, and his warm juice spurted into my hand. Taking advantage of this natural lubricant, I smeared it over John's limp penis in another futile effort to revitalize him. In fact, John's cock didn't stiffen until Deirdre and I were dressed and ready to go home. So we each bent over, gave his

"Oh, shit. There goes our weekend."

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huge hard-on a delicate kiss, and left.

The funny thing about the whole incident was that I left their dorm a virgin. Not one of those solid erections had entered my vagina. But then again Deirdre and I go back to see them each and every weekend; so I definitely have had the opportunity to pleasure the guys with my warm, moist pussy. It's great to make your close friends even closer. Thank you, *Penthouse*, for stimulating relationships and wild times here at Syracuse University.—*Name and address withheld*

Ginger session

I am a student at a small midwestern college. Let me say first that our sex is not usually very wild or out of the ordinary. However, we have had our cock-raising experiences, and last night was certainly one of them.

Things were going rather slow last Thursday night when a buddy of mine, Clint, brought a fairly good-looking chick up to his room. They both were fairly drunk; so my roommate, Paul, and I decided to have some fun. While Clint took this girl to the rest room, Paul and I sneaked in his room and hid in the closet. Little did we know what was in store for us.

Clint and the girl came into the room, and before long they were doing some heavy petting. Clint is a little slow in the girl-fucking department, but he was doing very well with this girl. He had her naked in the top bunk of the bed, and with his ceiling covered with mirrors, the effects we saw from the closet were excellent. After Clint had blown his load, this girl wanted to go meet some of his friends.

We waited no longer. Paul and I were out of the closet in no time. Both of them were surprised when we walked up to the bed and told Ginger to "look no further." She proceeded to light up a cigarette while Paul and I sucked and kneaded her succulent nipples. We asked her if she could handle two of us, and she said she would love to. Paul jumped up on the bed, and stuck his ten-inch hog in her mouth. I proceeded to probe her wet, waiting pussy. By this time she was begging for someone to ram a cock in her. I obliged and rammed all eight inches in and gave her a ride. After I had filled her with my love juices, it was Paul's turn. As I got down from the bed, I heard a knocking on the door. It was a friend, Micky. He came in with a smile a mile wide. We asked Ginger if she minded, and she said the more the merrier. So I climbed up on the bed and put my cock in her mouth while Paul was fucking her and Micky was sucking on her tits and getting a handjob. We switched places a few times and then took a break.

Another one of our friends, Henry, was found by Clint, who had gone out in the hall; so we let them right in. While I was letting Henry in, I took a trip across the hall and got my vibrator, which I use for muscle cramps. Everyone was sitting around naked, and Ginger was on the couch, smoking a cigarette. I asked her if she could use a little help from the machine, and she hungrily grabbed it and massaged her swollen clit. She was geting hotter by the minute; so Paul, Micky, and I picked her up, one on each leg and one behind, and spread her legs while Henry made a wish. He slammed his wishbone all the way into her chicken box. While Henry was fucking her, Ginger asked where Clint was. I looked over at Clint and promptly told Ginger he was in her right hand while I was in her left.

After Henry had blown a load, the phone rang. It was three other guys over in my room, calling to see if they could get into the action. We asked Ginger again, and she said she was ready and willing for anybody with a love muscle. So we opened the door and let the three guys in. She chose which one she wanted first, and I stood by the foot of the bed and did the commentating. It was quite a sight: six guys standing around trying to get hard or stay hard, one guy fucking for all he was worth, one guy calling the action, and one girl loving every bit of it.

The three newcomers all had their turn as Ginger was asking each and everyone

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Technics

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Why did station engineers choose Technics direct drive: "Latest state of the art." "Reliability and past experience." "Low rumble, fast start." "Wow and flutter, direct drive and constant speed." To quote just a few. And you'll choose Technics for the same reasons.

The D-Series. Three turntables that start at $125.* Each with 0.03% wow and flutter and −75 dB rumble. That's unsurpassed performance for the price.

The Q-Series. Two turntables with speed accuracy of 99.998%, wow and flutter of 0.025% and −78 dB rumble. No wonder so many radio stations choose Technics quartz-locked turntables.

The MK2 Series. Three turntables with a startup time of 0.7 seconds, or ¼ of a revolution. And the accuracy of Technics quartz-locked pitch control. That's performance good enough for the most demanding professional.

Then there's the SL-10 ($600). The turntable of the 80's. Not much bigger than a record jacket, it has a quartz-locked direct-drive motor and a servo-controlled linear tracking arm. But what really makes it unique is what it can do: Play with all the accuracy Technics is so famous for, even on its side or upside down.

Technics direct drive. The turntables that top radio stations use.

*Technics recommended prices (but actual price will be set by dealer)

You should buy a Technics direct drive turntable for the same reasons 73 of the top 100 radio stations did.

to slam it in her pussy. In between guys she was sucking on my half-hard prick while Micky was keeping her cunt ready for action. By now the final member of this gangbang had entered the room. He took his turn on the top bunk, with all of us standing around and cheering him on. Ginger then took a sudden turn of attitude. She wanted to be alone with Clint, the guy she came with. We all agreed, but we had one final request to make of her. I asked her if we could all line up and have her go down the line, kissing our cocks. She thought that was a great idea. So we all lined up, and as she began her descent down the line, all nine of us broke into our frat song and cheered Ginger on. She was loving all of this attention, and she gave her best effort.

All of us filed out the door, talking about this wild experience. When I walked back into the room ten minutes later, she was taking Clint's cock up the ass while blowing Paul. *What a lady, what a night!—Name and address withheld*

Employment benefits

I've just had the most erotic experience of my life, and my groin is still tingling.

I've been working as a gardener for a very wealthy couple, doing various yardwork chores this past summer. I can certainly admit a healthy bulge or two over my female employer, who is one of the most juicy ladies I've ever seen. Jackie would often catch me drooling over her luscious body and scanning her plump, firm tits. She's definitely made eyes at me quite a few times; so it was just a question of when I'd get the chance to screw her.

On one especially hot day Jackie appeared on the deck as I was toiling away. She was wearing a bikini that made my eyes pop out of my head! She asked if I would like to come inside and cool off. Needless to say, I was off and running, fantasizing about those fantastic tits. But when I went for her, she said, "Come inside. I've something to show you!" I wondered what she meant by that, but I figured she wanted to fuck in her room instead of outside. She took my hand and whispered, "You're gonna love this." We went inside and down the hall to her huge room. Jackie winked and then kissed me deep on the lips, probing with her tongue into the depths of my mouth. I was now ready for anything.

She opened the door to the bedroom and gave me the surprise of my life. There, reclining on the satin pillows, clad in a silk robe, which was fully opened, was Jackie's husband, Alan! His head was thrown back, and he was vigorously massaging his erect cock. I looked at Jackie, and she said, "Do him, honey." Then I began releasing my belt buckle. It was a good thing, too, because my pants were ready to burst. Seeing this delicious hunk, with his breathtaking erection, moaning as he approached orgasm, aroused feelings I never thought I had.

I didn't need any encouragement from Jackie now. I ripped off my clothes and hopped onto the bed next to Alan, cock erect. He looked up and moaned. Then I slowly lowered my head and gave him a deep kiss and ran my fingers across his hairy chest. Alan then released his massive penis and reached up to me, offering me a taste of the love juices that were dripping from his fingers. I savored the salty taste and licked his fingers clean. Then I started to explore Alan's hot, masculine body, caressing his huge muscles and licking his stomach. I turned him over and planted kisses all over his firm buttocks, pausing to lick his anus.

Alan was really groaning now, and my penis was sopping with juice. Then came the main event. I approached Alan's shining cock, which was pulsating and throbbing and nearing the bursting point. I marveled at the flawless head, which was pumping a steady stream of clear love juice. I ran my fingers up and down the shaft and played with his swollen balls, which were bobbing up and down. I went for his cock and opened my mouth slowly. I cautiously blew long breaths of cool air around the head, concentrating on the eye of his penis.

Just looking down the eye of that beautiful cock inflamed me with desire. I was totally obsessed with this man's pulsating rod, and I knew I had to have it in my mouth. I opened wider, first sensing the heat emanating from Alan's bursting tool. Then I extended my tongue and polished the mushroom-shaped head, tasting the salty fluid that was flowing from Alan's cockhead down his shaft and running down his bursting balls. I loved the acrid taste and knew I had to have more. I guided the shaft farther into my mouth, ecstatic as the head contacted the back of my throat. I ran my tongue all over the shaft, encircling the entire length.

By this time Alan was in heaven. He was writhing and moaning, delirious with pleasure. I felt that he could hold out no longer with me devouring him as I was. He started to slide his ass on the now soaking sheets, driving the entire length of his drenched dick deep into my mouth, screaming, "This is it! I'm coming!" With this, I felt him reach his pleasure peak and start to pump his juicy load. I was ready for it, and as Alan started to shoot, I felt Jackie's warm cunt surround my stiff cock. The timing was perfect, and I filled Jackie with my hot sperm, draining my balls completely at the same time that Alan filled my mouth and throat with quarts of steaming jism. I got it all, except for some that escaped on each side of my mouth, which Jackie lustily devoured.

We all collapsed, totally spent from this amazing experience. I now spend time looking not only at foxy women but also at well-hung guys. I do my share of bulge

"Officials today released their plans for relieving tension in the Middle East . . ."

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Newport

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine- av. per cigarette, FTC Report January 1980.

watching. Some guys have so much down there that it's a shame to ignore it.—*Name and address withheld*

Country cooking

I've been reading your magazine for about seven years now, and "Forum" has always been one of my favorite sections. I really get off reading some of the letters. I thought your readers might like to hear about an experience I had over the summer.

I live on a farm in West Virginia, and my 18-year-old cousin from Florida, Jennifer, was visiting for the summer. Even though Jennifer is young, she's really gorgeous. Everyone thinks she's 23 or 24, and she looks it! I've always daydreamed about getting into that sweet, young pussy, but I never thought it would really and truly happen to me.

One day I was doing some work in the barn when Jennifer came in and asked if she could hang around for a while. Jennifer's parents had not made the trip with her, and since my mother was working, Jennifer and I were the only ones around. As I worked, I couldn't help noticing Jennifer lying on a pile of hay in the corner of the barn. She was wearing a pair of tight shorts that outlined that delicious cunt I had been horny for all summer. She was also wearing a cutoff T-shirt that just barely covered her small, firm breasts.

I started getting really horny, and my 11-inch cock got so hard that I thought it was going to rip right through my pants. Jennifer couldn't help noticing the enormous bulge in my jeans, and as she stared at it, it got even harder. All I could think about was fucking that gorgeous young cock-tease.

I decided to take a break; so I went over and sat down beside Jennifer. You can imagine my surprise when, without saying a word, Jennifer reached over and put her hand on my throbbing dick. As our tongues met in a wet, passionate kiss, I put my hand under her shirt and began to fondle her tits. She was wearing no bra, and I could feel the hardness of her erect nipples. In no time at all we had all our clothes off, and as I playfully nibbled on those hard nipples, she began to rub my aching cock.

I began to lick around her tits, and as I moved down and licked the sweat from her stomach, she began to thrust her hips in excitement. As I got closer to her hot, wet pussy she yelled, "Fuck me, Larry! Eat my pussy!" Obviously, I was happy to oblige, and as I sucked on her tasty little clit, she began to come and her love juices flowed all over my face. You can't imagine how sweet that hot young virgin tasted as I licked around her tight twat.

Now it was Jennifer's turn, and I almost shot my load as she began to lick around the head of my cock. Then she took about five inches of my pulsating penis in her mouth. She sucked my cock as if she were a woman with years of experience, and eventually she was able to take me all the way to the hilt. When I came, she swallowed every drop of my enormous load and my dick soon became erect again in Jennifer's talented mouth. I turned Jennifer over and spread her long, sexy legs wide apart. The lips of her cunt quivered with excitement in expectation of receiving my swollen schlong. She moaned with a combination of pain and pleasure as I entered her and popped her cherry. I could feel myself getting ready to explode into her pussy. We reached orgasm together as she screamed with pleasure.

Once again I began to lick her wet pussy, and she had orgasm after orgasm as I enjoyed the sweet taste of her juices mixed with the come I had just shot into her. We continued to fuck and suck for nearly three hours, and when we finally heard my mother's car coming up the driveway, we hurried to get our clothes back on. We continued our great fucking sessions every day for the rest of the summer. Needless to say, I didn't get much work done.—*Name and address withheld*

Geronimo!

I recently went through an experience unlike any I've ever read about in your excellent magazine. Ever since high school, I've had my eyes on a guy called Spider, who is now an engineering student. Spider got his name from an old girl friend. When they made love with a certain frequency, his come had a very thick and stringy consistency. She'd weave a web out of it onto her hand, drawing out the remaining come from his seven-incher.

THE LOOK OF SOMEONE WHO WAS EXPECTING A TIMEX BUT GOT A CARAVELLE.
If you'd like to buy the woman in your life a watch she'll be impressed with but all you can afford is a Timex, why not surprise both of you?
Give her a Caravelle by Bulova.
You'll be giving her a watch with a dependable, long-lasting 17 jewel movement. A watch backed by Bulova's 100-year-old tradition of fine watchmaking.
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So take the money you were going to spend on a Timex, add a little to it, and buy a Caravelle.
It'll be worth it just to see the look on her face.
CARAVELLE BY BULOVA
Model shown #46305 in gleaming goldtone.

Anyhow, he went out of the country for a year recently and took up with another girl. She dumped him right before they announced their engagement, and he was deeply hurt. At that point, I decided it was my duty to seduce him and make him forget all about his last girl friend. Meanwhile, Spider started taking up several exciting hobbies as a distraction, among them skydiving, hang-gliding, and body building. (He always had a slim build but is now very muscular.)

By chance, we bumped into each other at a party given by a mutual friend named Frank, who happens to be an aerobatic pilot. Spider and I were always very open; so I wasn't too surprised when he mentioned how he'd contract his sex muscles 100 times a day to develop them and create a more powerful orgasm. Boy, was I getting hot and wet; so I finally asked him to a picnic the next day following a joy ride in Frank's plane.

The next day proved to be worth the years of waiting. After takeoff, Frank immediately started flying upside down. Much to my disappointment, after only a few minutes of this, I began to feel sick. Frank suggested that I lie down in the back of the plane and said that he'd cool it for a while.

Spider put an arm around me, speaking soothingly, and escorted me to the cargo area, where I lay down with him next to me, gently caressing my back. Eventually, he leaned over and placed his warm lips on mine. Within minutes, his hand was on my left breast, molding it this way and that while our tongues explored each other's mouth. His hands worked their way down to my buttocks, and his mouth lowered to my heaving breasts, slowly tracing circles around the nipples and making them erect. After what seemed like hours, he finally took off my clothes. Remembering that *I* had intended to seduce *him*, I got his cock out of his jeans and into my mouth. Meanwhile, he was already down to my sopping box, tracing the lips with his tongue, sucking and nibbling on my clit. Just when I knew I couldn't stand it any more, he reversed, strapped us both onto the floor with a cargo belt, and inserted his tool. We were both so hot that we were ready to come in about ten seconds. Spider must have felt me coming because at that moment, he yelled, "Dive!"

Suddenly, all hell broke loose. The floor seemed to fall out from under us and then spin around. At that same instant, Spider tickled my abdomen, making my contractions even stronger, and I finally felt the result of all of his exercises. I was sure we were about to crash but couldn't have cared less. We both had a multiple orgasm that must have lasted halfway across the country. Talk about reaching new heights.

We've spent many euphoric moments together since then. Once he put a smooth glass straw inside a condom, slid the whole thing into me, and then blew into it, expanding it to fit my every crevice, all the while working on my button. He's leaving the country to finish his studies, but I'll never forget the imaginative things he's taught me. Engineers do make better lovers.—*Name and address withheld*

Seek and ye shall find

I have been an avid *Penthouse* reader for a long time and have not missed a single issue for the past year. I love to lie naked in bed and read "Forum," letting my erect organ stick out in compassion.

However, now I also have a story to share with your readers. It concerns my ultimate-dream-come-true sexual experience with a girl I had longed to make love to. I am 18 years old, am a freshman in college, and look pretty darn handsome. I met this girl, Sharon, at work one summer and fell in love the first day I saw her. She was beautiful, with long, brown hair and a figure that would make any man bulge out in delight. We became friends and learned a lot about each other, but since I was shy, I never told her how I felt. I fantasized about her all summer, but I never really knew how she felt about me.

With August almost over and the thought of us going our separate ways once college started, I figured that it was now or never. So I took her out to lunch one day and told her how much I loved her. Then, to my unexpected surprise, Sharon said that she had been in love with me since the first time we met but thought that I had already had a girl friend because I never paid much attention to her at work. (That explains why she always wore those tight-fitting outfits

Why did Bob Larkin buy the KZ440 LTD with its 58* mpg?

Because Bob always believes in going the distance.

When Bob swung a leg over the KZ440 LTD and settled down into the high-step, dual-density cruising seat, he knew he was on a winner. The pullback bars seemed to reach for his hands. And a tap on the electric starter brought the call of the road from dual mega-phone mufflers. Who could resist? Its 443cc overhead cam engine with constant-velocity Mikuni carbs delivered plenty of torque, so he could accelerate quickly and cruise effortlessly. Bob liked the fact that it was Kawasaki-reliable. And he appreciated the advantages

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*Information available upon request.

of a silent cam chain with automatic tensioner. After all, there are better things to do on campus than to spend your free time working on a motorcycle.

When it came to handling, the KZ440 LTD exceeded his expectations. Precision-damped front forks and needle bearing swingarm gave him a real feeling of control and security. So did the drilled front disc brake. The fat rear tire provided lots of traction, and Bob sat down low with the center of gravity right under him. Riding it was a breeze—and sheer pleasure with a close friend on the back seat.

When you stop by your Kawasaki dealer to see the slick looking KZ440 LTD, be sure to see both the chain drive and belt drive models. You might even take a look at the new KZ250 LTD. It's a little smaller, but it's got some big numbers going for it. For openers, how's 80.2* mpg grab you?

KZ250LTD

Kawasaki

Don't let the good times pass you by.

to work—hoping that I'd notice her.)

Then, with perfect timing, Sharon's parents were leaving for a trip to Vermont in the morning, and she asked me to come over that night to make up for all the time we had wasted. I was filled with anticipation as I walked up to knock on her door but stopped short when I found a note that read: "Enter and follow the clues to my whereabouts for an evening of intimate sex." On the floor scattered every five feet were panties of every texture and color leading up the stairs to her bedroom.

Opening the door, I found Sharon lying amidst several satin pillows and sheets. She was wearing nothing but a suntan. Before I could speak, she ran over and kissed me long and hard, Frenching me, our tongues meeting in a juicy fury while I caressed her shoulders, back, and soft, smooth buttocks. She kissed me everywhere as she gingerly removed my clothes, my organ pulsing hot and stiff. She led me to her bed, where the satin sheets and pillows felt incredible against my naked body.

Sharon crawled on top of me, her firm breasts cushioned against my chest, and again we kissed and Frenched while our hips rotated in circular motions with my prick steaming between us. She inched herself up as I buried my face between her stimulating mounds, nibbling and sucking her stiffened nipples while her warm juices seeped around my groin. Then she arranged the satin pillows on the floor and had me lie on them with my feet resting on the bed, leaving my precious rod vulnerable to attack from all sides. Sharon remained on the bed, hanging over the sides as her mouth closed in for the kill. Starting at my pink anus, she gently ran her tongue up to my balls, mouthing them and then moving along the length of my manhood. A tingling sensation surged throughout my groin as I fought back to hold my upcoming explosion. Over and over she repeated it, licking me as if I were a huge lollipop. I felt as if I were going to explode at any moment.

Spreading her own juices over her breasts, she bounced her boobs on top of my glistening prick. Moaning with pleasure, she moved back and forth as I slid between her cleavage, her nipples touching lightly upon my enlarged penis. Climbing back on the bed and spreading her legs, I zeroed in on her dripping love tunnel, licking and sucking lightly on her lips until she shuddered in orgasm, releasing her sweet nectar. Probing in farther with my tongue, I sucked on her stiff clit and flicked my tongue right and left, creating rhythmic sensations.

Again she groaned and responded in orgasm as I lapped up her savory juices. Turning her gently on her stomach, I used my tongue to grease her anal opening with her own secretions and then buffed my own rod, slowly penetrating inward as she caressed her moistened love box.

The feeling was unbelievable as her warmth surrounded my swollen organ. Soon we both came in an enormous climax, my own come spreading deep inside her. After I pulled out, I sat with my legs crossed and she sat in my lap, with her legs wrapped around my waist. "Fuck me, please," she said, our mouths coming together and my penis finding its way into her dripping pussy. We caressed and Frenched one another until I let go with one massive squirt, lubricating us both to the fullest. We spent that night in each other's arms. The warmth of our bodies and the cool of the night allowed us to sleep peacefully. Sharon attends a college in Pennsylvania and I one in Virginia, but our love for each other keeps us close. We see each other on weekends and during semester breaks. We spend many memorable days and nights together.—*C.P.M., New Jersey*

Jogging into orgasm

Here's another of those "I can't believe that happens until it happened to me" stories. Over Thanksgiving weekend I gained about five pounds, which I decided to walk off in morning excursions around my neighborhood. One morning I was walking along and was passed by a couple jogging, both in their late twenties. As they passed, they turned their heads and smiled and I smiled back. The guy was tall and skinny and had a beard, and the girl was also tall and well proportioned. She was stunning, with dark hair and big, brown eyes. But what really made me stare was her magnificently long, tanned legs, which merged with a fine ass that was barely covered by her shorts—the kind that are baggy in such a way as to practically expose the crotch.

To my delight, they stopped jogging a few paces ahead of me and said good morning, and we fell into a conversation. His name was Jim, and he did the talking while Margaret walked along, stealing glances at me. After a few preliminaries he got down to business. Looking about, he said what a great morning it was—for walking, jogging, fucking. She giggled. I asked if that was an invitation. He gave me their address and told me to come around in an hour, after they'd had time to get home and shower. Then they jogged off, with her giggling again.

An hour later, after I had showered, he let me into his house, more nervous, I think, than when I lost my virginity. I was uneasy because I thought this little meeting would involve bisexuality—something I wouldn't have cared for. I told Jim this, and he said he got off on seeing his wife make it with another man. Margaret greeted me in a bathrobe. We talked a bit, self-consciously, and then Margaret started rubbing my cock through my pants. Then she French-kissed me, all the while rubbing her cunt against my

Reserved
FESTIVE EVENINGS
OFTEN START WITH RED.
JOHNNIE WALKER RED
THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE.

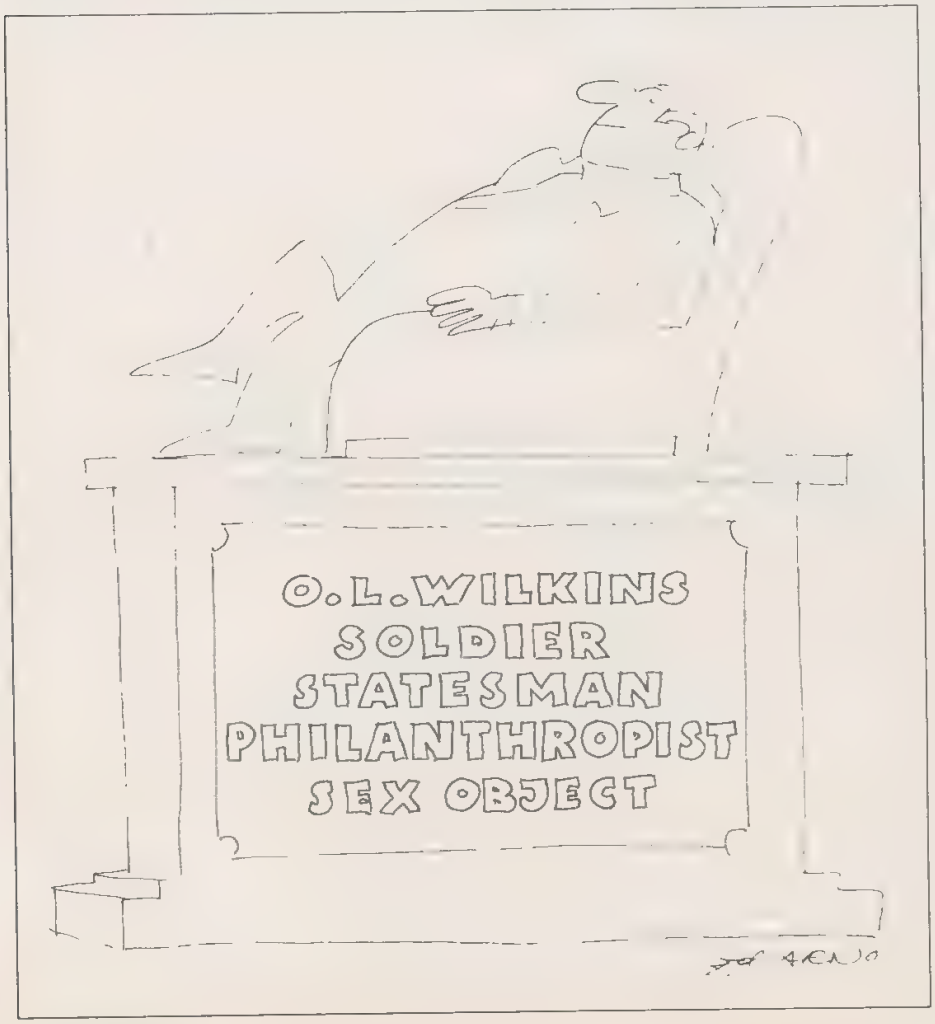
throbbing erection. Jim broke us up and lead us to their bedroom. Nude, she was even better than I had imagined. Besides those legs, she had nice, firm, smallish breasts with large, brown nipples, standing at attention. I went for her cunt, first nuzzling my nose and face into it, and then licking that incredibly soft skin of her inner thigh, her outer lips, then her inner lips. Next I stuck my tongue up as far as it could go and concentrated finally on her clitoris. Her long legs were spread wide and practically on my shoulders, and she was pulling my hair while moaning deeply. Moving up the bed, I began fucking her, with her hips bucking up and down, back and forth, to my movements.

Suddenly she stopped me. "You can do more of that later, but first I'd like to do this." She slipped off the bed and kneeled on the floor. Motioning me forward, she stood me before her and started sucking me off while vigorously masturbating. I was so excited by this time and the feeling of her lips and tongue as she bathed my cock was so out of this world that I quickly came in a blinding orgasm, ejaculating all over her face, chin, neck, and into her mouth. She was so worked up herself, however, that she complained about my coming so quickly. Looking at her husband, she said, "Come on, honey," and Jim enthusiastically complied. In a second he was nude, his prick, a good nine inches long, standing straight up. He offered his cock to her mouth, and she, still kneeling, still masturbating, took it. Feeling a bit lightheaded from the excitement, I knelt down beside Margaret and watched a sight that would have turned a nun into a raging nymphomaniac. Her face still covered with semen and using the load in her mouth as a lubricant, she sucked Jim's prick up and down its length, pausing every once in a while to lick the circumcised head.

Not wanting to be left out, I began rubbing her breasts, the nipples of which were as hard as rubber. Finally, with a groan, Jim came. Holding his cock like a fire hose, Margaret directed spurt after spurt of come into her stretched-open mouth, with half of it running out the sides and dripping onto her breasts. She must have had a multiple orgasm herself, for she jiggled up and down, pressing her hand to her crotch while barely suppressing a scream as she continued licking up the pearly white stuff.

By this time, my cock was erect again, and I was trying to think of how I could possibly top what had just happened. Then I remembered our meeting and Margaret's ass bouncing as she ran ahead of me. I rubbed first her cunt and then her ass hole with my finger. "You like that?" she asked, looking at me with those big, brown eyes. I nodded yes, and without another word she lay across the bed, face down, feet on the floor, and her ass arched upward. Jim coated my cock with Vaseline while I spread apart her butt cheeks to find a lovely, hairless anus. I had never done this before and was surprised how easily I went in, all the way to the balls. Margaret later told me that she had done it often before, and the secret was relaxing the muscles. The feeling, as I began to thrust back and forth, was indescribable, as I looked down to see my penis embedded to the hilt in Margaret's ass. I had never before penetrated a woman as totally as this. It took me longer to come the second time, and when I did, in another mind-blowing orgasm, I collapsed on top of her, totally drained.

Since that incredible day I've seen Margaret and Jim often for further adventures, and she's thinking of making it with a girl. Whatever we do, I doubt whether it will ever equal the magic of that first time.—*Name and address withheld*



It happened one night

I am an 18-year-old senior in high school and have had a fairly good sex life with many of the girls in school. However, I would like to tell you about a quite unexpected but well-remembered experience I had one night while my parents were away on a three-day vacation. My story concerns one of my best friends, whom I had known for only a summer.

Ken and I met this past summer when we both worked together as surveyors for a construction firm. We found that we had much in common as we often discussed our experiences while we cruised late at night. Our discussions got very personal, and we confessed freely, telling about our sex lives and the different ways we went about getting laid. We talked about what sex positions we liked the best and how we got off on sex. Then, one rainy night, I heard a knock on my door, and to my surprise, it was Ken, drenched from head to toe, covered with mud, bleeding from his nose, and totally drunk. I took him into the kitchen, where I cleaned his wounds and found out that he had been in a barroom fight over a certain girl. Ken was completely out of it, drained of both energy and pride. I took his clothes off and put him in a hot tub so that I could clean him up some more.

His cock was extremely large, about six inches without an erection and surrounded by a forest of black hairs. I bathed him, trying not to let him notice my constant staring as well as my own erection. Nevertheless, Ken began stroking himself, making his meat shoot out an unbelievable ten inches from a mound of suds.

I just couldn't resist; so I stripped and hopped in with him, pulling the curtains and turning on the shower. We started as I lathered up my own seven-incher and positioned myself behind him, sliding my penis up and down between his buttocks while reaching around him and mastur-

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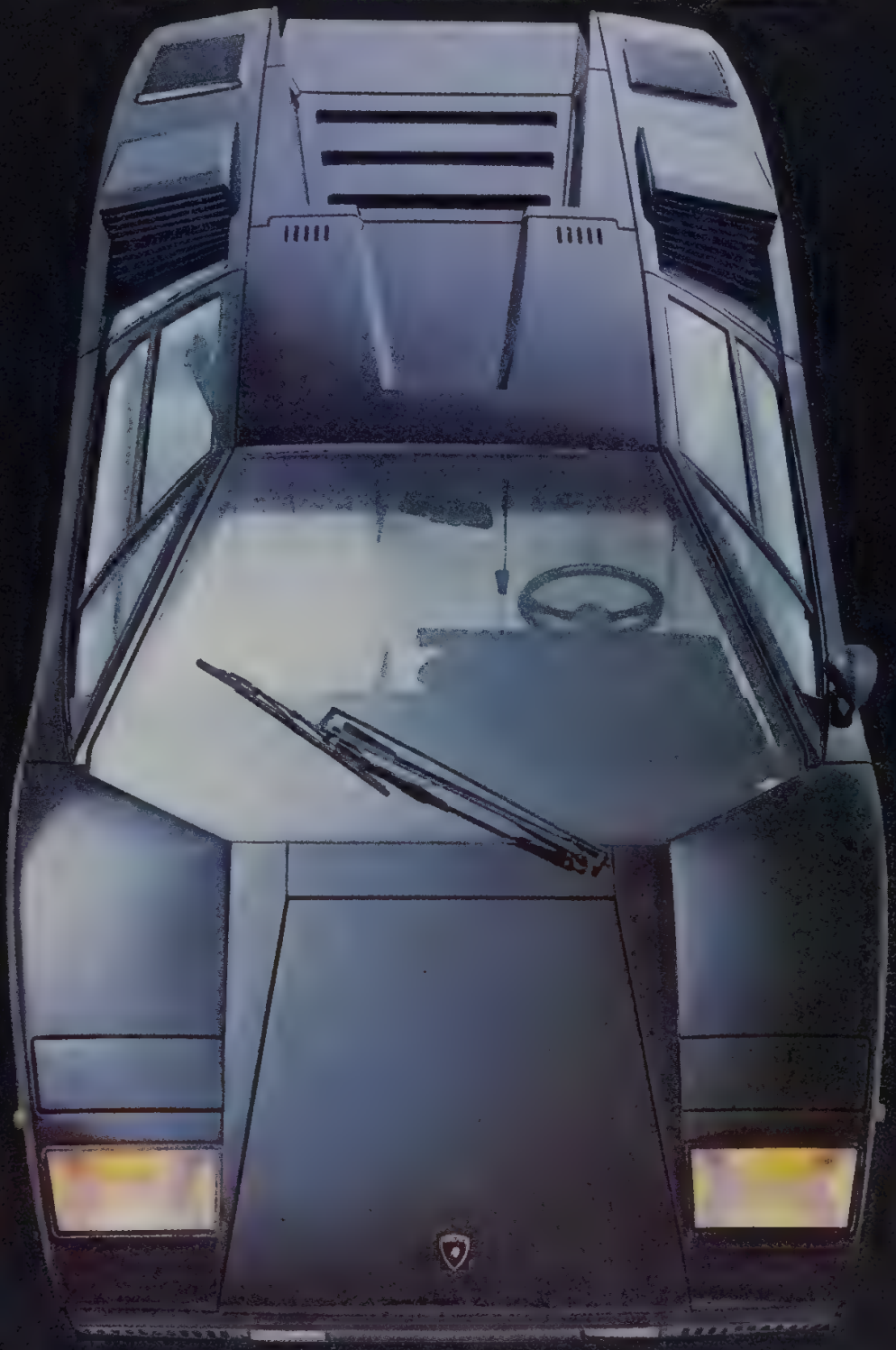

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bating his massive rod. The feeling was sensational as our slippery bodies rubbed together faster and faster while warm water trickled down our bodies. Next I lay on my back in the bathtub while Ken straddled himself over me so that his dick dangled in my face and mine protruded into his. Like two pistons we rhythmically sucked and licked and caressed each other. His hard cock rammed down my throat as I ran my tongue over and around it, trying to milk it as if my very soul pulsed in his plumlike glans.

I then took my hand and explored his ass with my fingers. Ken moaned with pleasure. Switching positions again, I kneeled and bent over while Ken slowly inched his swollen shaft into my Vaselined ass. The pain was unbearable at first, but the Vaseline eased the way, and soon Ken was thrusting his full ten inches deep inside me, his come exploding in me as I responded with a massive squirt of my own.

Exhausted, we dried each other off and slipped naked beneath the covers of my bed and slowly drifted into sleep. We awoke the next morning sore and not ashamed, because the experience was both new and sensational to us. We didn't become gay, and we both continue to make love with the ladies, but I'll never forget the excitement and pleasure of that night. Once is not enough.—*Name and address withheld*

Guardhouse gusher

Having read many of your "Forum" letters, of which I'm an avid reader, I would like to share an experience with you.

First of all I would like to say that I'm an ex-sailor, have been halfway around the world, and have had many erotic adventures. The one that I would like to share with your readers happened right here in the good old U.S. of A.

Getting out of the navy in June, I started working as a security guard. Well, I'm single, and I like to dance, mainly disco, a though I do like other music as well. My hours are the graveyard shift; so I usually go dancing and then go to work. Arriving a little after midnight, I entered the guardhouse. To my surprise, I saw a beautiful-looking brunette sitting at my desk. She told me that she was just starting and I was supposed to train her.

After we introduced ourselves, I showed her the things she would be doing. It was a Saturday night; so we would not be too busy. Ann and I started talking about the things we had done before becoming security guards. I told her that I was in the service and mentioned all the countries I had visited. When I referred to the Philippines, she asked if the women were as loose as she had heard. I then explained why they do the things they do. The next thing I knew, we were talking about types of people, which led to sex. Ann then asked me what I thought about oral sex; so I said that at one time I did not think I would ever do it but that one night when I was with my ex-girl friend, we had tried it and we both enjoyed it.

Then I asked Ann if she liked it. At this time we were both blushing and turning red. She said that she had never experienced it. So I thought to myself: make your move. I then asked her if she wanted to see what pleasure it could bring. Ann was still a little shy; so I reached over and kissed her. As our tongues darted into each other's mouth, I could feel that we were both getting very excited. I started to undo her blouse, and she undid my shirt. When I took off her bra, I think I stood and stared for what seemed hours. She had the most beautiful-looking tits I had ever seen. I started to lick at her nipples. Those tits must have been 35s. Anyway I started to suck on her breasts, and I could hear her moaning. I took my time because I've found out that most women like it that way, and they really get aroused.

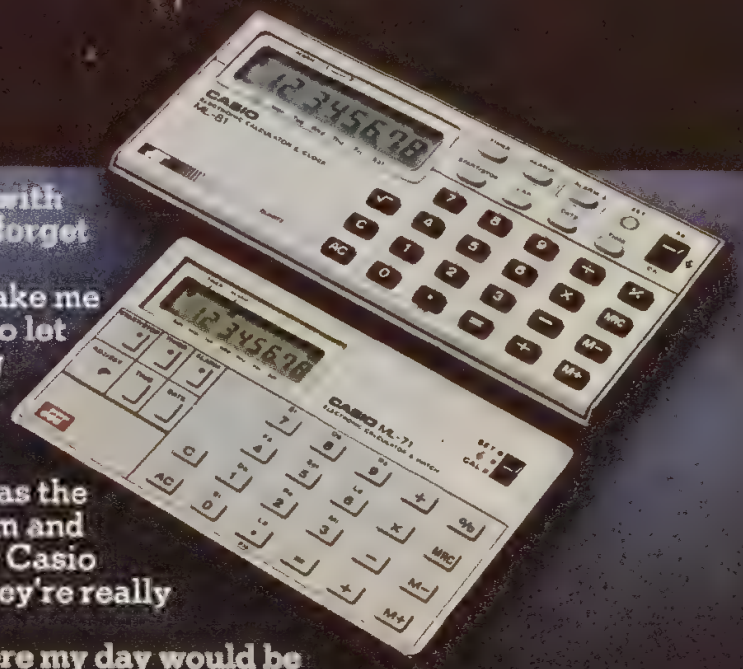
While I was working on her breasts, she undid her pants and was letting them fall to the floor. I was still enjoying her breasts when I felt her undoing my pants. I let them fall to the floor. Then I felt her hand rubbing my hard cock through my undershorts. As my hands moved down her body to her panties, my hand went in from behind and I played with her cheeks. She put her hands in my shorts. I almost exploded at her soft touch. My hands then moved to the softest pussy hair I had ever touched, and was she wet! I moved my mouth to her stomach, onto her navel, darting my tongue around and inside. She suddenly put her hands on my head and began pushing it down. I knew what she wanted, but I resisted. First, I had her sit on the desk, and I removed her drenched panties. Then I knelt down on my knees and started to run my tongue up her right leg, just above her ankle. I very slowly went up her leg until I got to her knee and then to the inside of her thigh. Just as I got close to her sweet-smelling bush, I let my tongue graze it. I then went to the left leg and started the same ritual.

By this time Ann was really hot, and through her moans of joy she was pleading with me to eat her. As I reached the top inside of her thigh, she pushed my head between her legs, which I eagerly accepted. I was definitely as hot as she was, and I savored her pussy as if it were my last meal. As I ate her, she started to push my head deeper, if that were at all possible. It didn't take long for her to come. In fact, she came three different times as I sucked up all her juices. Then it was my turn. As we changed positions, she made a mad dive for my stiff rod and before long I was moaning. She was no expert, but she was good, and before long I was shooting. I was still hard; so she sat me in the chair and guided my cock into one of the tightest vaginas I have ever entered. Then she said she

CONTINUED ON PAGE 204

"It's understandable why people tend to hate you, Mr. Simms . . . You're a sniveling, chicken-shit little bastard!"

The last thing I do with my Casio calculator is calculate.



There are so many different things I can do with my new ML-71 calculator, that sometimes I forget why I bought it in the first place.

Its melody alarm plays Mendelssohn to wake me up in the morning; its timer plays Schubert to let me know exactly when my three-minute egg is ready; its calendar tells me what day it is; and its 11-note musical scale lets me play away the time while I wait for the bus.

In fact, the credit card size ML-71 as well as the new ML-81 (with an additional musical alarm and new vibrant musical tone) combine so many Casio innovations, that it's hard to imagine that they're really calculators.

Of course, it's even harder to imagine where my day would be without them.

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

The great debate

Penthouse has done a disservice to its readers in its series of articles on alternative cancer therapies. Unfortunately, judging by the letters of response that were subsequently chosen for publication, your readers seem to accept the implication that conventional therapy is "bad."

The truth is that enormous strides have been made in treating some forms of cancer. *Penthouse* made little or no effort to distinguish among the many kinds of cancer and their differences, natural history, and response to therapy. Hodgkin's disease, for example, is virtually curable by radiotherapy if it is discovered in its earliest stages; it can respond dramatically to chemotherapy even when it is advanced. Acute lymphocytic leukemia in children is another form of neoplasm that can go into remission for years when it is treated with "toxic drugs." Malignant melanoma can be surgically eradicated—cured—if discovered early. Carcinoma of the colon can definitely be treated by a qualified surgeon before it has metastasized. Survival of people with oat-cell carcinoma of the lung has been improved several times over by modern forms of therapy. Adults with acute myeloblastic leukemia often live one or two years nowadays, rather than dying almost immediately, as in the past. There are many other examples. It will be tragic if people with these illnesses are influenced to shun proper treatment.

Penthouse referred to Dr. Max Gerson's "migraine diet" as a cure for such "incurable diseases as . . . tuberculosis." TB is unequivocally curable with modern drugs, and any health practitioner who attempts to treat this deadly disease with diet therapy should be jailed. Any patient who has TB and accepts diet therapy instead of modern antibiotics because of your article has grounds to sue *Penthouse* for criminal negligence, and I will testify in his behalf. This is a matter of public health.

Dr. Pauling's research on vitamin C for advanced cancer was flawed by serious errors in study design. It was poorly controlled and retrospective rather than prospective. A recent, more carefully performed study reported in the *New England Journal of Medicine* has failed to show any benefit whatever from this treatment. Furthermore, Dr. Pauling's criticism of that study has also been refuted in a subsequent letter in the same journal.

The assertion that Laetrile is nontoxic is a lie. Deaths from cyanide intoxication caused by this drug have been thoroughly documented. Inferior quality control in Laetrile production has led to serious infections. This is a matter of record in the medical literature.

Penthouse implies that chemotherapy should now be a dirty word, but what is chelation therapy, if not a form of chemotherapy? What chemicals is Dr. Ray Evers injecting into his patients' veins? This was not specified.

Your articles criticize the high cost of conventional medical therapy but go on to describe clinics that charge thousands of dollars per week! I hope that your readers will be more discriminating than the published letters suggest. The proliferating carcinogens in our environment are the real threat, *not* the therapies that medicine has evolved through centuries of hard work.—*Daniel Temianka, M.D., Palos Verdes, Calif.*

Editor's note: In response to the charges made by Dr. Temianka, we repeat a portion of Gary Null's article "Alternative Cancer Therapies," originally published in the November 1979 issue of *Penthouse*:

"It's very important that prospective patients conduct their own research when they are inquiring into any alternative form of therapy. Strict questioning about fees, the quality of the organic food, and objective results, etc., are necessary. Use of many of the treatments described is highly controversial, and we do not recommend particular use of any of them. Competent medical advice must be sought by each individual before pursuing treatment. Freedom to choose any alternative form of cancer treatment can come only with education."

Penthouse feels that the American public has the right to know and be aware of current methods of therapy available in North America.

War between the sexes

I would like to comment on Emily Prager's "The Sex Change Conspiracy," which was published as an "Advise & Dissent" in the February 1980 issue.

This article by Ms. Prager made me want to vomit the first time I read it.

I have met many persons in my life whom I have felt to be narrow-minded. Ms. Prager has outdone them all. Not only has she totally missed the boat in her opinion about what the "real" rea-

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sons for transsexual surgery are, but also she has, in her narrow-minded, self-righteous, moralistic stance, failed even to begin to understand what a transsexual is or how she or he got to be that way.

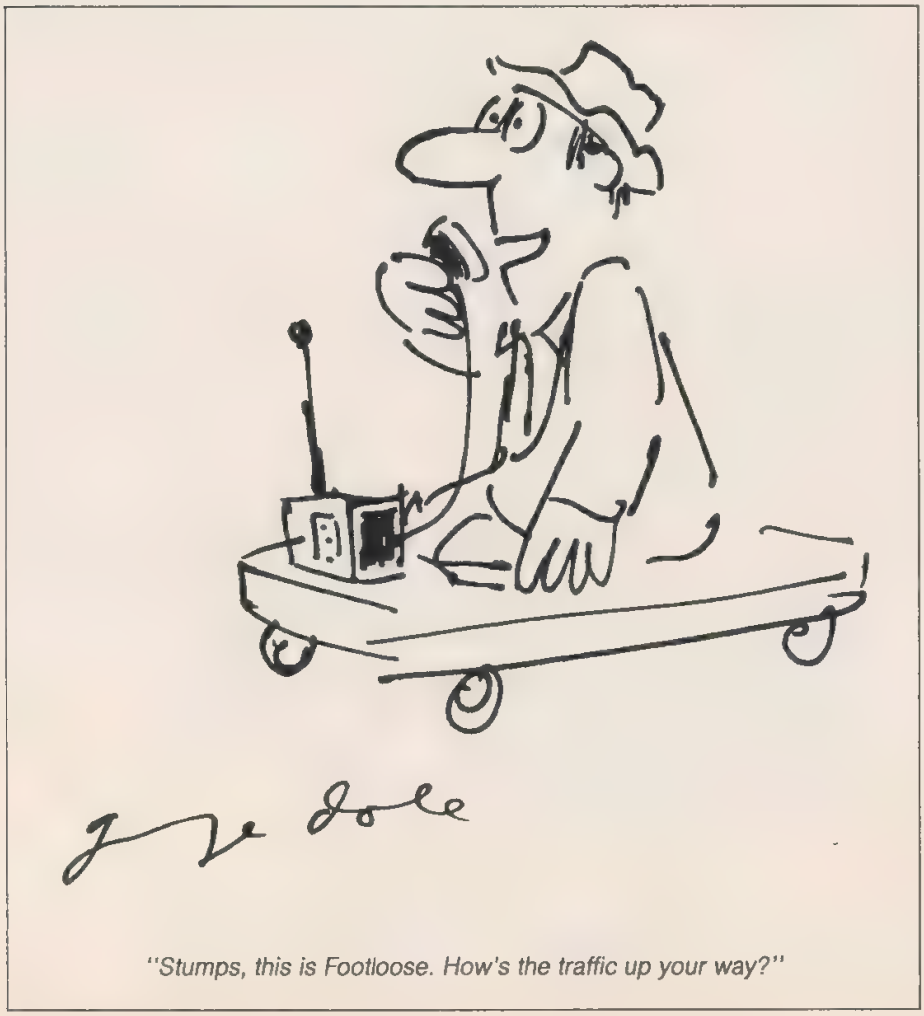
I am a 34-year-old preoperative transsexual, a male transsexual and, as such, her prime target. She makes no mention that there are female transsexuals as well. Ms. Prager's attack is on males only.

There are numerous reasons, many of which are not fully understood, why an individual grows up developing a gender identity that is different from that of the heterosexual person. Even I, as a male transsexual, do not fully know why I came to be a "male" who believes that there is a female identity "trapped," if you will, inside my psyche and male body.

I do know that after years of psychotherapy by a handful of psychologists, psychiatrists, and other practitioners in the field of counseling, there has been not a single one who could make a dent in my identity as a "female." If anything, they only served to strengthen my identity or self-image. Trying to get Ms. Prager and others like her to understand what could possibly make a man identify with being a female would involve more than "stepping into my shoes."

I have seen in our society some males who went around all the time with their "brains" between their legs, and indeed these persons might very well fit the stereotyped image of the "macho man" that Ms. Prager would so enthusiastically shove down my throat. *No thanks!* There is much more to a person's identity as a person than a cock or clitoris. Just because Ms. Prager has a menstrual cycle doesn't mean that she is more of a female than I. Indeed, some naturally born females might never experience the menses (because of a birth defect called congenital absence of the vagina or other defects of the female reproductive system). Would Ms. Prager call these females less of a woman than herself?

I think that Ms. Prager should reexamine her facts as well as her values. She simply has no knowledge or understanding of what she is talking about. To carry her own closed-loop logic one step further, imagine, if you will, applying it to females in the population who feel that they are "men" trapped in female bodies and who seek surgical intervention after finding out the hard way that all the traditional therapeutic modalities simply don't work. Surgery may very well not be the magical "cure-all," but I don't remember anyone ever saying that it was. No one has ever said so to me. Is that person a part of Ms. Prager's conspiracy as well? I think not. Ms. Prager's conspiracy is a paradox of her own making.—*D. Saunders, address withheld*



"Stumps, this is Footloose. How's the traffic up your way?"

Emily Prager replies:
I'm sorry that my piece made you vomit. But when you did, did you vomit like a male or a female? My article was very cranky, I admit, but when I wrote it, I was having my period. Perhaps that is why you failed to understand it.

Actually, believe it or not, my "prime target" was not the male transsexual but rather the failure of the feminists and the media in this country to confront the occurrence of transsexuality within the American population with anything like intelligence.

As a transsexual yourself, you must be aware that the mass of media coverage on the subject has been done with smarmy sensationalism, with lots of attention to hormone shots, "female speech" lessons, cross-dressing, and the like, and with little if any discussion of the drastic element of the male sex-change operation: the intense desire and determination to have one's penis and testicles removed. (For discussion of female transsexuals, please see my response to the next letter.)

Clearly, my article was more smarmy and sensational than the lot—intentionally. It was meaner, crueler, more opinionated, and more vicious, first, because it was a parody, a parody of a certain kind of feminist hysteria and diatribe, and, second, because within that parody there is a great deal at stake for you and for me and for society as a whole. I am speaking, of course, of how we define gender and the concomitant repercussions thereof—and it is me in my nasty, "moralistic," "narrow-minded" guise that you have to and, in fact, should want to convince of the veracity of your position.

Now, the sex of a child is defined in all societies by the nature of the genitals with which it is born, the prevailing balance of its hormones, and whether it evolved from the fusion of XX or YY chromosomes. Science, provable facts, not feelings, visions, or magic. In certain cases, for example, hermaphroditic sexual definition is confused at birth and must be corrected. But such, I assume, is not the case with you or the majority of transsexuals. Why do I care? What does it matter to me? Why did I choose to write about it?

Because, Mr. Saunders, to accept you as a female or your feelings as being "female" is to accept every kind of stereotypic bullshit that society has foisted on us as being "female" or "feminine." In my 31 years of being a female, there are only two things I can point to with absolute surety that make me and my perception of life and the world around me totally different from that of a male: my vagina and the fact that I menstruate and can become pregnant.

From my first moment of consciousness, from birth, my relationship to being, the development of my senses, my endocrine system, my hormonal system, the pressure of the blood in my veins, my

CONTINUED ON PAGE 200

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Sambuca Romana. The Sambuca of Rome.

and Leslie had already called to give her the details!

The rest of the night was wonderful. My wife started by sucking me off until I came (something she does very infrequently) in order to thank me "for Leslie," who had asked that she do something special for me.

Since that time we've had a few "threesomes," with my wife just watching me bring Leslie to ever more intense orgasms (sometimes she masturbates as she watches). She is most delighted watching Leslie deep-throat me, an activity at which there is no doubt that Leslie is better than my wife.

Leslie has now found a sensitive man, but she still comes over every couple of months for a little "graduate seminar" work. She is truly an "A" student.—A.D.

See how educational a little illicit sex can be? Somehow your having sex with Leslie turned you into a more attractive sex object for your wife. She sucked you off after you screwed with Leslie, something she didn't much care for in the past. I think men should start seeing themselves as sex objects. If more men did, they would see that their attractiveness is just as important for having good sex as a woman's. You know, it helps when the woman is interested, too.

Obviously your wife is more sacrificing than most. I think it's sweet that she wanted to share you with another woman who was in need. Well, maybe she wasn't so sacrificing after all. She got a good lay herself out of the deal.

GOOD BUT NOT GAY

I am a 24-year-old woman, French by origin, and right now I am spending my holiday in Portugal with my husband, Antonio. We very much enjoy being together on these hot, beautiful days.

Our sexual life has always been very active. We make love several times a day, sometimes acting out each other's fantasies. We make love in a variety of positions, but there is nothing I adore more than when Antonio fucks me in the ass. It also delights me to suck his cock and to taste his sperm in my mouth. I like to imagine that I am eating a lot of cocks at the same time and that a lot of cocks are coming all over my body. I also enjoy the way my husband eats my cunt. He is particularly good at licking my clit and sucking on it; sometimes he takes his tongue out of my pussy and places it in my mouth. It is so exciting to taste the juices from my cunt on his tongue!

The other night we were fucking, and after a few moments of pleasure I had my first orgasm of the evening. Then, as I sucked on my husband's fingers, which still smelled sweet from being buried deeply inside my pussy, I began to fantasize that I was with a woman—licking her clit and ramming my tongue into her pussy. I sucked my own juices from my husband's mouth hungrily and imagined they belonged to this other woman. Suddenly, and with great pleasure, I experienced a fantastic climax!

I must confess that I am a little worried by this, as nothing like this has ever happened before. How could I have such a completely satisfying orgasm from the mere thought of making love to a woman when I so enjoy giving blowjobs and tasting sperm in my mouth? I have never before felt any kind of attraction to a woman. Do you think I might be a lesbian?—R.G.

It's too bad that I did not meet you during one of my many trips to Paris. I could have taken you around to a few of the lesbian clubs in town, such as the Cat Mandou, where you could have had a chance to speak and dance with some of the lesbians before condemning the thought that you might be one yourself. I have met quite a large number of women in France who are definitely bisexual and are very honest about their fantasies and desires. Some of them keep the thought as a fantasy, while others go all out and look for a suitable female partner to share their bed and sometimes even their husband.

The fact that a person likes the taste and smell of his or her own juices does not necessarily make that person a homosexual. After all, what turns your partner on ought to turn you on. There are some men who absolutely abhor the taste of their own sperm when a woman gives a bit of it back to them, but they are generally very straitlaced and lacking in imagination. I hope that you will some day find out for yourself how sweet the taste of another woman's hot, warm pussy can be and maybe, with your husband, exchange tastes from one mouth to the other.

THE BANANA PRICK

A few years ago I had the pleasure of making love for the first time. Note that I said "make love," because I personally cannot see sex without love. Anyway, it was the first time for both of us, and we enjoyed what I thought was great, loving, joyful sex, in various ways, for a number of years. Unfortunately, when wedding plans finally approached, my girl friend had second thoughts and dissolved our relationship.

It took me quite a while before I found someone whom I cared enough about to make love to. She had been divorced and told me that she had engaged in sex with several guys since her divorce.

When we finally made love, it was a disaster. During foreplay, when I inserted a finger inside her, she asked me not to, as it made her sore. I pulled my finger out and just massaged her clitoris until she was good and wet. When I then tried to

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enter her with my penis, it seemed to take forever. She seemed to be in such pain as I moved back and forth that I pulled my penis out. When we discussed the problem, she told me that she had only been able to take her husband inside her once during each lovemaking session; if he wanted more, he would do it between her breasts or she would perform fellatio on him. She said it had been the same with the other guys.

But she couldn't take penetration from me even one time. She told me that I was the worst guy she had ever been in bed with and that the reason I was unable to make it with her was the unusual shape of my penis. Needless to say, the relationship was soon over.

Now I've become self-conscious about the shape of my penis, and I fear hurting another woman. As a result, I am afraid to get involved with someone.

You see, my penis has a very definite downward curve. It's about seven inches long when fully erect. It starts out straight but about halfway out curves down at a 45-degree angle. All the other guys that I've seen in magazines or skin flicks go either straight out or curve only slightly downwards.

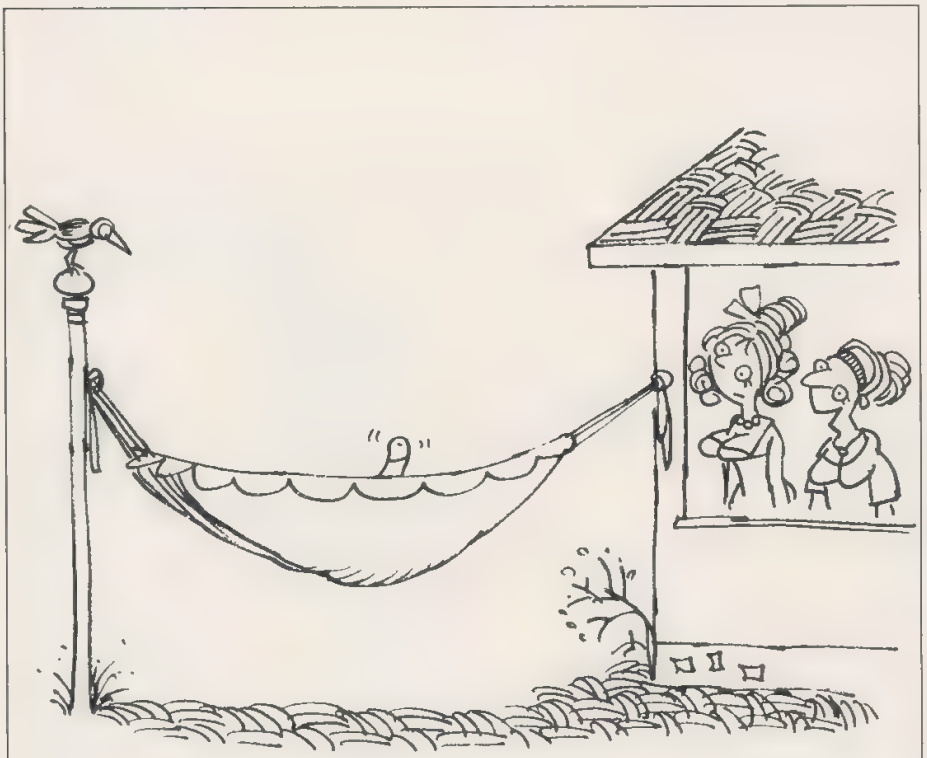
I understand that the vagina curves somewhat upward; so I can see how I might have been able to hurt this girl. How, though, did I manage to have intercourse with my previous girl for nearly three years—very happily, I might add? Was I just lucky to find someone who could handle my penis? Was the second woman's vagina too tight? Do I really have a malformed penis?

I'm sure you understand my frustration. In your experiences, have you ever come across a penis shaped like mine? Is there any kind of corrective surgery for my condition?—P. L.

Just as penises come in many different sizes, so, too, do they come in different shapes. Though most penises curve upwards when erect, I have heard of other cases, such as yours, and even of instances where the penis curves out to the side. "Banana prick" is one name which has been given to the condition that you describe.

Most women do not seem to have a problem accommodating a prick that has an unusual shape. You, unfortunately, ran across one who does. Should that happen again, you might try positions other than the missionary one, such as entering the woman from behind, having her sit on top of you, or even letting her make a full turn, with her face towards your feet.

It seems to me that the girl who said those cruel words is the one with the problem, not you, as she had also had trouble with her husband and previous lovers. Remember, you had great sex for three years before you met her. I doubt that there is any corrective surgery for your genital contour. Make the best with what you have, unless you can find a lady with patient, stroking hands who might "straighten" you out by hook or crook.



"That's my William's. It's the first thing to come up in the spring."

MORE OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS

It's women like those in "Major Repair," in your August column, who are really playing havoc with our repair business. I'm in the air-conditioning repair business, and we have a buddy system: each of us knows where the other guy is working so that if we complete a job ahead of time we can go over to where he is and give him a hand if he needs it.

Danny, one of our best servicemen, was doing a job in another town one hot morning. I had just finished a job about a mile away; so I stopped by to see if I could help out. I finished checking everything and then went down to the basement to get Danny. I found him—with some chick spread out on top of the pool table and him sticking his meat into her like he was a horny teenager. I couldn't really believe it at first and just stood there, dumbfounded. Then I realized that the gal on the pool table was the owner's wife! *As they hadn't noticed that I had come in, I slipped into the furnace room to finish the job that Danny was supposed to be doing.*

I was wondering how I was going to get out without being noticed when the chick came in and said that she knew I had seen her and Danny and that she really needed some more loving and hoped I was in the mood. She then let her robe drop open, and I have to admit, she did have a great body and a terrific pair of boobs. They were large, and I could still see the impression of her bra on them. They didn't sag—they just looked beautiful. I really am a boob man, and I must have been licking my lips without realizing it. She suddenly threw her arms around me, and we were soon tongue-kissing. I was feeling her boobs with one hand while feeling the cheeks of her ass with my other hand. My reflexes had been automatic up to that point, but when she slid her hand down the front of my pants and grabbed hold of my cock, I knew I was in trouble. Two minutes later she had my cock in her mouth, and there was no way I was going to leave without fucking her; so when she hopped onto the pool table, I was right with her. I had always heard about a "wet deck," and she was well lubricated, as Danny had just been there. I didn't really give a damn about that at the moment. I just wanted to give her what she wanted—a good fucking.

I was just beginning to come when who should walk in the door but Kevin, another one of our servicemen, who had come by to see if we needed any help. He took one look and said that it didn't look as if I needed any help. The chick

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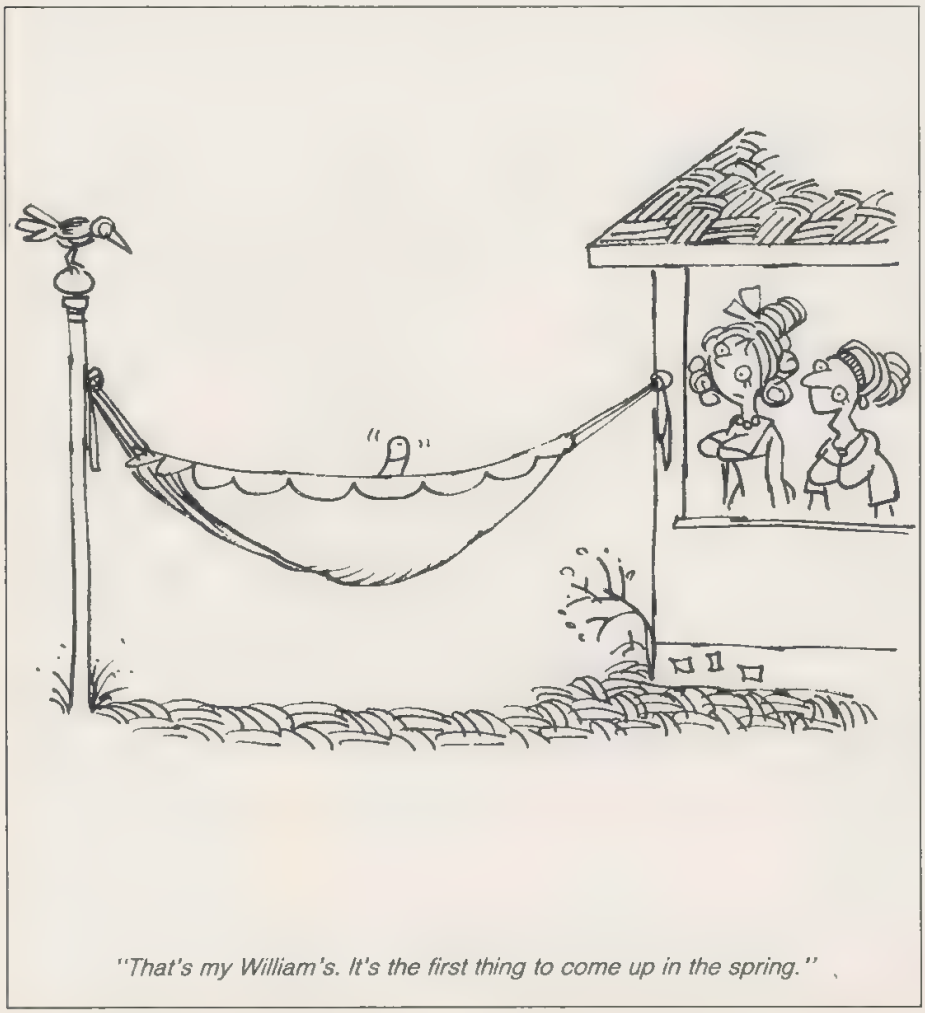

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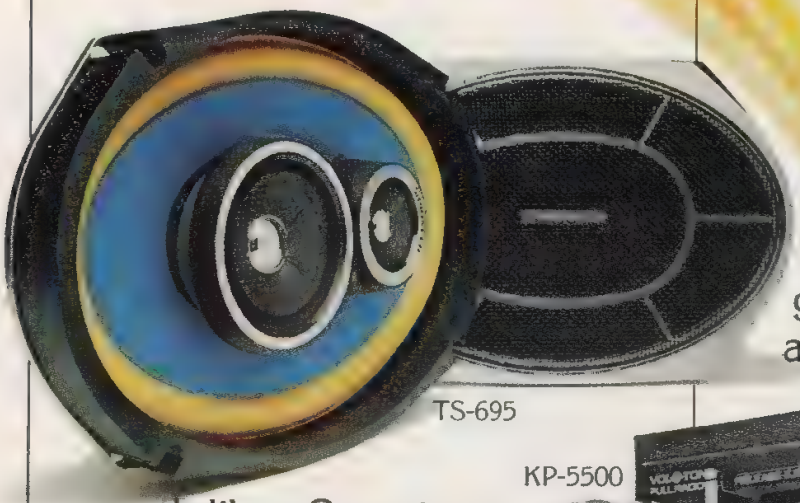

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looked over, smiled, and said, "Don't go away yet—there's plenty more where I come from." Kevin already had his cock in his hand as he watched me finish up. As soon as I stepped away, he was between her legs and sliding a really long, hard piece of meat into her. Kevin's cock must be over ten inches long, and she just lay back and said, "Oh, Daddy, you're terrific!" Danny and I were leaning against her bar, sipping on a beer and watching, when Danny said, "I wonder if she'd let me fuck her again." She heard what he had said and replied that she hoped he wanted more because she loved all that she could get.

We were an hour late getting back to the shop, and the boss wondered what had taken us so long. We told him there had been a small leak that we had had trouble locating. What we really meant was there had been a real gusher surrounded by a hungry cunt that loved to swallow cocks—the more the better.

Then, last week, Kevin's wife called at about 6:30 P.M., asking where Kevin was. I told her that I would check in on his last job and see what was keeping him. I found his van in the driveway of a nice home surrounded by hedges. I called out, but he didn't answer. I searched all over the house and finally found him in the upstairs bedroom with this little gray-haired lady, and they were sixty-nining. They were too busy to even notice me. Even though the woman had gray hair, I could see that she had a better body than many a 20-year-old I've seen. Her tits were still firm, but what was getting me excited was the way she was sucking on Kevin's cock. I was wishing that she was sucking on mine. She had her cunt over Kevin's face, and he couldn't see me from that position at all. It really was quite a show, and I forgot myself while watching and started feeling the front of my pants. When she finally glanced up, she was so surprised that she nearly bit off the tip of Kevin's cock. But when she saw the company's name on my shirt, she resumed sucking and motioned me into the room with her free hand.

I was halfway undressed when Kevin started coming and moaning with pleasure. She sucked on and on until he had to tell her that she had taken it all and there was nothing left. She then smiled at me, introduced herself as Debbie, and said that Kevin's monstrous cock was too much for her but mine was just her size. She grabbed it, pulled me on top of her, and wrapped her legs around me. She gave me a fantastic fucking—she knew what she wanted and how to handle herself.

When I thought we were through, I slipped into the bathroom, washed off, and went back to put my clothes on. Debbie sat on the edge of the bed and began sucking me off. She said that she really loved the size of my cock and hoped I would come back at least once each week. My cock is only six inches long, but if she is happy with it, I'm pleased—I love the attention she gives it. Kevin complained as we left that he had only gotten blown while I had been both sucked and fucked.

I'll admit that I have been back to see Debbie since then. I just hope we don't get any more horny customers for a while. It's getting tough having time for recreation and doing our jobs, too.—P.M.

The number of letters regarding the occupational hazards of repairmen has been overwhelming. Let's hear it for all those plumbers, electricians, television repairmen, and all the others who sent us their horny stories! Surely other professions must also have their own unique occupational hazards. How about all you pilots and stewardesses, doctors and nurses, teachers, and executives? Is there more—or less—messing around than the storybooks tell us?

TWO INTO THREE WON'T GO

My wife and I have been married for two years. I'm in my late thirties, and my wife is in her late twenties. Until recently our sex life has been excellent, though somewhat mundane.

On a recent vacation, we found our-

For full color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19" by 21," send $2 to Box 929-P, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

selves in a rather unusual situation. We had been discussing group sex for some time but had never had the opportunity; so the subject never got past the discussion stage. Then one evening we met a 19-year-old girl who worked at the motel where we were staying. The conversation turned to marijuana, and she revealed that she had not had any for several months. My wife suggested that she meet us after work since we had a few joints in our room.

At the agreed time Martha came to our room, and my wife excused herself (presumably to get a round of drinks) and left me alone with Martha. We had prearranged that Rochelle (my wife) would be gone for at least a half-hour. Martha and I lit up and sat down together on the bed. In about ten minutes, things had progressed to the point where Martha had her blouse off, my pants were upzipped, and we were really getting to know each other. By the time Rochelle returned, we were both totally naked, and I was eating Martha. Rochelle sat down on the bed to watch. Until this time, I had not realized how much of an exhibitionist I am, but I found myself enjoying the situation immensely. Rochelle, in the meantime, had taken most of her clothes off and started masturbating as she watched. After a little urging, she removed the rest of her clothing and joined us on the bed. Watching two very attractive women eat each other and suck each other's breasts was a terrific turn-on, as was Rochelle's licking my anus while I was fucking Martha.

Two nights later we repeated the scene, and it was even better than the first time. As such homosexual activity was new for both of the girls, we were amazed at how spontaneously and naturally it developed. Since Rochelle had intended the encounter to be a fulfillment of my fantasies, she was at first a little upset by how much she had enjoyed the whole experience, but she has since accepted her apparent bisexuality. However, she says that the part she enjoyed the most was watching me fuck another woman (her watching me was my favorite part, too).

Since this episode, we have discussed our fantasies at length, with the following conclusions. I think my favorite fantasy would be for another man and myself to fuck Rochelle in almost every possible position. The only exception to this would be that no one else could fuck her in the ass. This, we both agree, is a form of sex we don't care to share with anyone else. However, I would love to eat her while someone else's good cock was in her cunt.

Rochelle's favorite fantasy would be to watch me make it with another guy. While I must admit the idea is rather frightening in a way, I find it most intriguing and would like very much to at least try sucking a cock. This is possibly why the idea of eating Rochelle while someone else is fucking her seems so appealing—I could eat her and lick the guy's cock at the same time. One problem is that Rochelle is not certain whether she would be willing to join in or if she'd rather just watch. And, although I'm ready to suck someone's cock, I'm not certain whether I'm ready to have him come in my mouth. Since it seems somewhat unfair to involve someone in a situation with these limitations, we find ourselves in a bit of a dilemma.

As Rochelle isn't ready to commit herself to a threesome with another man (though she would probably join in) and I cannot commit myself to going all the way with it, what do you suggest we do? If we decide to go ahead with the idea, how would we find someone to fill the bill?—A. D.

Your limitations with regard to swinging are not all that restricting. It's not unusual for people to enjoy giving blowjobs without taking the come in their mouth. You suck a bit, then you fuck. Quite often, blowing a guy or eating a woman is just a part of the overall foreplay. It's a form of lovemaking that brings about arousal rather than the finishing touch or grand finale. Of course, it can lead to orgasm, and there's nothing wrong with that. After

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

Wild Turkey Lore:

The Wild Turkey's beautiful plumage was highly prized by early American Indians. The feathers were used to make arrows, blankets and the elaborate headdresses worn by great chiefs.

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VIEW FROM THE TOP

MY SON, THE HOT TUB LIFEGUARD!

BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

That dreaded moment is finally here: graduation. After years of answering trivial and irrelevant questions on Renaissance art and poly sci, you're now faced with the biggie: "Who'll give me a job?"

Probably nobody. In the recessionary 1980s, you won't be *given* anything, let alone easy income. Most likely, you'll have to create your *own* occupation, if you haven't already been drafted, by finding some emergent consumer need and filling it. Since college hasn't trained you to do this, you'll need some examples and ideas to work with or at.

Here are a few. Good luck.

Human Smoke Alarm. It's all well and good for the common masses to trust their lives to cheaply produced electric devices that, assuming they actually work, can still be nullified by power failures or weak batteries. For those who want, and can afford, truly dependable protection, however—and there are plenty—nothing takes the place of an on-premises, all-night, wide-awake living monitor. Compared with the costs of temporary relocation and lavish funerals, you, at ten dollars an hour, are a real bargain.

Surrogate Child. Increasingly, people are opting not to reproduce while they have the opportunity. But what will these nonbreeders' attitudes be when middle, or even old, age begins creeping up on them? As those gray hairs appear, 50 bucks a month may be a small price for many of the childless to pay, to have a "son" or "daughter" drop frequent notes, make weekly phone calls, remember them at holidays, and visit on birthdays and anniversaries. Be the loving support in their twilight years they neglected to cultivate while young. Acquire four or five "parents," and you're in business.

Interferon Producer. Interferon is *the* wonder drug of the eighties, and guess what: it's manufactured by your own body! Alas, it must be filtered from the blood, which yields infinitesimal amounts per pint. This makes it almost priceless! Even if you don't make a fortune this way, it still sounds far less tacky than "blood donor."

Wood Stove Design. Wood stoves are the heat wave of the imminent future: sensible, proven, and economical. But have you taken a look at these things? Most of them belong in country-freak cabins, ranger stations, or Norway. Become the first hot name in designer stoves, the Halston or Gucci of wood heating. They needn't even be all that attractive, just exclusive and in vogue. Put a little alligator on them and you can't miss.

Cocaine Taster. Have you seen, let alone snorted, some of the slag that passes for world-class toot these days? It's a downright affront, at least, to those of wealth and/or fame who are into Pharmaceutical Chic. Help them avoid rip-offs, the social mortification of substandard goods, and the personal grief of ossified nostrils. Put your own nose on the line, for $20 a taste plus the sample (for resale). Hell, consider the side benefits. (Free-base slightly extra.)

Jogger Bodyguard. Rapes, muggings, and simple assaults by resentful punks have increasingly become the price of physical fitness for afterwork runners in the urban wilds. On your police-radio-equipped ten-speed, armed to the gills with Mace, karate expertise, and hand weapons, you'll escort the well-heeled and health-minded in pleasant safety down the road (or footpath) to vitality. At three dollars a head, in groups of one to four, with over eight half-hour runs a night, you'll clean up. And with all that cycling, think of the shape you'll be in!

Clone Inspector. Cloning, the last word in single-parenthood, is for now only experimental, but Xeroxing oneself could become the narcissism boom of the 1980s. If so, how will the average customer be able to distinguish the real McCoy from some bogus infant obtained through the black market? What the hell, beyond race and eye color all babies look alike! But *your* Instant Blood-Serum Analysis of genetic composition will protect the purchaser from fly-by-night frauds by immediately answering the crucial question: "It's nice, but is it *me?*"

Workaholic Counselor. Millions of Americans are hopelessly addicted to vocational success. Many of these "jobbies" are unable to break the compulsive-worker habit simply because they're given no alternatives or support. Hold group-therapy sessions, using yourself as an example—"If I can stay away from the stuff, so can you." Slowly wean them away from the desk to the hammock and unemployment-compensation office. Very slowly. At $15 an hour.

James Cherry

Bomb Shelter Decorator. Since Afghanistan, bomb-shelter construction orders have shot out of sight. Most customers tell builders they just want them as "wine cellars" or "playrooms" or ask that their names be kept confidential. What they really need is someone skilled in (1) concealing their survival pits' true nature from the neighbors, and (2) creating sanctuaries not just safe and livable but also homey, commodious, and stylish. Become a decorator specializing in camouflage and small, concrete,

Tom McHugh

Avoid the tedium and fistfights: hire a gas-line waiter.

windowless rooms. Develop quaint new uses for cases of canned goods.

Rock-Concert Riot Control. Vital young lives were trampled underfoot at a Who concert; how soon before a similar tragedy is sparked by KISS, Ted Nugent, or Queen? And what happens if the Stones tour again? Surly, shoot-first police officers will only exacerbate a youth panic, and untrained, part-time security guards will be hapless, if not also stampeding. But *your* trained staff of sympathetic, experienced crowd controllers, armed with tranquilizing gas and Nytol ("Drop a couple of these and mellow out, brother"), will be a godsend. And your hefty fee? Just a pinch of the overall gross. "No More Cincinnatis!"

Garage Sale Advertising. These two-car K-Marts are proliferating faster than shoppers can keep tabs on them. Fill this information gap. Start a "Garage Sale Newsletter" covering those in your community; charge modest rates to advertisers, and distribute copies outside supermarkets for free. Or, failing that, specialize in writing, designing, printing, and circulating garage sale flyers, making catchy and creative use of concepts like "Five-Family Freakout—Everything Goes!" and "Job-Transfer Jamboree—My Promotion Your Gold Mine!"

Gas-Line Waiter. Who has the time to sit through the 90-minute gas lines that loom in our future? Not people with full-time employment; that's certain. Help them avoid the tedium, time waste, fistfights, and hemorrhoids. Wait out those dreary crawls to the Unleaded pump while they're off raking in real bucks. Make sure they're raking in enough to cover your ten-dollar-a-tank filler's fee.

Hot Tub Lifeguard. According to the Consumer Product Safety Commission, at least ten deaths occurred last year by drowning in hot tubs. The risk is especially great where alcohol is used—in other words, in almost 80 percent of all tub-ins. For an eminently reasonable ten dollars an hour, your guarding presence is worth every penny, not only to save lives but also to avoid the posthumous mortification of such an idiotic demise.

Street-Artist-Critic. The sidewalks of America's main streets are being covered with musicians, performers, craftspersons, artisans, and trinket peddlers, like snails after a rain. Indeed, it often takes the sidewalk shopper *hours* to meander the length of these outdoor emporia. Perform a vital public service by writing for the local paper a column that rates and reviews these various curbside entrepreneurs. Who gives the best deal on dinner-spoon bracelets, Coors belt buckles, and stained-glass mobiles? Is that banjo-and-accordion act in front of the Merchants' Bank really worth the trip? People will pay to know.

Sales Representative Interviewer. Every day thousands of people are conned, cajoled, or bribed, through free offers, into accepting visits from salespersons they later come to dread. Erase their worries! For a paltry ten dollars a visit, you will come to their home, deal with the pitchperson on their behalf, and then provide a summary-and-recommendations report to the grateful resident. Crash courses in insurance, rug-and-drapes cleaning, and home insulation will help.

Nik Wheeler, Black Star

Panic in the hot tubs: death toll continues to mount.

SCENES

SWING TIME

You remember the Swing era. Rendezvousing at the Cocoanut Grove. Getting the latest news on the boys overseas at the Stage Door Canteen. Dancing cheek to cheek at the Sunnybrook Ballroom to the sweet sounds of the big bands.

You do remember the big bands? Benny Goodman breaking up the Palomar Ballroom in 1935 with "King Porter Stomp." Jimmy Dorsey on the clarinet, snaking his way in and out of choruses, as one admirer described it, "like a young pickpocket dodging cops in a crowd." Helen O'Connell caressing the society crowd with her cool and limpid "Green Eyes." Roy Eldridge, sitting so quiet all the way at the back of Artie Shaw's brass section and then lifting his trumpet and blowing everybody out of the joint. The sudden, deafening silence of "The Moonlight Serenade" when Glenn Miller's plane went down on December 14, 1944.

Okay, so maybe you don't remember the Swing era or the big bands. Maybe you don't know Jimmie Lunceford from Charlie Barnet. But Broadway does, and the memory is very hot right now. This month a new musical called *Swing* opens, the vanguard of a new swing resurgence that is threatening to break out all over the music map.

Broadway is dying to be on top of a musical trend, for a change. The rock revolution had already

come, conquered, and moved on to new dimensions by the time *Hair* came along in 1968. The theater's first disco musical, *Got Tu Go Disco*, was not only a dismal flop but also a couple of years too late. And one producer has been promising Broadway its first reggae musical for the past five seasons.

Besides its propitious timing, the hot news about *Swing* is that it features a full, live dance band on stage. This ensemble starts with 13 members (the original, magic Benny Goodman number) and grows onstage, as bands did in those days. Black musicians don't join this band until the show reaches the period of 1941, when they come in to replace white players who go off to war. The baritone sax doesn't move in until 1942, and there's no sign of a fourth trumpet until showtime hits 1943.

Although *Swing* uses vetted swing musicians who never leave the stage and never stop swinging, the show is not strictly about swing music or any of its legendary big-band creators. The musical opens in 1937, at a Dartmouth College prom, and ends on V-J Day in 1945, in New York's Astor Roof Ballroom. While the band plays on, straight through a depression and a world war and into modern times, the plot advances through seven dancing couples who live out their individual stories of love and romance without ever leaving the dance floor.

Robert Waldman has composed a score in 4/4 tempo of what he calls "music that stays close to all the techniques and forms of the big-band sound," without actually copying the familiar harmonic lines and refrains or turning the score into a pastiche of its models. Lyricist Alfred Uhry (who also worked with Waldman on *The Robber Bridegroom*) went to old *Life* and *Liberty* magazines for a flavor of "the innocence, the sweetness, and naiveté of the period." And Conn Fleming's book consciously evokes the spirit of what he calls "the last romantic decade in America's history."

But producer-director Stuart Ostrow (*1776, Pippin*) shudders at the suggestion that his show might be considered another spin down nostalgia lane. "This is no valentine," he says firmly. "You won't see a gardenia, a microphone, or a lindy hop on stage." To the man who conceived the idea for the show and carefully assembled all the talent who would give it shape, *Swing* is "a musical romance" that uses the big band and its distinctive musical style as "a metaphor that represents the heartbeat of the society at that time."

Between 1937 and 1945, says Ostrow, "Americans worked together collectively, like the individual sections of a dance band. The fast, breathless tempo was kept by industry—industry was 'the arsenal of democracy,' remember. Surely those people who carried the melody were the soldiers. Other parts of society held an even, unbroken beat, while some of us played arranged variations.

"But there were times when all the sections converged and really *swung*. And we really did swing between 1937 and 1945, you know. We converged and carried the country through a depression and out of a world war. It was the most heroic and romantic period in modern times."

Swing ends with V-J Day because, says Ostrow, "Daddy died—Roosevelt died—and the objective had been achieved: we had won the war and survived the depression.

"It was no coincidence that the big dance bands died after World War II. Singers like Sinatra and Doris Day and all the great musicians left their bands to become solo performers. There was no more need for collectivity. Both America and its music turned introspective. It was the beginning of narcissism and the 'Me Generation.' As a country, we never played together as a group, under a strong leader, ever again. It was the end of romance."

In 1974, although it didn't try to come up with a comparable social metaphor for itself, a musical called *Over Here* tried to translate the sound and spirit of the big-band era to Broadway. The show (which, incidentally, introduced dancer Ann Reinking) starred the remnants of the original Andrews Sisters and featured an onstage band of 20 musicians. The band—besides being choreographed to stand up, play to the right, play to the left, sit down, and so forth—was programmed to go for the distinctive big brass sound.

"*Over Here* was certainly ahead of its time," producers Ken Waissman and Maxine Fox (the *Grease* kids) say today of their defunct project. "Although we didn't produce the show in anticipation of a revival of interest in the 1940s, in retrospect we now see that there's an enormous fascination in the country for the period and its music. It's part of a more general fascination with one's youth, for its innocence and its ideals of romantic fantasy."

Waissman and Fox have no intention of reviving *Over Here*, now that the times have caught up with it. But they do talk *sotto voce* about remaking it as a movie. "People seem to have caught up with that era," Waissman notes, "and one of these things, whether it's a movie or a Broadway musical, is going to be very successful."

In the meanwhile, a number of shows have tried and failed badly to hook into that free-floating interest in the Swing era. On Broadway, shows like *The 1940s Radio Hour*, *Be-Bop*, and *The Water Engine* paid their respects to the period but failed to rally audiences. In the movies *1941* died a big death this year, just as *New York, New York* did when it tried to sell us Liza Minnelli as a mixed-up girl singer in Robert DeNiro's swing band. Only *Yanks* (which significantly lets out all the stops on the emotional romanticism that Stuart Ostrow believes to be vital) seems to have caught on.

Too bad for Broadway and Hollywood that they haven't quite gotten a bead on the national mood. There are still plenty of signs that interest in the war years and their music is surging ahead—with or without them.

No doubt recalling their late, great heritage as the original citadels of the big bands, hotels like the Parker House in Boston have started to introduce "swing sessions" in their supper ballrooms. So have some of the older nightclubs, like New York's Copacabana, which have the spacious quarters and the gracious atmosphere to carry it off. (Ballroom dancing—to four saxes, four trumpets, two trombones, and a heavy rhythm section of drums, bass, piano, acoustic and bass guitars, and matched boy-girl singers—just doesn't seem to *feel* right in any room that lacks a big crystal chandelier and is smaller than the first-class deck

Photo Files

Benny Goodman: dancing the night away in sequins and spikes.

of a luxury ocean liner.)

Although the move is still a bit tentative, a few radio stations like New York's WNEW-AM are beginning to take note of the recent swing resurgence by adopting big-band programming formats.

There's even the suggestion that disco and rock 'n' roll are helping to grease the rollers for the new swing cycle. Not that there are any comparisons to be made, God knows, about the different styles of music. But all three sounds have an irresistible, danceable quality, and like tends to breed like. The survival of the tenacious disco beat (past all those cruel cries of "Fad! Fake!") argues that people still wanna dance the night away in sequins and spikes, while new-wave rock persuasively charges us to get down and boogie. Back when a lot of rock groups were deep into stage spectacle, bands like the New York Dolls and the Ramones were playing unfussy sounds for dancing. Nowadays local bands all over the country are playing the stuff in clubs where nobody sits down all night.

For that matter, even the upsurging country-western movement has occasioned more beating of the feet in local clubs. In this dance-crazy context, the big swing sound is sure to find a lot of people In the Mood for a new dip.

As for the actual *sound* of swing, the music industry hasn't quite figured out how to ride the wave it senses is going to break any minute. Some record companies, interpreting bebop as today's mainline swing sound, have taken the plunge and issued double-album swing series. Blue Note, for one, has a ten-LP series with such noted beboppers as Dexter Gordon, Wayner Shorter, and Horace Silver.

Speaking of Dexter Gordon, RCA's Elliot Horne sees that bebopper's recent, triumphant return to America (from a 15-year expatriate sojourn in Copenhagen) as the single most dramatic sign that swing is swinging back, via bebop. "It was a tremendous comeback. People welcomed him like the Messiah," says Horne, who was one of the crowd throwing palm leaves under the tenor saxophonist's feet. "It was also an acclamation of bebop." Other industry mavens, like Earl McGrath, president of Rolling Stones Records, are wary of predicting trends. "I certainly wouldn't go out and hire a big band right now," says he. But he notes that in certain circles swing has never actually died. "There are swing influences in bands like Blood, Sweat & Tears and Manhattan Transfer that give them that big-band sound."

And for people like Elliot Horne, who are convinced that a swing resurgence is "definitely in the air," there's the further evidence of musicians who are too young to have come out of the original swing tradition but who have nevertheless adopted its orientation. Or are flirting with it through bebop. That means people like Scott Hamilton ("You don't hear a sound out of his sax that's later than the forties," says Horne), John Faddis ("he plays just like Dizzy Gillespie"), and Hannibal Peterson ("solidly in the Freddy Hubbard, Cliff Brown, Kenny Durham tradition").

"I was amazed to find so many musicians under thirty who know how to play swing," confirms Robert Waldman, who had no trouble finding 22 young musicians for his *Swing* band. "We thought we'd have to pull the musicians from the jazz schools. So I was really surprised to find all these sharp, bright kids, some of whom had already had ten years' experience in clubs like the Red Blazer, where they play all the old charts."

Waldman believes that swing has "started to float in the air." Whether his own musical floats with it or not, *Swing* will mark the first time in many moons that the Broadway theater is on top of a musical current. Who knows?—maybe next year we'll get something *really* new. Like a disco musical.—*Marilyn Stasio*

Photo Files

Tommy Dorsey: a swing back to the big-band sound.

The Granger Collection

Miller in '44: end of romance.

FILMS

CULT FIGURES

There is something beautiful about the old age of certain American filmmakers, refined but not diminished in what must be among the last, often understated works of long and distinguished careers. Hitchcock, benign and gentle in *Family Plot*, George Cukor with his lovely television adaptation of *The Corn Is Green*, the extravagance of Billy Wilder in *Fedora*, and John Huston who, after the marvelous *The Man Who Would Be King* five years ago, now, in his mid-seventies, perhaps tops it with ***Wise Blood***—tops it in guts if not in grandeur and also in a quality that feels very much like youthful abandon. *Wise Blood* might have been somebody's brilliant debut. But young directors don't often display the economy, the assured recklessness, that Huston summons up in his old age.

Wise Blood, based on the late Flannery O'Connor's first novel, is set someplace in the South, presumably Tennessee, where God haunts the landscape and fills the highway billboards and where a cemetery marker will boast a plastic telephone with the words *Jesus called* carved above it in the stone. For the price of a cheap black suit and a broad-brimmed hat, anybody can set himself up as a preacher. That's what young Hazel Motes does after his discharge from the army—founding, at any available street corner, his one-man "Church of Truth without Christ."

Also without followers, since nobody takes to his doctrine of no Christ, no hope, no salvation—except for a collection of creeps and charlatans who attach themselves to his fierce determination and pride. He acquires a false prophet, Hoover Shoates, and a simpleminded disciple, Enoch Emery. He "cures" a phony blind man, Asa Hawks, and inadvertently wins the blind man's lustful daughter, Sabbath Lilly—whom he wants no more than he wants any of the rest. He doesn't want converts, because his church has nothing to offer converts, and he surely doesn't want the money that motivates all the frauds bearing witness around him. What he wants is a sort of total honesty—no pie-in-the-sky redemption—an honesty that in Flannery O'Connor's harshly sympathetic Roman Catholic view condemns Hazel to live a crazy reenactment of Christ's story, right down to his final, self-imposed martyrdom.

I'd better add that all this is a comedy in its own bitter way, and that Brad Dourif's Hazel Motes, his jaw jutting forward, his eyes fastened just beyond the face of whatever plausible mad person is pushing for his attention, is a comic portrait of almost terrifying proportions. Everybody around him seems just about as good, not merely "authentic"—the obvious trap for such a movie—but really alive, each in his own scheme or obsession, whether it be Sabbath Lilly (Amy Wright) wanting to get laid or Enoch Emery (Daniel Shor) wanting a friend so badly that he lines up half a dozen times to shake hands with the gorilla advertising the jungle picture at the local movie house.

Wise Blood stays in the mind with a vividness born partly of its eccentricity, partly of its energy, but mostly of its desperate compassion for the doom-driven fanatic at its center. John Huston seems to love heroes who imitate God and he seems able to find in them not just a fable about divine ambition but also a puzzled, exasperated, and surely admiring morality play for us all.

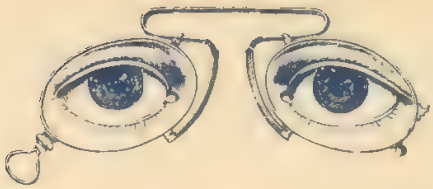
Wise Blood *with Amy Wright and Brad Dourif: divine ambition.*

About as far as you can go from John Huston, consider the example of John Carpenter, 32 years old, and, after three theatrical features and two films made for television, already achieving that heady combination of immense commercial success and avid cult following that in movieland seems wholly the province of the rather strange. Carpenter is one of those directors who might have fallen out of film school plop into the fantasies of his audience, and so you'll get such anomalies as an effective urban terror story (*Assault on Precinct 13*) buttressed up with some of the attitudes, and a bit of the dialogue, of the 1950s' Howard Hawks Westerns that he could have learned to appreciate at USC. *Assault on Precinct 13* never won much recognition except among the supercognoscenti, but the hugely successful *Halloween* did, and now it will be worth seeing what happens on another journey into managed horror with Carpenter's latest—the hokey, funny, scary, flawed, predictable, agreeable ***The Fog***.

The Fog rolls in over an especially spectacular bit of Northern California coastline, bringing with it from the sea ghostly terror, secret treasure, vengeful death—and, in general, matters fit for a kiddies' campfire tale. In fact, that's how it all begins, as grizzled old Machen (John Houseman—and you could say that John Houseman with a week's growth of beard is the most shocking single image in the film) tells of the ship wrecked in the fog a century ago and yet still doomed to sail the waters. Until one night . . .

The plot premise behind *The Fog* is too idiotic to bear description, and of course the idiocy contributes to the fun. That and some quite lovely, ominous atmosphere in seascapes and countryside, and the good background music that Carpenter himself composed, and the presence of what begins to look like a Carpenter stock company in the beautiful-young-woman department: hitchhiker Jamie Lee Curtis (here appearing with her mother, Janet Leigh) and voluptuous, sultry-voiced disc jockey Adrienne Barbeau, who holds the world together as she broadcasts warning messages from her radio station strategically located in an isolated lighthouse overlooking the bay. But the fog itself isn't much fun—a lot of special effects and little mystery ("There's something *different* about this fog, Dan. *It glows!*)—nor is the collection of camera scare-tricks, which probably help make Carpenter popular but make me want to hide my eyes—and go to sleep. This isn't exactly what you'd call a psychological thriller: supernatural blood flows, seawater invades the land, and ghosts walk and kill, their eyes glowing red. And yet almost everything good about the film might qualify as "psychological," or at least subtle (close enough for the movies), and it would be a shame if Carpenter were to go on wasting the promise of *The Fog* and *Halloween* or of the television special "Someone Is Watching Me" in the mechanics of a terror so commonplace that every close-up ends in shock and the camera always lead the characters into ambush.—*Roger Greenspun*

The fog takes another victim in John Carpenter's new film.



WORDS

PAPER LIVES

As anyone who has dawdled in intercourse among the family of man well knows, most of us feel that our lives somehow differ from the rest, that they are worthy of posterity or, at least, a few months on the paperback racks.

Ask any taxi driver in New York about his own seemingly unremarkable life. "Jeez," he will most likely tell you, on or off the meter, "I could write a fuckin' book." (Indeed, for some, this statement, along with the ever popular "I got no change," composes a repertoire of spoken English.)

We devote much time, all of us, to the art of our life stories. We slouch alone, in passing pride or guilt, reworking the penny-dreadful episodes of the past. We lean over dollar beers or recline at the knees of $50 psychiatrists, telling and dwelling upon our memories. We entail every new fuck with a whispered litany of remembrances.

But few of us take the step of setting our memoirs to paper. Which is well and good, for, as our intrepid dawdler also knows, the vast majority of lives are of very little interest except to their proprietors.

Most of us who take the step adopt a pose of profound humility. Autobiographies and memoirs with torturously humble titles, such as Jean-Paul Sartre's *Les Mots* and Desi Arnaz's *A Book*, are typical. Granted, champions of existentialism, "Babalu," and such have every right to regard their lives with humility, but beneath the lambskin of humility often lurks a ravenous ego howling the self-importance of a life among lives.

It's always pleasant to encounter autobiographical writing that is an exception to the rule, especially when it's written by a writer rather than, say, an NBA scoring leader. Such is ***The Dream of Golden Mountains: Remembering the 1930s*** (Viking, $14.95), by Malcolm Cowley. At the age of 82, Cowley is one of the grand old men of American letters, and he writes with the casual eloquence of a master storyteller. Picking up where *Exile's Return* (1934) left off, this memoir of Cowley's life during and after the depression is peopled by the likes of the poet Hart Crane, who in 1931 ran off with Cowley's wife to Mexico and eventual suicide; Theodore Dreiser, who gave dull dinner parties; and Ernest Hemingway's wife-to-be Martha Gellhorn, a Bryn Mawr brat who was Cowley's incompetent editorial assistant at *The New Republic*. For those of us who think the sixties were a time of social upheaval, there are valuable lessons in perspective in Cowley's lively accounts of labor wars, midwestern Nazi movements, and the day Hoover called in "four troops of cavalry, all in gas masks and with drawn sabers, then a mounted machine-gun squadron, six tanks, a battalion of infantry with fixed bayonets, and a convoy of trucks" to expel hordes of protesting army veterans from the Capitol.

Burns: stale jokes.

Bluebeard's legend the old water-torture trick

A much different sort of literary autobiography is ***Village Creek: The First and Only Eyewitness Account of the Second Life of Gordon Baxter by Himself*** (Summit, $11.95). Baxter is an old-line newspaper man, a rare character in these days of computerized journalism. You've probably never heard of him, unless you've read such little Texas dailies as the Vidor *Vidorian* or the Beaumont *Enterprise* (the only publication in which you could encounter the word *Klansperson*), which have printed his columns for years. In a manner somewhere between H. L. Mencken's and Larry McMurtry's, Baxter tells how he cured himself of being a good ol' boy and became his own sensitive slob. It's very refreshing, honest stuff, especially at a time when no party is complete without its professional Texan and when the release of *Urban Cowboy* is threatening to smother us in redneck chic.

In 1931, William L. Shirer, the man who years later got rich and famous by writing *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, was a *Chicago Tribune* correspondent in India. There, in Delhi, he met Mahatma Gandhi, who took a liking to Shirer, and the two became close friends. In ***Gandhi: A Memoir*** (Simon & Schuster, $12.95), Shirer recalls his months with the Indian leader. As anyone who has read his previous nonfiction knows, Shirer, for all his allegiance to historical detail, is never dull or dry. His memoir tells us as much about his Indian friend's sex life as it does about his politics, and Shirer sees it all with as little reverence as possible.

Elvis: We Love You Tender (Delacorte, $14.95), by Dee Presley and Billy, Rick, and David Stanley, as told to Martin Torgoff is a less intellectual sort of memoir. The authors of this memoir are the stepmother and stepbrothers of the late Mr. Presley. Of course, as-told-to literature has fallen a long way since Homer, and in the bargain coarser hearts than mine might feel that Dee Presley's book is the latest mercenary deed in a life full of mercenary deeds. All this aside, however, this book is the best and closest look at the private life of the most famous man in the twentieth century. Dee Presley's account of her life before she came to dwell at Graceland is of little interest. Her sexual memoirs are best described as droll. (Elvis's daddy, we learn, "was gentle, lingering and dallying, exploring all of the nuances and subtleties important in the sexual awakening of a woman.") But when Dee and her three boys

remember Elvis, the picture they paint—of a good-hearted, drug-addicted, image-driven maniac for whom money could buy everything but the one woman he wanted—is a precious and shocking one, and what emerges is the best and truest story of all-devouring fame and power that we're likely to encounter for many years.

Art Pepper, the jazz musician, is a less famous junkie, but his autobiography, ***Straight Life*** (Schirmer, $12.95), written with his wife, Laurie, will compel even those who've never heard a single note he's played. Without excuses, apologies, or remorse, Pepper writes about his drug addiction and alcoholism, about beatniks and hippies, about Synanon and San Quentin, about playing alto saxophone for Stan Kenton, and about getting high with his dear old mom. And Pepper can write almost as well as he can play.

And now we come to this season's cabbies. In the foreword to the British author Jeremy Seabrook's ***Mother and Son*** (Pantheon, $8.95), we are informed that "this book is about the haunted and obsessive relationship with my mother which, for more than thirty years, was the most total and only real experience of my life." We turn to the first line of the book proper: "Mother knew everything." What follows is none too haunting, or obsessive, and eventually we sleep, wishing Mr. Seabrook the best of luck in future lives.

Working hard toward his goal of becoming the wealthiest corpse in California, George Burns has written a second volume of memoirs. ***The Third Time Around*** (Putnam, $10.95) is supposed to be a humorous autobiography, but all the jokes are stale, and instead of making us smile Burns makes us wince tiredly and yearn for the relief of Harry Von Zell's voice.

Here's one that we've all been waiting for. ***Nancy*** (Morrow, $9.95), by Nancy Reagan with Bill Libby, in which the wife of the California governor and presidential hopeful tells us all about herself—yes, she does—and all about darling Ron and how he really surprised her when they went to Japan on a trip and he wasn't at all afraid to eat that "foreign food" like she thought he would be and, oh, little things like that.

Some considerate dawdlers elect to write another's life story rather than their own. This often allows the author to work with better material. We are thus grateful that the mild-mannered professor of English Leonard Wolf chose to write about Gilles de Rais rather than about himself. De Rais, upon whom the Blue-

Movie Star News

Flynn: more idol gossip.

beard legend is based, was a fifteenth-century Frenchman whose particular pleasures were rape, torture, murder, and the dying cries of children. Professor Wolf's ***Bluebeard: The Life and Crimes of Gilles de Rais*** (Clarkson N. Potter, $12.95) is a magnificent, if sometimes repulsive, biography of the nobleman who came to be called the world's wickedest sinner.

While literary biographies are often written by the frustrated Call-Me-Ishmaelers of academia, it's often worth wading through the meaningless scholarly details and Freudian asides to get down to the story. It's not that the lives of great writers are too different from the rest; but they're usually more comical. Take this Tolstoy guy. One fall day in 1864 he was thrown from a horse and knocked unconscious. When he came to his senses, "a thought hit him like a thunderbolt: 'I am a writer!' " Then he wrote *War and Peace*. You can read all about it in Henri Troyat's ***Tolstoy*** (Harmony, $5.95). Or take that D. H. Lawrence. The bum used to beat his wife. It's right here in ***The Life of D. H. Lawrence*** (Pantheon, $17.95), by Keith Sagar. Or that broad Lawrence used to fuck around with, that Katherine Mansfield. If you read ***The Life of Katherine Mansfield*** (Viking, $16.95), by Antony Alpers, you'll find that she went both ways, if you get my drift.

Those who write biographies of popular idols are usually fans rather than scholars. This means fewer footnotes and more garish adjectives. Both Stuart Kaminsky's ***Coop*** (St. Martin's, $10.95), about Gary Cooper, and Charles Higham's ***Errol Flynn: The Untold Story*** (Doubleday, $12.95) have the adjectives, but they also have a certain style and sense of class that sets them above the common popular biography. Devotees of sleaze are advised to go with the Errol Flynn; those of movies, with the Gary Cooper.

No One Here Gets Out Alive: The Biography of Jim Morrison (Warner, $7.95), by Jerry Hopkins and Daniel Sugerman, is an absorbing instance of the popular biography as horror story. A rock star who would rather have been renowned for his poetry, Morrison drank and drugged himself to an early death, taking with him all that was left of the sixties. Hopkins and Sugerman do a fine job with this essentially grim story, although the latter's idolatry for Morrison sometimes intrudes a bit much.

I can understand why someone might be intrigued enough by Tolstoy or Gary Cooper or Jim Morrison or the evil Gilles de Rais to write a biography. But the inner workings of the mind of Mr. Finlay Lewis, who gives us ***Mondale: Portrait of an American Politician*** (Harper & Row, $12.95), are a gray mystery that I am neither able nor inclined to deal with. Next!—*Nick Tosches*

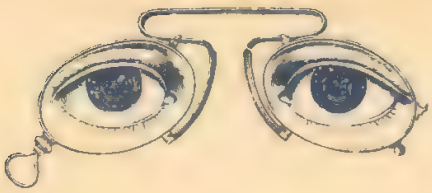
SOUNDS

MISTRESS OF MOUTH

"You sure do have a cute ass," said **Millie Jackson.** She was standing on the edge of the stage at New York's Beacon Theater, halfway through one of her shows, tall and sassy and shimmering in the spotlight. The black cop who was guarding the aisle a few feet from her grinned and self-consciously fingered his nightstick. "Yeah, you," she said, edging a little closer to him. "Turn around and lemme see your ass." He spun on his feet, laughing, and lifted the flap of his uniform jacket so that Millie could get a better view. "Mmmm, *hmmm*," she exclaimed. "I like a man with a nice, round ass. None of these flat-assed men for me." She whirled to cue her band and spotted the show's promoter lurking in the wings. "Hey, come out here. What kinda ass have *you* got?"

It was a reasonably typical moment in a show that included explicit references to cunnilingus, not-so-subtle phallic symbolism in "Logs and Thangs," and Millie's most popular stage number, the mock-Beethoven "Phuck U Symphony." The show also included, sandwiched in between the free-wheeling raps almost as filler, some good-to-excellent soul, rock, country, and funk tunes sung with rasping, authoritative brilliance.

While the mainstream of black pop seems becalmed in a disco backlash, Millie Jackson is carrying on the gritty tradition of soul



Simon Fowler, Retna

Millie Jackson: in control.

greats like Otis Redding and Wilson Pickett—*her* way. She sings what she wants to sing, whether she got it from a black songwriter, country singer Merle Haggard, or the rock group Toto ("Here's another one I stole from the white boys" is the way she introduces their "Hold the Line"). She coproduces her own records and claims to be in complete control of her increasingly successful career. And that mouth! "For Mature Audiences Only," warns a sticker on her *Live & Uncensored*, a two-record album drawn from a series of concerts at L.A.'s Roxy Theater. "This album contains explicit language which may be considered objectionable by some listeners." No wonder folks are calling Jackson "the female Richard Pryor."

At lunch in Manhattan, not long after her two sold-out Beacon Theater performances, Millie considered the Richard Pryor tag. "It's better to be called the something else than the nothing," she concluded. "As long as you're called something, they're at least acknowledging the fact that you exist. Everybody wants to find a title of some kind to hang on me; so I get that one hung on me a lot. I don't mind. That's what takes me away from being the same as everybody else."

Even without the rapping, Millie Jackson would be different. She's sure of herself and can be decidedly outspoken, but she doesn't come across as abrasive. She moves easily in soul circles, which are notoriously male chauvinist—her neighbors in suburban New Jersey, where she lives "happily divorced" with her two children, include the Wicked Pickett and the Isley Brothers. She refuses to record faceless disco, preferring to make her albums in Muscle Shoals, Ala., with some of the same musicians who sparked the classic soul hits of the sixties, and she is just about the only hard-line soul stylist whose records sell consistently well. "I've kept that soul feeling," she says, "'cause I hate disco. Simple as that. Disco music, the majority of it, doesn't say anything but boom boom, we dance, you dance, more music, we dance, you dance. I'd rather listen to a good country-and-western song."

Jackson has recorded several country staples her way since she emerged from the ranks of the hopeful in 1974 with *Caught Up* (Spring/Polydor), a sensitively etched anatomy of a love triangle that was her first self-produced album and her first gold record. For a while, during the middle and late seventies, the country songs weren't just a personal preference—Millie grew up in the country, in rural Georgia—but a strategy for survival. Jesse Jackson was thundering about indecent lyrics on black radio, and record executives were getting panicky. Millie said at the time that it was easier to record an explicit song a country artist had already done than to get a just-as-explicit original tune past company censors. Today she laughs about the entire affair. "Jesse Jackson was runnin' around tryin' to get in the limelight," she said over lunch, "and the funny thing is, the only people that was payin' him any mind were the white people, the people at the head of the record companies. Meanwhile, I made the kind of records I wanted to make, and the blacks went out and bought 'em like crazy. It didn't bother me. He was talkin' about what we were doin' influencin' the kids, and the kids these days learn everything in the world they want to know at school or at home. There's nothin' the radio's gonna tell them that they don't already know."

Millie's eyes flashed, and she leaned back in her chair. When she gets that look, you know a story is coming. "I remember a while back," she said, "I was walking down the street, and these two little boys was fighting. Me, I'm gonna step in and say something." She drew herself up ramrod straight and affected the accents of a governess. "Shame on you. Stop that fighting." Then she collapsed in giggles. "So this little boy, about eight years old, looked at me and said, 'Mind your fuckin' business, bitch!' And I, *swear*, it shocked me so much I did just what he asked me to do. And then he went right back to fightin'. Eight years old! And people are talkin' about what *I'm* sayin'? I never said *that* on the radio."

Despite her independence (or perhaps because of it), Millie has no interest in organized feminism. "Women's lib? They listen to my music and assume I already am." She laughs heartily. "But I'm an individualist. The things women are missing these days are things you can't really fight for—I mean, they're on a personal level." When she set about taking control of her own artistic and business decisions, didn't she run into resistance because she was a woman? "Not because I was a woman, no. More because I was a singer. Musicians, for example, have no respect for singers, no matter what sex they are. It got so bad with me that I went and learned this one chord that most soul musicians don't know, a C diminished 9th. I would get in a rehearsal and say, 'Uh, give me a C diminished 9, please.' They'd fumble around, and then I'd reel off the notes in the chord for them. That was the only chord I knew! It was just a chord to gain respect off of."

And that seems to be Millie Jackson's secret: she won't settle for anything less than respect, but she isn't afraid to laugh at herself while she goes about getting it. In fact, her career began as a joke. She was living in Brooklyn, after 15 years in Thomson, Ga., and a few more with her father in Newark, and had gone with a group of friends to a show at Harlem's Palm Cafe. Her friends double-dared her to get up onstage and sing, and she did. The owner of another Harlem club was in the house, liked what he heard, and hired her. It could have ended there, but Millie was both talented and ambitious. She landed a recording contract with a new record label, Spring, and after several years of moderate success she won the right to coproduce her discs with the veteran soul producer Brad Shapiro. Since then her albums have regularly gone gold, and she's progressively become a bigger concert draw. She now enjoys an international audience. In fact, she recently returned from a six-week tour of South Africa, where the country's censor board demanded she cut out certain parts of her show. On the last night of the tour, she dedicated her "Phuck U Symphony" to them.

Jackson's latest recorded salvo included not only the double-pocket *Live & Uncensored* but also an album of duets with Isaac Hayes, *Royal Rappin's*. Despite the album's title and the loquacious reputations of both performers, *Rappin's* is an old-fashioned duet album that is in the sweethearts-of-soul vein—with a few X-rated episodes. The hotter, more up-tempo live album is closer to what Millie's about, but it's still no substitute for going to hear her do her stuff in person. Her raps aren't set pieces; they vary nightly, according to the way she reads the audience, and they seldom fail to connect. Just one thing doesn't change—Millie's plainspoken distaste for beating around the bush. "I'm a country girl," she says, "and us country girls like to say what's on our minds. You know, as long as you *say* what's on your mind, there isn't gonna be any *doubt* about what's on your mind."—*Robert Palmer*

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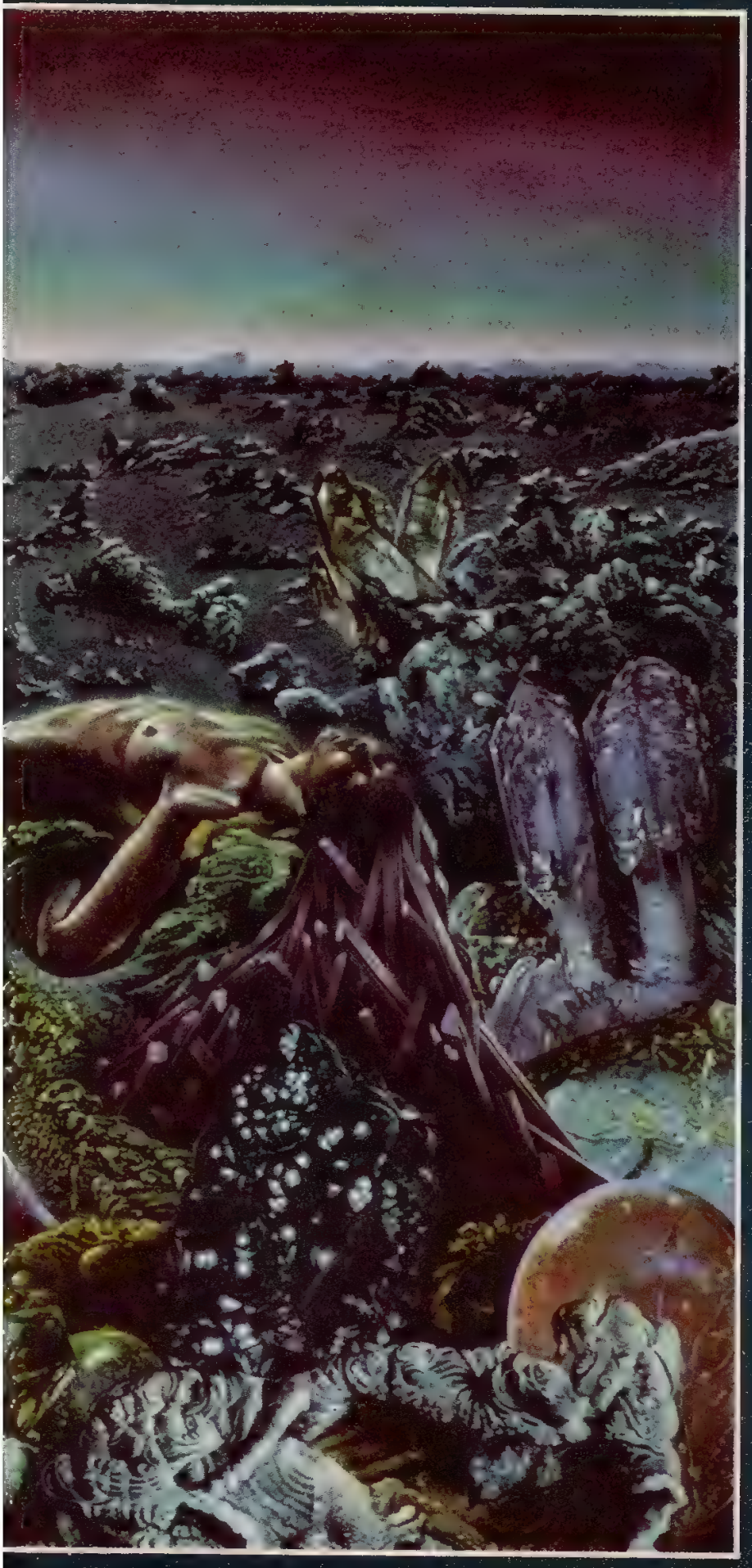

Painting by Pierre Lacombe

Some 78 billion pounds of poisonous chemicals are dumped each year into 51,000 sites throughout the country—where they enter the underground water supply. Many of these mixtures are lethal on contact, are carcinogenic, and can last in the environment for up to 100 years.

POISONED WATER

BY MICHAEL H. BROWN

The first thought Jane L. Pleasant had was that a wayward hog she owned had trudged onto North Carolina's Route 210 in front of her small, white-frame house in Angier, blocking the lane for those few travelers who, at 12:45 A.M. this morning in August 1978, were straggling back from a late round of poker or from taverns where discussions on the barning of tobacco had been accompanied by bourbon and beer.

Looking toward the road under a slightly overcast sky, Mrs. Pleasant saw a station wagon, with two men in it, pulling behind a dark tank truck they had waved to the side of the road. The station wagon was doing the honking, but not at one of her hogs. The vehicle was attempting to warn the truck driver that he was losing his cargo—that liquids were leaking out of a back spigot on the truck at a rapid rate. Instead of halting, the truck abruptly pushed into gear and shot into the darkness of night.

As the 67-year-old woman headed back into her house, confused by the ruckus but relieved that none of her farm animals was to blame, she noticed in the air a smell that resembled a combination of rotten eggs, ammonia, and vinegar. Her eyes began to tear, and the next morning she had a scratchy throat and suffered a fit of vomiting.

Within days of that unpleasant episode, authorities found along more than 200 miles of road in the state a brownish streak that resembled a mixture of root beer and motor oil. It stank, and its composition posed a health threat far greater than that of burning eyes or nausea. For the liquids contained the highly toxic compounds called polychlorinated biphenyls, or PCBs,

which in small dosages can cause liver damage, severe skin disorders, and probably cancer. The stuff had been intentionally leaked on the roadside by haulers who were trying to make a quick buck, regardless of the effect on public health.

This served as a classic case of what is known as "midnight dumping," the criminal business of hauling hazardous waste materials from industries at a price far lower than what proper disposal would command, and then discharging the material into creeks, onto farmlands, into forests, or, as in North Carolina, simply along the nearest road. More than that, the PCB incident was one in a long series of occurrences that clearly show the U.S. government as having neglected the problem of chemical waste disposal and, indeed, of covering up situations that could be costing thousands of people their health.

Since World War Two the production of dangerous chemicals—pesticides, solvents, heavy metals—has spun rapidly upward. Whereas 25 million gallons of benzene, which causes leukemia, were manufactured in 1940, the figure will soon approach the 2-billion-gallon mark. When speaking of such percent increases, one talks in terms of *thousands.* And each year there are some 77 billion pounds of hazardous residues. Some of these mixtures are as toxic as plutonium, many of them can last in the environment for up to 100 years, and, taken together, they present a dilemma even more threatening than that posed by nuclear wastes.

Much of the same can be said of used lubricating oil. At a time when America has found itself literally hostage to OPEC, its people continue to use this oil and then simply toss the valuable, nonreplenishable stuff away—despite the fact that it can be rerefined without any great effort. According to federal estimates, 1.4 billion gallons of waste oil were retired during 1977 alone, only 100 million gallons of it rerefined in just 25 plants scattered about the country. The rest, I was told, was burned, used as road oil, or simply dumped into sewers, onto farmland, or into ground pits indiscriminately. And because industry does not always segregate its wastes, much of the used oil was mixed with toxins. Once rerefined, a process in which dirt and metal particles are removed, the oil is often as good as that derived from fresh crude; yet the government is reluctant to acknowledge as much.

Incredibly, the United States Environmental Protection Agency has utterly failed in monitoring where the toxic trash goes. As a result, rusting chemical barrels have been found among the soft pines of South Carolina, in vacant homes in Louisiana, beneath elevated skyways in New Jersey, and in abandoned lots from the Bronx to the state of Washington. In Hawaii waste oil simply disappears, with no one able to account for where it goes. Wastes contaminated with cyanide, arsenic, and compounds closely related to DDT are similarly dispersed in states such as Illinois and Ohio.

Aside from direct contact, the greatest threat from such wanton disposal is to our nation's water supplies. At least 30 percent of Americans draw their drinking supplies from ground wells. These wells take their supply of water from rainfall that has filtered between rock, soil, and gravel until it penetrates to a depth where all the pores are filled with water. There it lies like a subterranean sea, sometimes moving through the earth only a few dozen feet a year but other times traveling nearly a tenth of a mile a day, coursing beneath hundreds of acres of land. Many ground wells are located precariously close to chemical waste depots or to the unloading points for midnight haulers. In Perth Amboy, N.J., PCB-contaminated liquids were illegally poured near a watershed servicing more than 40,000 people; as a consequence, that supply will have to be tested for many years. Indeed, by the government's own reckoning, 90 percent of our waste materials are improperly disposed, leading to the closing of drinking wells in California, Maine, Long Island, Tennessee, Michigan, Texas, Connecticut, and other states. So severe was the contamination of Jackson Township, N.J., that well water for 165 households was condemned after those who drank from the water began complaining of skin rashes, urinary discomfort, and digestive troubles. Ironically, the disposal area in question was owned by their town.

The EPA has utterly failed in monitoring where the toxic trash goes. Aside from direct contact, the greatest threat from such wanton disposal is to our nation's water supplies.

When the toxins are not scattered on highway shoulders, they are usually implanted in large ground pits and covered with dirt. While this practice lessens the immediate impact, the long-range effects can be every bit as devastating as those of highway dumping. The reason is simple: rainfall, upon penetrating a waste pit, mixes with the soluble poisons and carries them away in an underground stream of grossly polluted liquid known as "leachate." An average landfill disposal site, 17 acres in size, with an annual infiltration of ten inches of water, can produce 4.6 million gallons of leachate a year—and can continue to do so for more than half a century. It is no wonder, then, that when state technicians conducted massive well testings on Long Island, it found a vast number of them contaminated with traces of trichloroethylene—a solvent suspected of causing cancer. Hardly a person there is beyond reach of the subterranean wrath.

For about 25 years Salsbury Laboratories, a family-owned producer of veterinary pharmaceuticals, dumped its waste concoctions on an eight-acre site that once had been a sand and gravel pit. The dump was along the Cedar River, in Iowa, on a formation of dolomite and limestone that had developed subsurface water channels dipping to the southwest, and near a small construction company, a bowling alley, and several small convenience shops that served the community of Charles City. Little was said of the activities until 1969, when Samuel J. Tuthill, then director of the Iowa Geological Survey, sent a letter to Iowa's water-pollution control commission after he had surveyed the site. Tuthill said that he had "been made aware of a potential hazard to the citizens of the northeast of Iowa. . . ."

Because the underground channels acted like a hydraulic pumping system, Tuthill was worried that solutes from the dump were beginning to move, at an unusually high rate of speed, into the Cedar Aquifer, which, along with connecting flows, supplied water to at least 302,000 people. Yet his words were wasted. The dumping proceeded for years after—until nearly a million cubic feet of arsenic wastes had been buried—and by the time all was said and done, it was suspected that contaminants had traveled more than 50 miles downstream. No one knows exactly what to do with the dump site, and Salsbury appears reluctant to remove the wastes, something that would cost millions of dollars. According to the *Clean Water Report,* a preliminary study of people living in the county has shown "elevated levels" of bladder cancer. The EPA knew about the precarious dump conditions at least as early as 1972; yet it did little about them.

One of the most serious affronts to a rural watershed was caused by the federal government itself. At fault was the United States Army Chemical Corps. At its Rocky Mountain Arsenal in Colorado, between the cities of Denver and Brighton, wastes from the manufacture of defoliants, pesticides, and chemical warfare agents had been transported and stored in unlined canals and ponds in a geological region where effluents were readily absorbed into the ground. An area of 30 square miles was poisoned as a result; beets, alfalfa, and barley turned sickly yellow and brown. Sheep and other livestock took ill and died. To make matters

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more urgent, it was found that the northernmost well indicating trace contamination was located only a mile south of the public water supply for the city of Brighton. In a move to remedy the raging pollution, the government spent more than $1 million on a deep injection well to pump the wastes 12,045 feet below the surface. But the well had to be abandoned; it created earth tremors throughout the area.

Some of the debris now creating health hazards was implanted many decades ago. Not far from Boston, Mass., there is a 35,000-square-foot plot of land in a community known as Woburn, where, starting about 80 years ago, an insecticide producer placed arsenic wastes, which later were accompanied by a number of other highly poisonous materials. That arsenic was found to be blowing about the roads and streams of the vicinity and perhaps entering a community water supply. Unfortunately, many people worked on or near the premises, and thousands lived relatively nearby.

The most notorious instance of poisoning occurred recently in the tourist mecca of Niagara Falls, N.Y. There the Hooker Chemical Company filled an old channel known as the Love Canal with residues that later found their way into the basements of homes erected nearby. During 1978, 239 families were forced to evacuate the neighborhood permanently, and another 200 to 500 families are expected to move away this year. One child living close to the leaking dump was born with a cleft palate, deformed ears, and mental retardation. On the two streets adjacent to the site, street signs warned motorists to look out for deaf children. Other residents suffered liver disorders, loss of hair, high miscarriage rates, nervous problems, and other ailments too diverse to enumerate. The matter was pushed under the rug by local, state, and federal officials until the people loudly protested for their lives.

As if that were not enough of an assault to a city known for its natural beauty, it has been learned that Hooker also buried massive quantities of toxic materials hard by the city's water plant. Quantities of matching chemicals have been detected in the supply intakes—bad news for the 100,000 or so people who drink from those lines. One of the substances buried there is trichlorophenol, which carries with it an unwanted byproduct, dioxin, that is widely described as one of the most toxic substances ever synthesized by man. An ounce of dioxin, if evenly ingested, would kill up to a million people. Another chemical sloppily disposed of in the city is an intermediate called "C-56." The standards for exposure to that compound are ten times higher than recommended levels for phosgene, the war gas.

Yet until the Love Canal story broke nationally, embarrassingly catching the EPA off-guard, there was virtually no knowledge of how many similarly troublesome dumps might be scattered across America. And the agency was not overly interested in finding out. Soon after the stunning evacuation in Niagara Falls, Thomas C. Jorling, then EPA's assistant administrator, requested that the agency's ten field offices list *known* sites at which hazardous materials were buried or stored. In no time it was obvious that the situation was a dismal one. The regions had identified 32,254 sites. Of these, it was guessed that 838 had the capability of someday presenting "significant imminent hazards" to public and environmental well-being. It seemed almost inconceivable that such a massive problem could have eluded the government agency that, with its 10,000 or so employees, has as its sole function the protection of the environment. But that is the case.

As it turns out, the EPA inventory was poorly conducted, with regions depending on rough guesses, "intuition," and news clips. Moreover, it appears that it was *meant* to be this way. Jorling's directive, if anything, discouraged an extensive investigation of the matter. "It is not expected that EPA make any effort to 'discover' sites for which we do not currently have information," he wrote. "Rather, it is expected that EPA make estimates based on present and past industrial activity. . . ." What's more, Jorling did not want revealed any conditions of which the public was not already aware, at least locally. "There definitely is no requirement to go out and 'discover' hazardous situations," he repeated, to make certain that the regional directors got the point.

> The chemical landfills slowly dissolve, inexorably dispensing their harmful contents. In Montague, Mich., a dump has polluted 2 billion gallons of groundwater with deadly C-56.

Later a consultant was hired to assess the situation further, and, unsurprisingly, the figures kept going higher. There were probably more like 51,000 sites, the consultant figured, with potentially "significant problems" at between 1,200 and 34,000 of them. The possibilities for landfill leakage were especially keen in such industrialized regions as the Mid-Atlantic, the Great Lakes, and the Gulf Coast, where an estimated 70 percent of poisonous trash is generated. The state of California was catching up fast.

After seeing the EPA inventory, Congressman Albert Gore of Tennessee told a reporter: "One gets the impression that they've [the EPA] really done something. But it doesn't appear they have. The material they released was ludicrous; it had no substance whatsoever. The way they described their statistics was very misleading—but a lot of newspaper reporters bought it. Jorling more or less ordered the regional people to look the other way." Jorling, for his part, admitted that the agency was not "as aggressive" as perhaps it should have been, but as we will soon see, administrators in his own agency were to describe it in quite different terms.

While EPA officials used the excuse that, before the Love Canal, they had no way of knowing there was a problem, that explanation was at best a hollow one. Its files, already, showed 259 cases of well contamination, 170 surface poisonings of water, 17 air pollution incidents, 14 fires and explosions, and 52 direct poisonings as a result of poor handling and disposal of toxic substances. As far back as 1974, a report sent to Congress plainly warned that the situation was getting out of hand. Meanwhile, groundwater supplying 40,000 households in the state of Delaware had become endangered, and nearby, in grimy Chester, Pa., 600 wells were closed because an unlined lagoon was leaking a metallic element. In Granite, Ill., two boys were reportedly burned so badly that they required plastic surgery after they fell through the ice of a small pond that was badly contaminated from leaking caustic soda.

That America was nearly awash in toxic sludge was best demonstrated on a 1,000-acre plantation in East Baton Rouge, La., where disposal of poisonous industrial waste was probably more lax than it was just about anywhere else in the country. The land, spotted with cypress trees and black angus, was owned by David Haas Ewell, Jr., and his family. There were 600 acres of upper grazing land and, in the back, dipping toward the bayous of the Mississippi, a dense and humid mire so foreboding in its terrain that it was known as Devil's Swamp.

There was another reason why the name was appropriate. In 1969 a chemical-waste-disposal firm, Petro Processors, located itself next to the Ewell swampland as the state's rapidly expanding chemical industry continued its march onto rural land. David's sister, Catherine, once counted trucks entering the site on an average of one every three minutes. According to subsequent legal papers filed by Ewell's attorneys, the wastes were coming from companies such as Exxon, Shell, Allied, and Dow. The waste pits were surrounded by a levee that, in this exceptionally wet climate, could hardly have been expected to contain the poison.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

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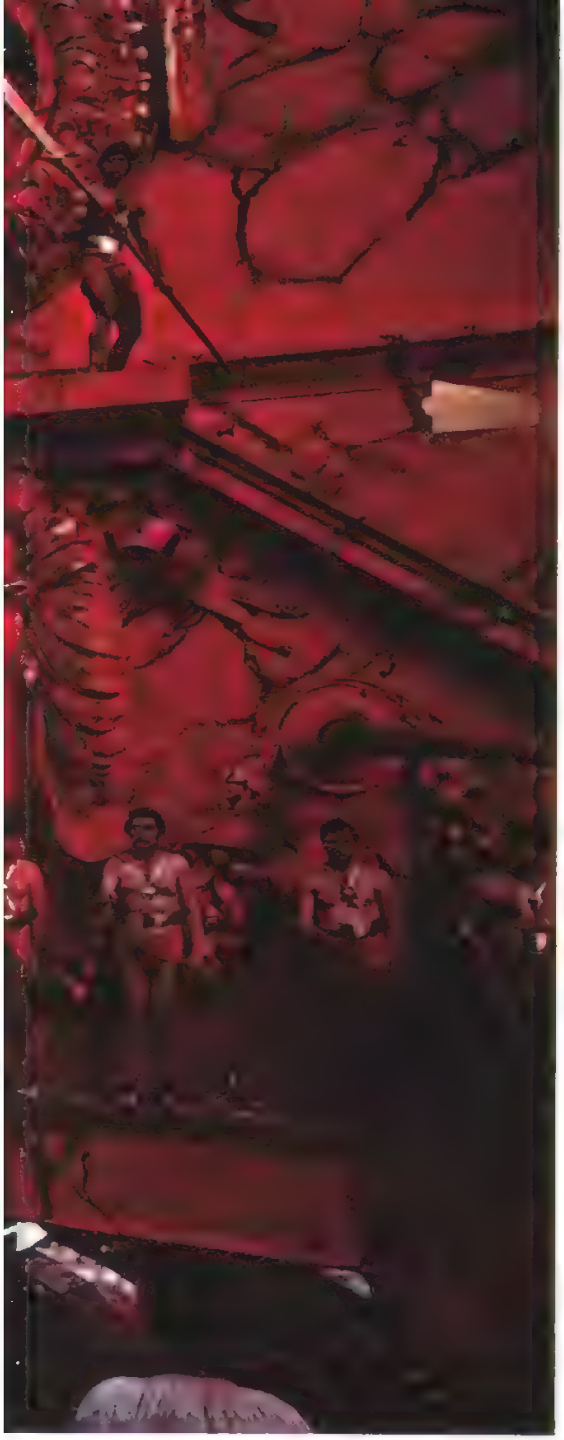
What shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?
—Mark 8:36

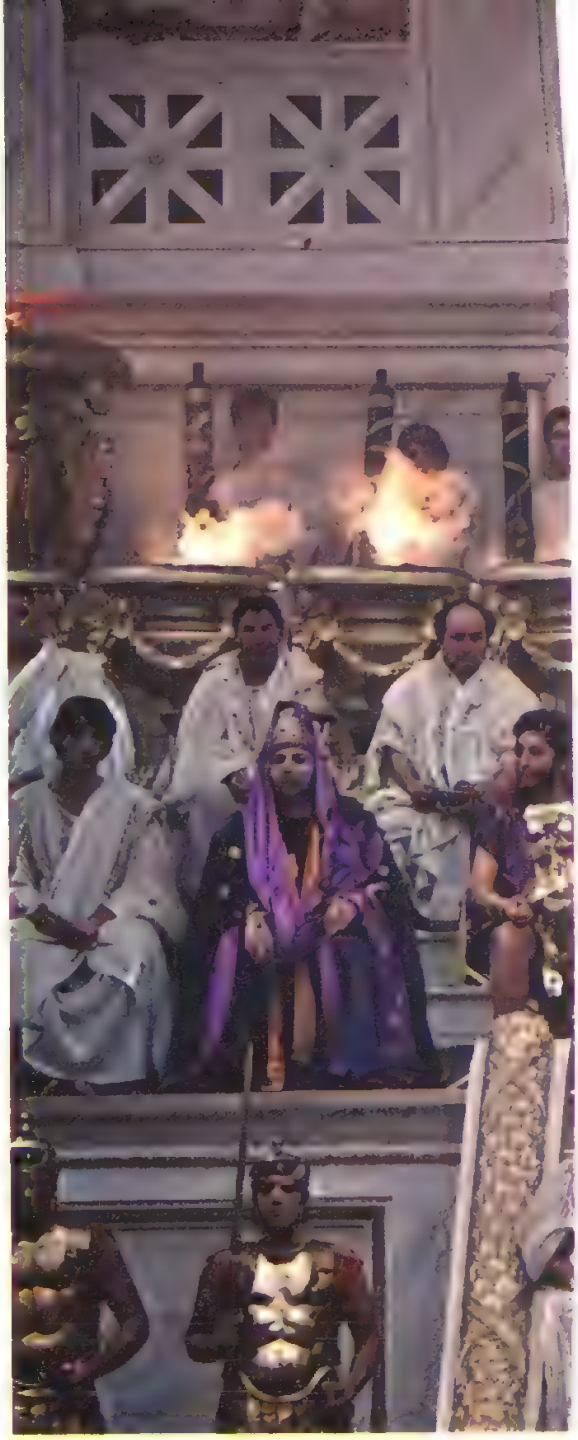
CALIGULA

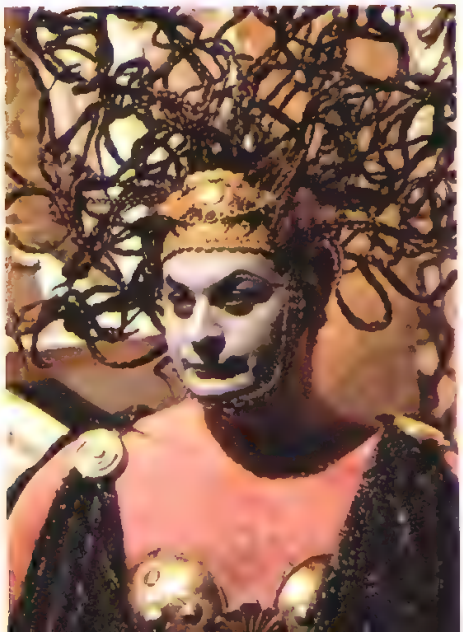
That absolute power corrupts absolutely is the perfect maxim for the brief but astonishing reign of the tyrant Gaius Caligula Caesar, Rome's fourth and most notorious emperor, who ruled from A.D. 37 to A.D. 41, in a time predating both Freudian inhibitions and Christian prohibitions. His terrifying four years as emperor and self proclaimed God was marked by sadistic violence and a voracious sexual abandon that is unmatched in our wildest fictional imaginings. Not surprising, the bloody and bawdy story of Caligula has always fascinated us. But not until the Bob Guccione/Franco Rossellini production of *Caligula* has an unvarnished, unexpurgated account of ancient Rome been brought to the screen. Creating furious controversy and sellout crowds, *Caligula* has become the most talked-about film of the year. As Bob Guccione explains, "The erotic decadence of first-century Rome is now dramatized on screen as realistically as its opulence and splendor was in epics like *Cleopatra* and *Ben Hur*."

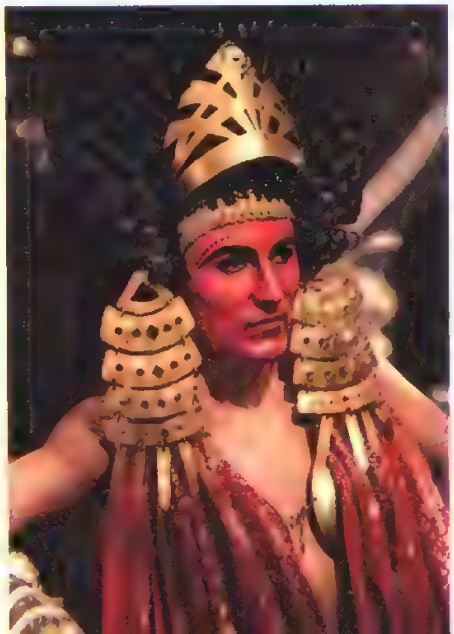
It was necessary to assemble a highly distinguished cast for a motion picture of such spectacular scope. Malcolm McDowell, best known for his role as a punk hoodlum in Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*, is the terrifying Caligula. Peter O'Toole plays the aged and syphilitic emperor Tiberius, Caligula's grandfather and predecessor. Helen Mirren, England's leading Shakespearean actress, portrays Caesonia, Caligula's mistress, who ultimately bears him a child and becomes his wife. Also featured are Sir John Gielgud, the eminent British actor, as the noble senator Nerva; Teresa Ann Savoy as Caligula's beloved sister, Drusilla; and Guido Mannari as Caligula's dubious ally, Macro. Beautifully rounding out the cast are 13 delectable Penthouse Pets, including Lori Wagner and former Pet of the Year Anneka di Lorenzo, who appear in the film's most breathtakingly erotic sequence.

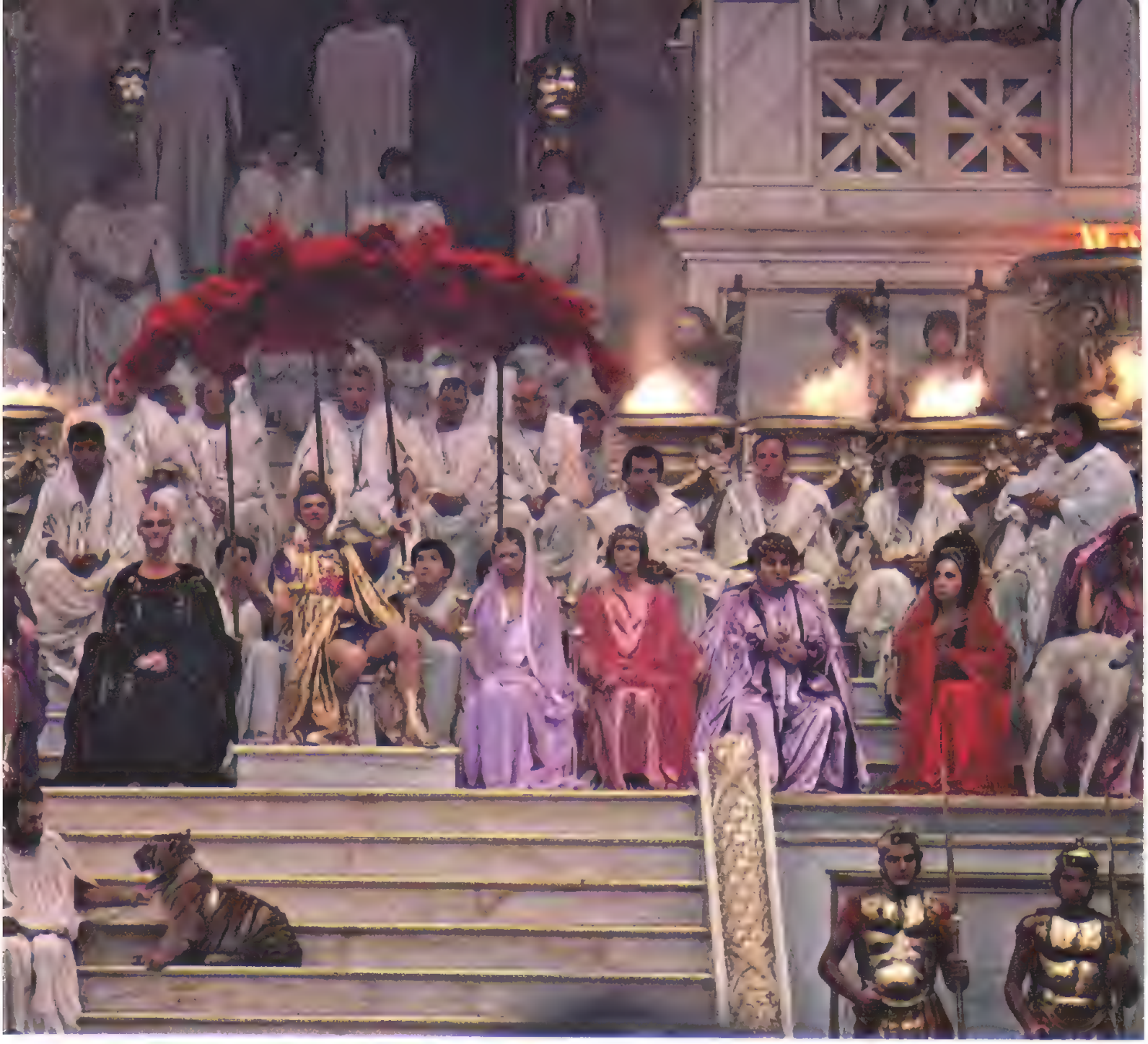
Caligula (above) faces the horrific killing machine used to execute the enemies of Rome by shearing off their heads with razor-sharp blades. His sister and incestuous lover, Drusilla, watches approvingly. A Roman reveler (above right) directs the orgiastic pleasures in Caligula's infamous brothel boat. Caligula (near right) lovingly grooms and confides in his horse, Incitatus. Offscreen, McDowell fed the stallion his oats daily, a gesture that enhanced their onscreen rapport considerably. Portraying Messalina and Agrippina, Penthouse *Pets Anneka di Lorenzo and Lori Wagner (far right) admire the stone horses' heads that replaced, upon Caligula's orders, the heads of the gods previously gracing the hall.*





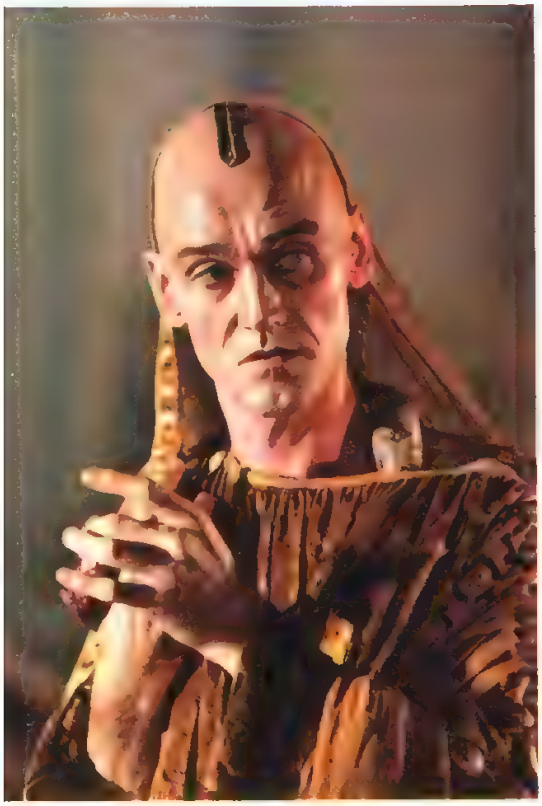






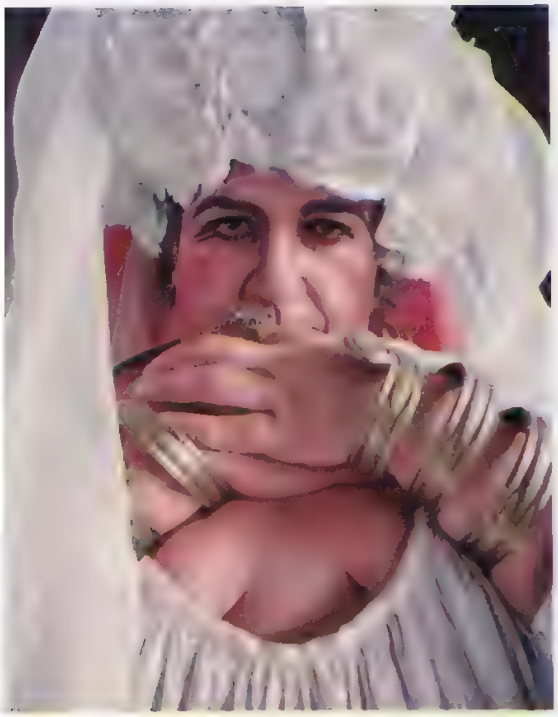
As a young man Caligula was chiefly preoccupied with carnal pleasure—especially when shared with his lascivious sister Drusilla But at the age of 19, his appetite for power was whetted when he learned he would someday follow in the footsteps of his aged grandfather the emperor Tiberius Awed and intoxicated by the emperor's giddy exercise of absolute power, Caligula watches mesmerized as dozens of pubescent slaves frolick naked in his heated pool. "I call them my little fishes," boasts Tiberius, as they act out the tyrant's every whim and fantasy

Caligula and members of the imperial household (above) spend a day at the stadium, enjoying the executions. The condemned men are buried up to their necks in the muck and then beheaded Livia (top left) admires her phallic wedding cake, unaware of her impending fate She is played by Mirella Dangelo, one of Italy's rising stars. The naked young woman (middle left) is shackled to the killing machine; the circle encompassing her represents a clock· her pinioned limbs, the four seasons of the emperor's life (lower left) Two of the grotesqueries of Caligula's brothel boat



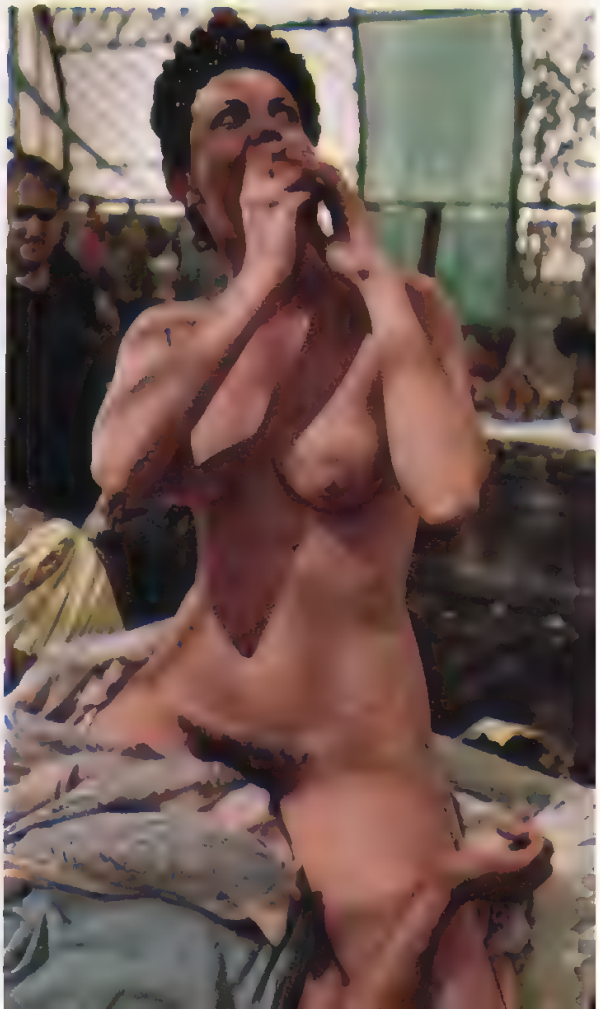
Anticipating the godlike power that would soon be his, Caligula grows cruel and callous. Upon discovering that the elderly senator Nerva has slashed his wrists and lies slowly dying in his bath, Caligula's only emotion is overwhelming curiosity. "What is death *like*?" he asks over and over as Nerva's blood reddens the water. Enraged by the old man's reply that death is only extinction, Caligula disgustedly shoves him under for one last time.

(opposite page) Above left, Leumann Bergara, in the role of a high priest of Rome (center) Anneka di Lorenzo as Messalina soon loses her inhibitions aboard the brothel boat. (far left) Longinus, the imperial treasurer played by John Steiner. (below) Bacchus, the god of wine, celebrating in Olympian fashion. (this page, above) Caligula, mounted on Incitatus, declares his horse to be a senator (below) A night of wanton revelry in a Roman jail



Caligula descended further into madness even as he ascended to power. Frustrated by Tiberius's languishing illness, Caligula enlisted the aid of his friend Macro, head of the Praetorian Guard, to hasten the emperor's death. Caligula's incredible life gave birth to even more dreadful nightmares and paranoid fantasies—but he was ecstatic when the Senate proclaimed him Caesar. "I like this dream," he confided to Drusilla.

(far left) A roman priest, dressed in the robes of a woman. (above left and right) Reflections in the mirror-lined pleasure grotto of Tiberius reveal nubile women and handsomely endowed men performing sexual acts of every description for his pleasure. (above right) Lori Wagner and Anneka di Lorenzo indulge in the sensual foreplay that culminates in one of the film's most explictly erotic scenes.(left)The wedding dinner of Livia and Proculus, a feast of food and sexuality. (far left) Jane Hargrave, British Pet of the Year, portrays one of the priestesses of Isis.



Desiring an heir and unable to marry his sister, Caligula dresses as a priestess and goes to the temple of Isis to find a bride. Characteristically, he chooses Caesonia, a notorious divorcée, in order to outrage the respectable senators

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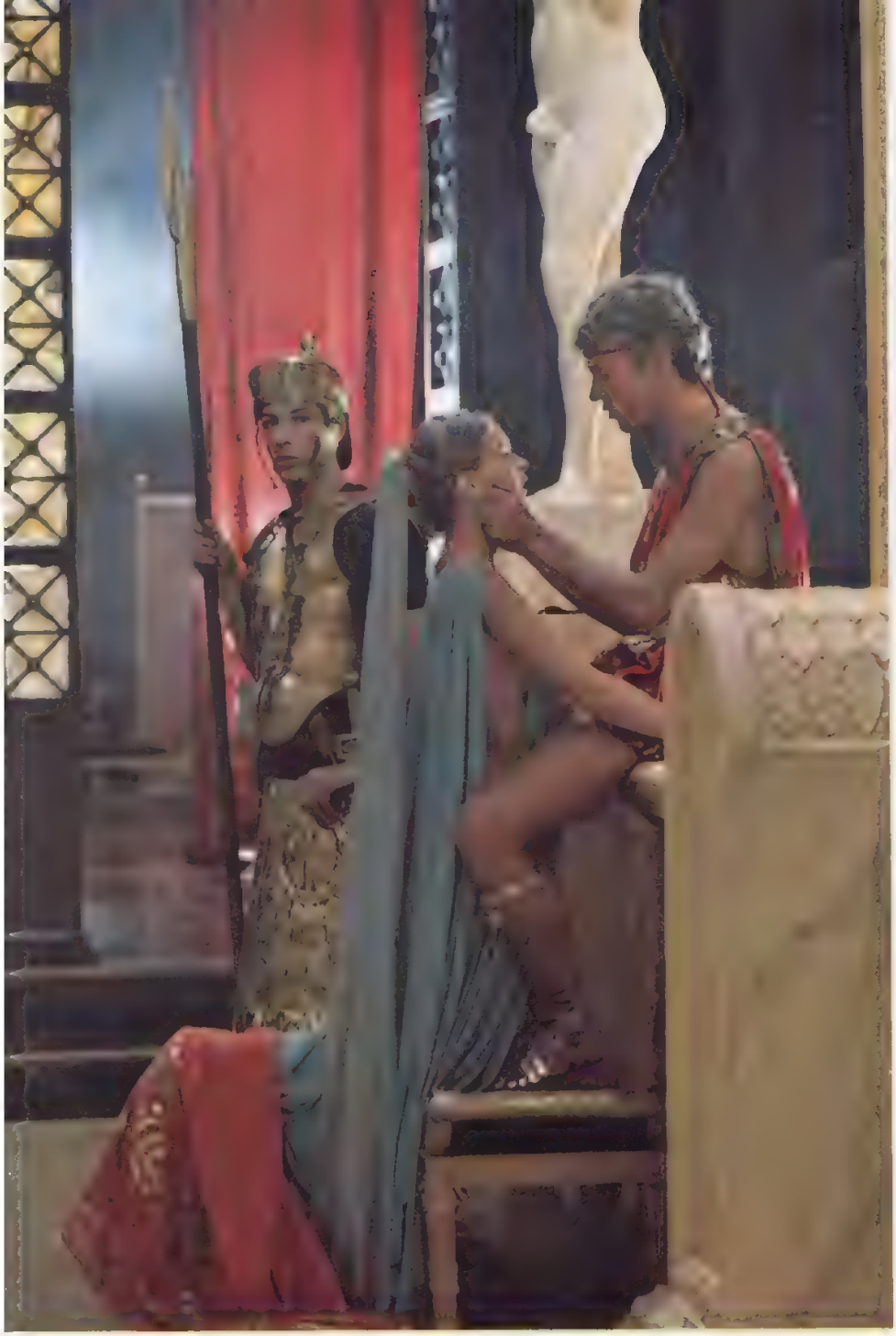
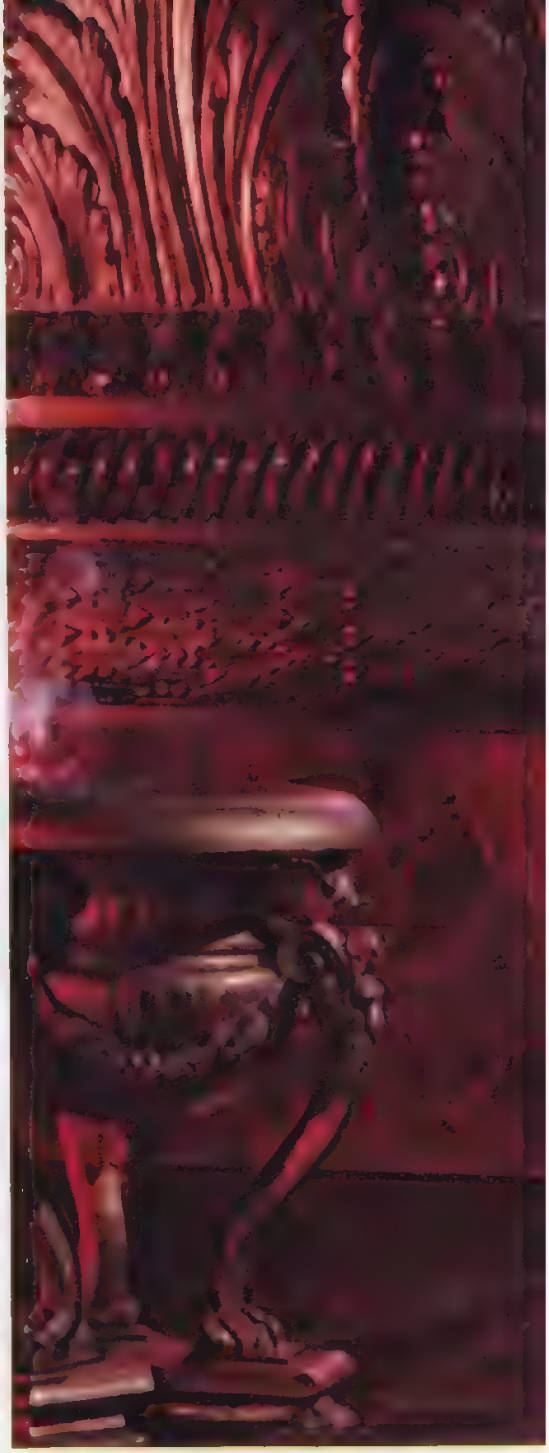
The reign of Caligula was a time of unharnessed appetites—although not every Roman accepted such wantonness. Nerva's face (above top) reveals his disapproval, while the physician Charicles (middle right) helped to plot Caligula's assassination. Caligula and his "little giant" (above) direct mock battles against fields of papyrus. Orgy scenes from Livia's wedding (right and opposite).





Relishing the sensual pleasures of nymphs and satyrs alike, Caligula hosted riotous orgiastic feasts in his palace. Graphically depicted in the film, these scenes feature mountains of writhing bodies indulging in every conceivable sexual excess. For Caligula, the only limit to this wanton extravagance was the fast depletion of the public coffers. As always, though, his madness was not without its method. "Who are the richest men in Rome?" he shrieked "The pimps! And who are the most lascivious sluts in all of Rome? The senators' wives!" Thus inspired, he built an imperial brothel in the shape of a golden boat, forcing the wives and daughters of his senators to serve as prostitutes to replenish Rome's depleted coffers

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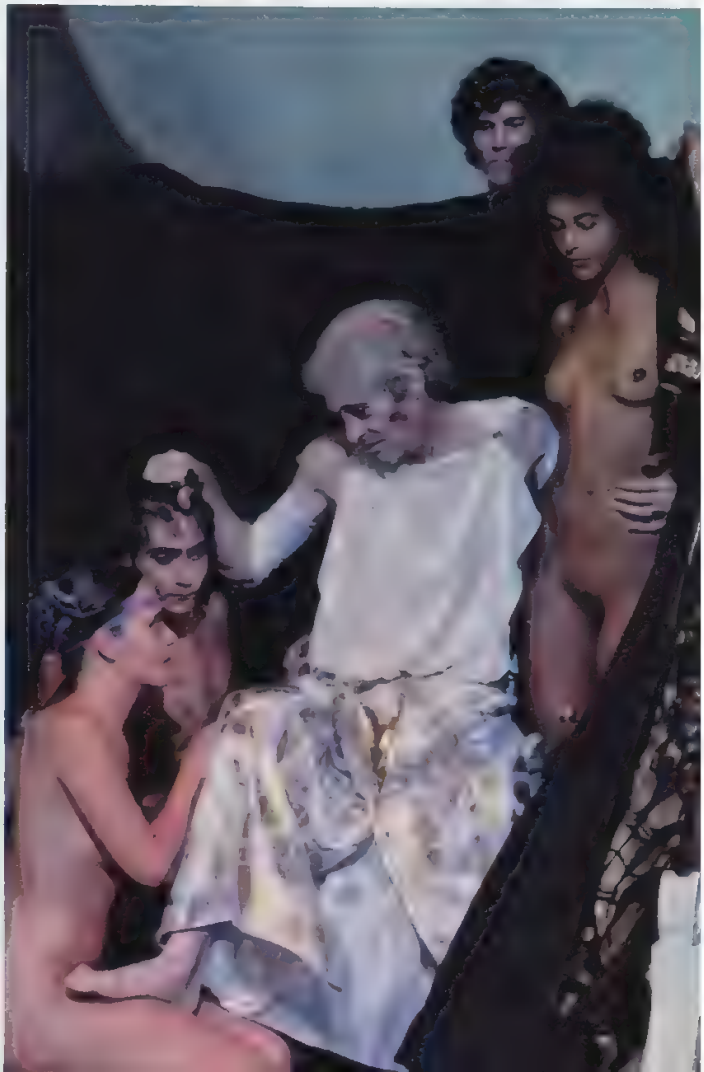
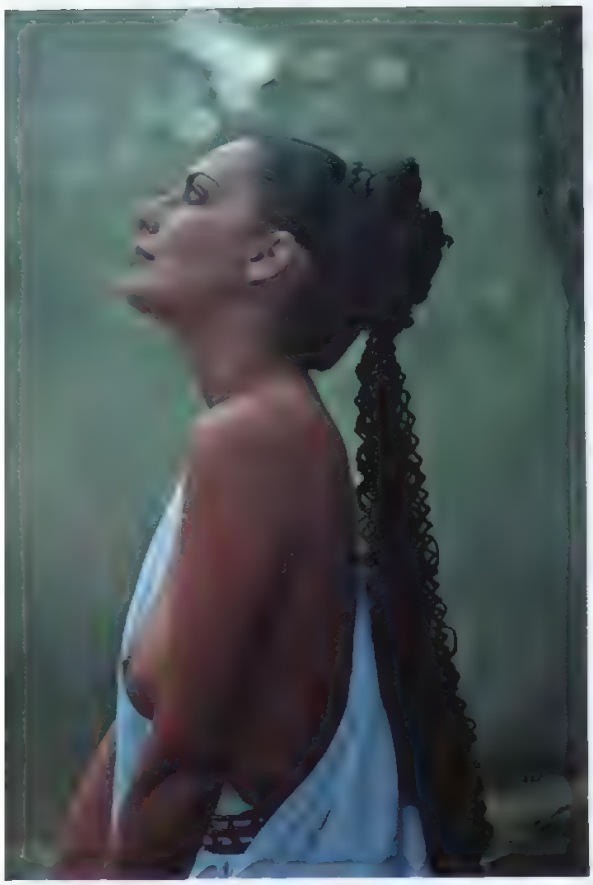
The horror and madness that characterized the reign of Caligula contrasted with the tender love he felt for his sister, Drusilla (far left). When she is taken from him by an incurable fever (above), Caligula's grief overwhelms him, sending him into a seemingly endless bout of insanity, murder, and deprivation. (lower left) The culmination of Caligula's seeming madness as he revels in the newly acquired riches showered upon him by the prostitution of the senators' wives. Scattered throughout the movie are the dwarfs, monsters, and freaks(left), who were greatly prized by the emperors of Rome.

"Let them hate me, so long as they fear me!" was Caligula's philosophy of power. He delighted in viewing the wholesale beheading of his political opponents in the giant stadium—efficiently accomplished by an enormous sickle-bladed killing machine he had invented for the purpose. His revenge on Livia's husband, young Proculus, was equally gruesome—after having the boy disemboweled and castrated, Caligula ordered Longinus to send his testicles to his widow as a token of his undying love! His penis was thrown to the dogs. But the death of his beloved Drusilla forced Caligula to acknowledge that not even Caesar could alter destiny. In a hysterical frenzy, he staged a mock war on Britain, forcing his by now unshockable troops to attack and destroy a swamp of papyrus reeds growing in the river.

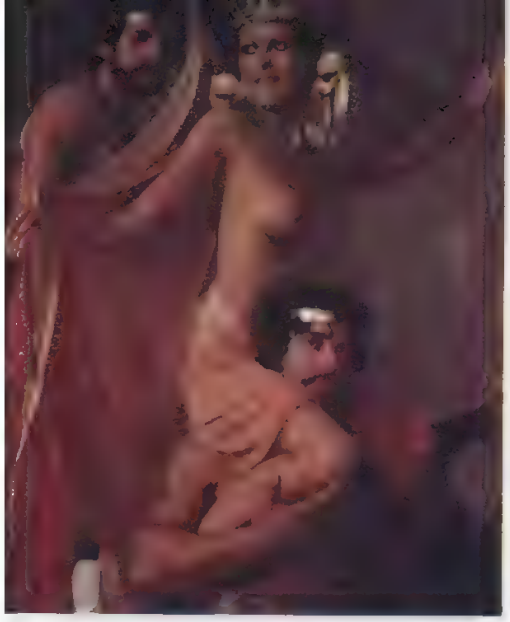
(above left) Macro, head of the Praetorian Guard and Caligula's closest ally, strangles the already dying Tiberius at Caligula's instigation. Macro (above) is portrayed by Guido Mannari, a former soccer player and well-known Italian actor. (above right) Caligula's wife, Caesonia, wears the gold mask of pain during the birth of their daughter. (far right) The aged and ailing Tiberius fondles his slave children in the privacy of his pleasure grotto. (near right, top) Proculus and his bride, Livia, after Caligula's savage rape. (near right, bottom) Funeral of Tiberius. (left) Claudius, played by Giancarlo Badessi, becomes emperor upon the death of his nephew, Caligula.





Caligula's capricious refusal to marry Caesonia until she bore him an heir was exceeded by his adamant declaration that his newborn daughter was in fact his "son." His madness could also be pointedly amusing, however, as in the introduction of his horse, Incitatus, to the Senate. As Rome's pompous politicians gasped in disgust, Caligula pronounced the animal senator of the Roman Empire. There were no objections

(above) The stunning bride Livia (featured on this month's cover) in a beatific mood. Her happiness soon turns to terror when she is savagely raped, moments after her marriage, by the leering Caligula (right, above and below). Caligula, with equal enthusiasm, checks the virginity of Proculus, played by Donato Placido (far right, top). Caligula's treatment of his mistress,Caesonia (far right, bottom) is scarcely better, as he leads her into the wedding banquet by a collar and leash.



But Caligula himself becomes increasingly consumed by his own cynicism and hatred. Once, while watching an opponent beheaded, he hissed: "If only all of Rome had just one neck!" Finally, even the degenerate hierarchy could take no more. In the fourth year of his diabolical reign, Caligula and his family were brutally murdered by Chaerea and his own Praetorian Guard.

Caligula *is a strange and captivating blend of the erotically beautiful and the terrifyingly savage. (top left) The lovely Anneka di Lorenzo works her inimitable charms on a Roman citizen, while Lori Wagner (top middle) and former Pet Bonnie Dee (top right) attend to their respective admirers. (below) Anneka addresses the line between pleasure and pain. (middle left) In Tiberius's Harem of the Monsters, a spectacular orgy gets under way. (below left) One of Danilo Donato's exquisitely designed headdresses.*

Photographs by Mario Tursi, Eddie Adams, Stan Malinowski, and others

The unremitting terror inspired by Caligula's reign can be judged by the Roman people's initial reaction to the news of his death: accustomed to the heinous perversity of the man they suspected he was merely *pretending* to be dead in order to see what they really thought of him. The Empire had never forgotten Caligula's chilling pronouncement: "I've existed from the morning of the world, and I shall exist till the last star falls from the heavens. Although I have taken the form of Gaius Caligula, I am all men as I am no man, and so . . . I am a god!"

The hedonistic excesses enjoyed by both prostitutes and customers alike on Caligula's brothel boat (top, opposite top, and near left) soon come to an end. Caligula (above), tormented by nightmares of his own death, is comforted by Caesonia. Eventually, as the signs portend, he is cut down by assassins (opposite page), who mercilessly kill his wife, daughter, and the "little giant" in rapid succession.

Cowboy Jonquil Rose lost his bride and the motor of his beloved '55 pickup. Both dreams were restored in an apocalyptic vision.

JIMMY MAROON

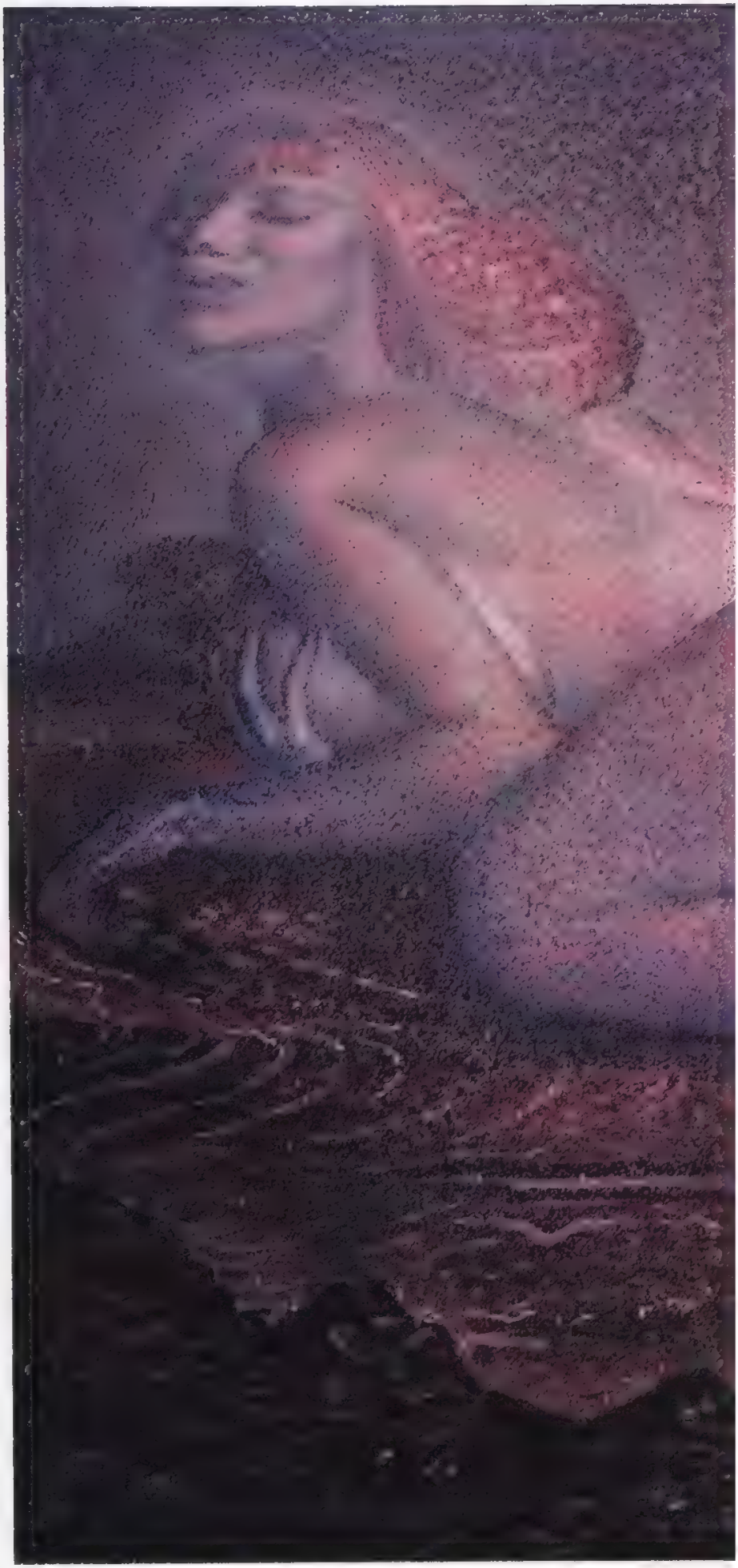
FICTION BY GINO SKY

Jonquil Rose, jus' one more cowboy, had decided it was time that he went off to seek his vision. It had been over a year since his one-quarter Apache wife, Infinity Cactus, had run off to Nepal with a baby-blue-eyed-hippie-mountain-climber-from-Los Angeles, and he still hadn't been able to get his life back into all-around cowboy fightin' shape. He kept thinking about what his mother had told him many times as he was growing up: "Your ass might fit the saddle, son, but does the saddle fit the horse?" He knew what she meant, kind of, but then he didn't know at all. Horses . . . yes. Humans . . . maybe one in ten . . . as long as they were male. "Damn!" he said to the moon that was pole-vaulting over the White Clouds. "Maybe that's why Infinity ran off to Knee-pole." He picked up Mariposa Lily's reins and chugged himself into the saddle. "I can't even voodoo myself into gettin' a new motor fer my pickup. I'm buried up to my axles and spinnin' fast . . . right down to solid quicksand. I need some help, Mariposa Lil'; I need a vision.

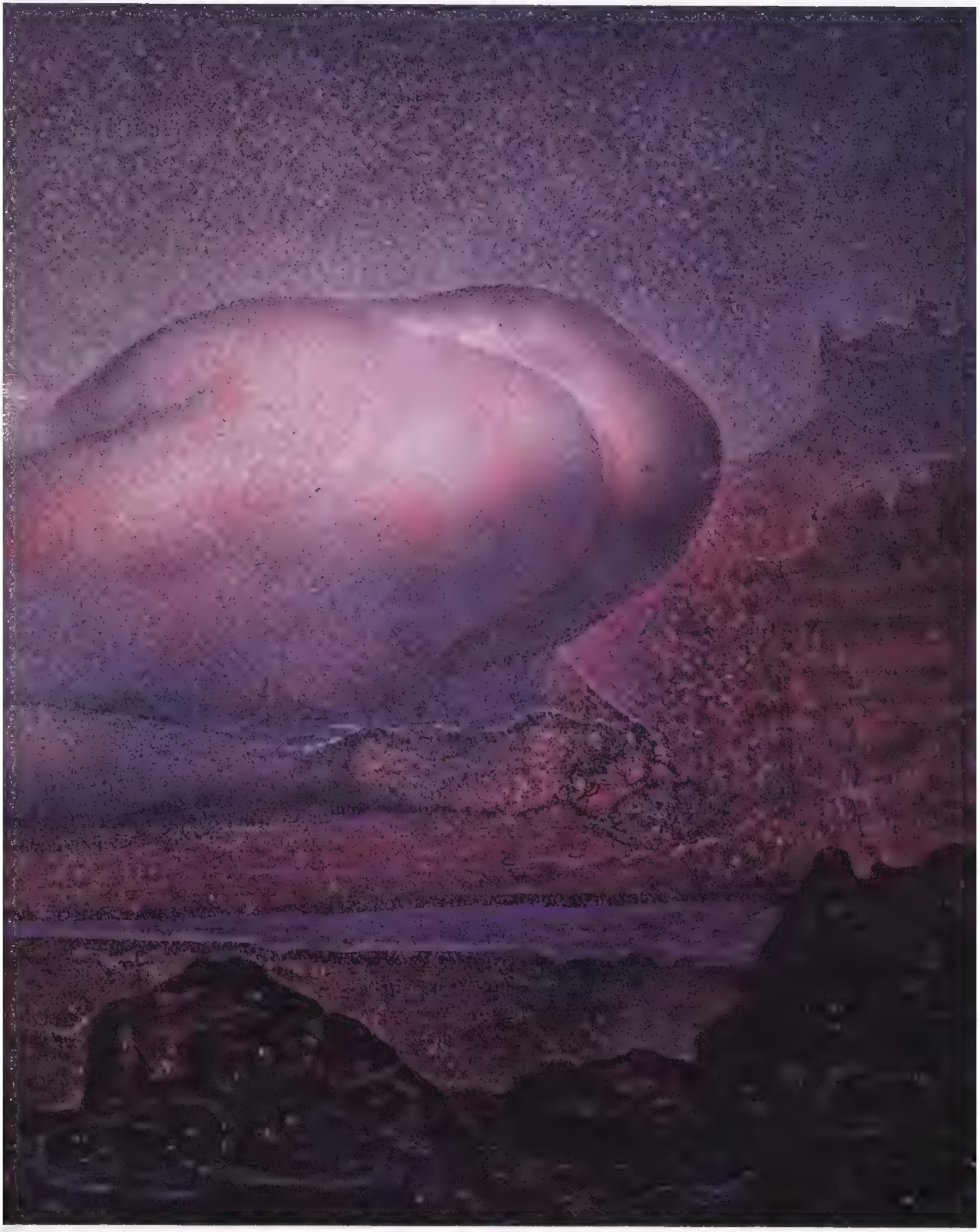
Jonquil sent out the word to all of his old sidekicks that he was going off to discover his vision, and within a week there was a three-hundred-and-sixty-degree hump-and-jump fandango going on at the Quick Draw Saloon.

It was obvious to everyone there, beginning with the first fight, that it was a man's party. A macho machismo machine . . . a celebration of the yang, bang, and the whang. The strangest collection of grindstone cowboys ever to rendezvous since the first rodeo on the Pecos River in 1883.

Jonquil kept talking about leaving at first light, but he could never sober up enough to figure out which way it was to the mountain. The second day of the blowout become real loose, somewhat ornery, till the women made a fortress out of the table, benches, speakers, and chairs and went on strike until the men



Detail from *Sphinx Callipygos* by Ernst Fuchs



quit acting like the worst male-chauvinist assholes in the West.

The third day of the farewell fell right flat on its face. Jonquil eased his body out of the saddle stool. "Damn . . . looks like the boys are slowin' down. Assholes . . . all of 'em—can't drink, fuck, or fight worth shit anymore. I think I'm jus' gunna sneak right out the back door while the gettin's good. I'll jus' git my ass up on the mountain, strap myself to a wildcat, and wait until I git my vision. But first I've got to take a whiz."

He pushed the door to the Buckaroo Station, but it wouldn't budge; so he side-slipped on down the hall to the door that read Buckarinas and Rodeo Queens Only, pushed it open, and waited for any signs of feminine activity. He looked down the hall and slipped in, locking the door as it closed.

"Ahhhhhhh, sheeeeeeeeet," he said as he flipped on the thirty-watt bulb. "I'm sorry, ma'am . . . I thought it was empty." Jonquil burned up crisp as he spun around to make tracks for the old outhouse.

"That's all right, Jonquil; I came here to find you."

The words hit Jonquil right in the middle of his kundalini and began to vibrate, rocking back and forth until they finally ignited inside his head (whiskey being a slow conductor of electricity). He turned on the heels of his boots, removed his hat, and held it just below his belt buckle. He rubbed his face, hoping that he just might be able to excavate some of the three days of destruction. "Well, ma'am . . . you . . . you . . . are a beauty to behold . . . I mus' say. But . . . I'm wonderin' . . if this ain't some kin' of a joke my ol' sidekicks might be playin' on me?"

This woman was staring right into Jonquil's eyes . . . even steven. Which put her exactly at six feet, discounting the leather stack on the heels of her low-vamped, blue-python cowgirl boots. Her dark red hair billowed and smoked around her head like an eternal flame escaped from a sun dance; two thin, tightly woven braids hung down the edges of her face tied off with swan-and-owl feathers. Her skin was ivory-rose, and her eyes, set deep within the chambers of her face, were jade within opals; her eyebrows were hedges of sorrel riding on the ridges; and her mouth was full, smiling, and unpainted wild cherry. She was covered with maroon silks, cottons, leathers, and silver. She looked as if she were defying gravity and ready for flight. She was the El Dorado of womanhood, the Yosemite of natural beauty, and a seraphic sequoia of dignity. She was a million moons of yin surrounded by thunderheads and blue herons flying through a sky of rainbows and lotus pools. "No, Jonquil," she said very softly, "this isn't a joke. I came here to find you." She twisted her finger into Jonquil's chest. "Yeh . . . little old cowboy you . . . Jonquil Rose."

Jonquil shook his head, hoping the whiplash would scare off the raggedy old crows that seemed to be nesting inside his brain. He fiddled with his shirt snaps, tried a bank shot into the mirror, hoping not to see how bad he thought he looked, and stuck one boot up on the sink. His eyes returned to the woman. "Ya got me all spooked . . . sort of. I'm wonderin' if ya'all mind explainin' a few things to me. Y'know . . . I've never been much of a conversensationalist in the whimmen's can. Know what I mean . . . ma'am?"

The woman smiled at Jonquil, an easy smile, as if they'd been friends for years. "There's really not much to explain, Jonquil. We've been waiting three days for you to show up on the mountain. Finally, we realized that you were never going to be sober enough to make it there, and so I came here to find you. And ta dum, here you are . . . looking a lot better than we expected."

Jonquil buried his head in his hands and peeked out through his fingers. "Damn! I didn't know anyone would be waitin' fer me. Have I blown it?"

"Oh . . . I don't think so," the woman said, laughing at Jonquil. "We're a lot more tolerant than most visionary guides."

"Oh, wow . . . that's good." Jonquil began to feel a little better. He pulled his hands away and looked sideways at the woman. "We? Ya keep sayin' 'we' . . ."

"The Cowboy Buddha . . . who else?"

"Hua . . . the Cowboy Buddha?"

"That's right, Jonquil. We had an idea that we were going to have some trouble. The report on you is that you're jus' about as stubborn as an old army mule, and sometimes . . . as wild as a Nevada mustang with ginger up his ass. The Cowboy Buddha said that . . . not me."

"Well, I'll be a bee-wildered duck flying north in the winter. I had no idea it worked this way. I figured ya had to hobble yerself right down to the ground, naycud, with nuthin' more than a few rattlers fer shade, an' then tape yer eyelids open an' put fish hooks in yer scrotum. Rain, snow, or hunner deegrees . . . waitin' fer the Word. Hmmmmmmm . . . it ain't that way no more?"

The woman was giggling at Jonquil, and her eyes were moist from her laughter. "It could be that way for some humans, Jonquil, but why suffer? Look at you and these incredible mountains. This is Stanley Basin, Idaho, one of the most beautiful valleys in the world. You're a cowboy and a rodeo star, somewhat jaded, I must admit, but still a hero to lots of people. You have chosen all of this for yourself. Enjoy your decisions, Jonquil . . . enjoy the go-around. Put the whips away and stop trying to feel guilty about something you had no control over. You haven't done anything wrong as far as we're concerned, except being a little macho."

Jonquil put his boot back up on the sink and studied the toe as if it were a reversed crystal ball . . . looking for the right question. "I never thought 'bout it like that. I figured ya was 'spose to make it tougher . . . git right down an' bleed an' pay fer all the good times you've ever had . . . an' pay fer the fuck-ups, too. No?" He looked at her as she was shaking her head. "But still . . . my 'Pache whoaman ran off with that asshole baby-blue-eyed-dippy-hippie-mountain-climber-from-Los Angeles, an' I blew up my good ol' pickup in my anger an' frustration, and it seems like it's been on the downhill slide since my last good laugh."

"Jonquil . . . oh, Jonquil, everything is all right, believe me. Infinity is doing some work for us right now in Tibet. It's been very exciting for her . . . something she really needed."

"And the asshole?"

"The ass . . . oh . . . yes. Oh . . . Infinity dumped him right after she arrived in Nepal. He was somewhat of a dud anyway." She reached over and took Jonquil's hand. "Look at it this way, Jonquil. If Infinity hadn't taken off, I wouldn't be here. And I'm sure that you've never seen anything as lovely as me in your whole life . . . right?"

Jonquil looked at the woman and fell off the barrel, madly in love. "Yes, ma'am, yer absolutely right. But . . . even that's damn scary."

She gave him a floodlight smile, and the old thirty-watt ladies' john began to feel more like a Kama Sutra fantasy chamber. "You could stop calling me ma'am. My name is Jimmi Maroon."

Jonquil ran his hand out on his arm. "Well, I'm pleased to make yer acquaintance, ma'—*what?* Jimmy Maroon . . . Jimmy Maroon? Why that's the name of my ol' fifty-five stove bolt. How'd ya pick up that name?" Suspicion lurked in the squints of Jonquil's eyes.

"Well, Jonquil Rose, that's what we were picking up from you. You would have gone to the mountain, looking for your vision, when all you really wanted was to have your old pickup back with a few extras . . . like me. So . . . ta dum . . . here I am!"

"What? Ya knew that?"

Relax, Jonquil. I don't want you to explode in three minutes. This ain't gunna be some eight-second ride. . .cowboy.

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". . . 'fraid so, cowboy."

"And . . . and . . . well, sheeeeet, ma'am. And yer . . . yer . . . ?"

"Just like you've always dreamed about. All those times you've spent under the hood or lurking under the frame . . . cooing and ohhhhhing, rubbing and snorting." Jimmi stood up and turned slowly around in front of Jonquil. "Well . . . do you like?"

"Ah, sheeeet, Jimmy . . . do I like? You're a real vision jus' by yerself. I can't believe it. I jus' can't believe this is happenin'."

"I can see you've got excellent taste, Jonquil. Why don't we hightail it out of this joint?" Jimmi pressed her thirty-six magnums against Jonquil's body, cocked and ready to fire. "I spell Jimmi with an *i* . . . not a *y*."

"I got ya." Jonquil grabbed Jimmi's hand and flung open the door. "Come on . . . let's git outta here." He cut down the hall and out the back door. On the porch he stopped to look around, leaned against the building, and watered the sagebrush. "Ahhhhh . . . that's much better. Hey, Jimmi . . . are ya sure I ain't dreamin' all of this?"

Jimmi walked around the corner and put Jonquil's hat on his head. "This is your dream, cowboy, but you ain't dreaming." She punched him on the shoulder. "Come on, I've got something to show you." She took his hand and guided him to the front of the saloon. "See, cowboy . . . I've got everything ready to ride."

Jonquil dug in his heels. "Whoa . . . whoa there. How'd ya git Mariposa Lily and ol' Hipshooter?"

Jimmi shook her hand loose, took Hipshooter's stirrup and reins, and swung into the saddle. "Come on, Roses, you're lookin' a little knock-kneed."

"Yeow . . . not only are ya knockin' my knees, but yer blowing my mind." Jonquil took Mariposa's reins and creaked up into the saddle. "Oh . . . easy, sweet Lil' . . . easy. Yer old man's silver pin ain't slippin' so easy." When he was ready, he looked over at Jimmi. "Where ya takin' us . . . ma'am?"

"For a long, slow waltz, Jonquil . . . a long, slow waltz."

At first light Jimmi and Jonquil arrived at the mountain hideout that she had prepared for his vision. Jonquil had ridden himself sober, but the three days of debauchery were beginning to wear through the leather. The one hundred sixty-five pounds of nuts, guts, and speed was beginning to look more like a hundred-pound sack of number-two spuds. Jimmi, looking as if there were no end to her three-dimensional pizzazz, floated off Hipshooter and fanned the campsite. "It's the best I could do on such short notice, Jonquil . . . my favorite camps had already been scheduled. But this isn't too bad . . . heh?" Jonquil jumped off Mariposa, shaking off the bumps 'n' grinds before he looked around.

"Oh, wow . . ." he said as he rocked back on his boots. What Jonquil saw was a minor paradise: five waterfalls cascading into one deep pool that was filled with yellow water lilies that looked like small spaceships sliding through a dark-purple sky. Behind the waterfalls was a hot spring with a natural platform hanging over the pool. There was enough grass to keep the horses, already stripped down and belly deep in the long green, satisfied for weeks. Just cockeyed to the pool was a small clearing, where Jimmi had erected a tepee. "I had this made especially for you, Jonquil Rose."

"Hey . . . look at this wanigan, a thirty-six poler. I'd bet there's enough room in there to have a pool table."

"Come on inside and see the bed."

"The bed?" Jonquil said, giving Jimmi his notorious three-weeks-on-the-trail lust eye.

"Yeh . . . the bed. I had it made out of barbed wire . . . jus' for you . . . cowboy." Jimmi opened the entrance flap and followed Jonquil through the opening.

Damn . . . what if I git lost in the dark and my cock ends up in your ear, or maybe . . . in mine?

"Hey . . . look at this, would ya? Buffalo robes with an eagle-down-filled mattress. Virgin eagle, I hope?"

"Today, Jonquil, everything is virgin, even you, which is going to take some left-handed jujitsu on my part."

"Ah, come on . . ." Jonquil picked up a rabbit skin. "And . . . what are these for, m'lady . . . coverlets for the mice?"

"You'll see . . . cowboy."

Jonquil, held in a stall for a moment by Jimmi, broke loose and banked around the tepee. He grabbed one of his boots, pulled it off, and threw it out the entrance. He stopped in front of Jimmi and started unbuttoning her blouse.

"Jonquil . . . slow down!"

"I know, I know . . . but I jus' can't wait to see ya naycud. Ah jus' can't wait."

Jimmi reached through Jonquil's arms and started unsnapping his shirt. "Just remember, cowboy, this ain't no grab-ass contest."

Jonquil was about to throw Jimmi's blouse into the air. "Well, sheeeeet, ma'am . . . I mean, I didn't . . ."

"Okay, okay . . . I'm slowin' down. I'm shiftin' on down to grandma . . . you'll see," he said to Jimmi as he grabbed his other boot and threw it out the smoke hole. "Oh . . . look at ya, jus' look at ya. I can't look; yer jus' too beautiful. I jus' know it . . . I can tell already." Jonquil slapped a hand over his eyes and continued to undress Jimmi with one hand. "Lookit! I'm am-*bye*-dextruss, Jimmi . . . no . . . no . . . you're makin' me am-*bye*-hiss-stare-ee-us. I don't want to look until the wrappin's gone. Oh . . . this is worser than Christmas."

Jimmi slipped out of her panties. "All right, cowboy . . . it's time to prop open your eyelids."

"Jus' a minute . . . jus a minute right there. Oh . . . yes, I can feel ya naycud. It's comin' right through me. I can feel yer breasts right now, and yer clear 'cross the tepee. An' . . . what I'm feelin' is jus' goin' t'be so much better when my eyesight ree-turns. Cuz seein' is bee-lievin', 'n' bee-lievin' *is* the fan-*dang*-go of truth . . . amen. Oh . . . here I go. I'm gunna do it . . . NOW!" Jonquil took his hand away from his eyes and looked at Jimmi Maroon. "Ohhhhhh . . . ahhhhh . . . wow . . . ahhhhh . . . yes . . . yesireeee! Ohhhhh . . . I can't look no more; yer jus' too beautiful." He grabbed his bikini underwear and pulled it over his head so that his eyes were covered. "Oh . . . that's much better. I've got to give myself time . . . it's been soooo long. Jus' let me sneak up an' smell and taste ya fer a minute or two."

"Come on, cowboy, be a man. You can take it . . heh?" Jimmi walked behind Jonquil, put her body against his back, and started guiding and pushing him toward the bed. "I'll give you a nice, soothing massage . . . would that help?"

"Help? I don't think so, ma'am. Maybe if I chopped off my toe, I would calm down." Jimmi pushed Jonquil onto the bed.

"Lie still and try not to poke a hole in the buffalo robe."

"Damn! Ya sure are strong, ohhhhh . . . ahhhh . . . wow . . . I think I've found my match. Ohhhhhhhhh . . . ahhhhhhhhh . . . that feels so good."

Jimmi worked on Jonquil's neck, head, and shoulders, staying away from below the belt until he had given in to her hands. Jonquil couldn't fight any longer, she was much too powerful for him, and he finally slipped down into a smooth, soft arena of sleep. The three days of carousing had finally ended. Jimmi rolled Jonquil over and worked on the front of his body, moving uphill. She put his head into her lap and massaged his eyes, cheeks, temples, and forehead. When she was finished, she snuggled down beside him and looked into his face. "Hey, sidekick, how's it goin'?" Jonquil was layered so far down into his dreams that he heard only the purring of her body. Jimmi kissed him on the face, wound her body through and around his body, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

"I have never owned a pair of blue jeans! I feel much more at home wearing satin lingerie and silk stockings and riding in a limousine!"

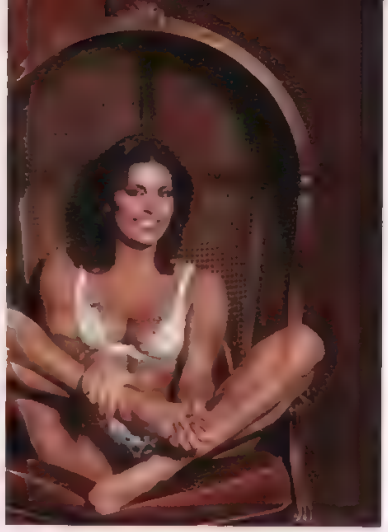
MONIKA

TWO-TIME WINNER

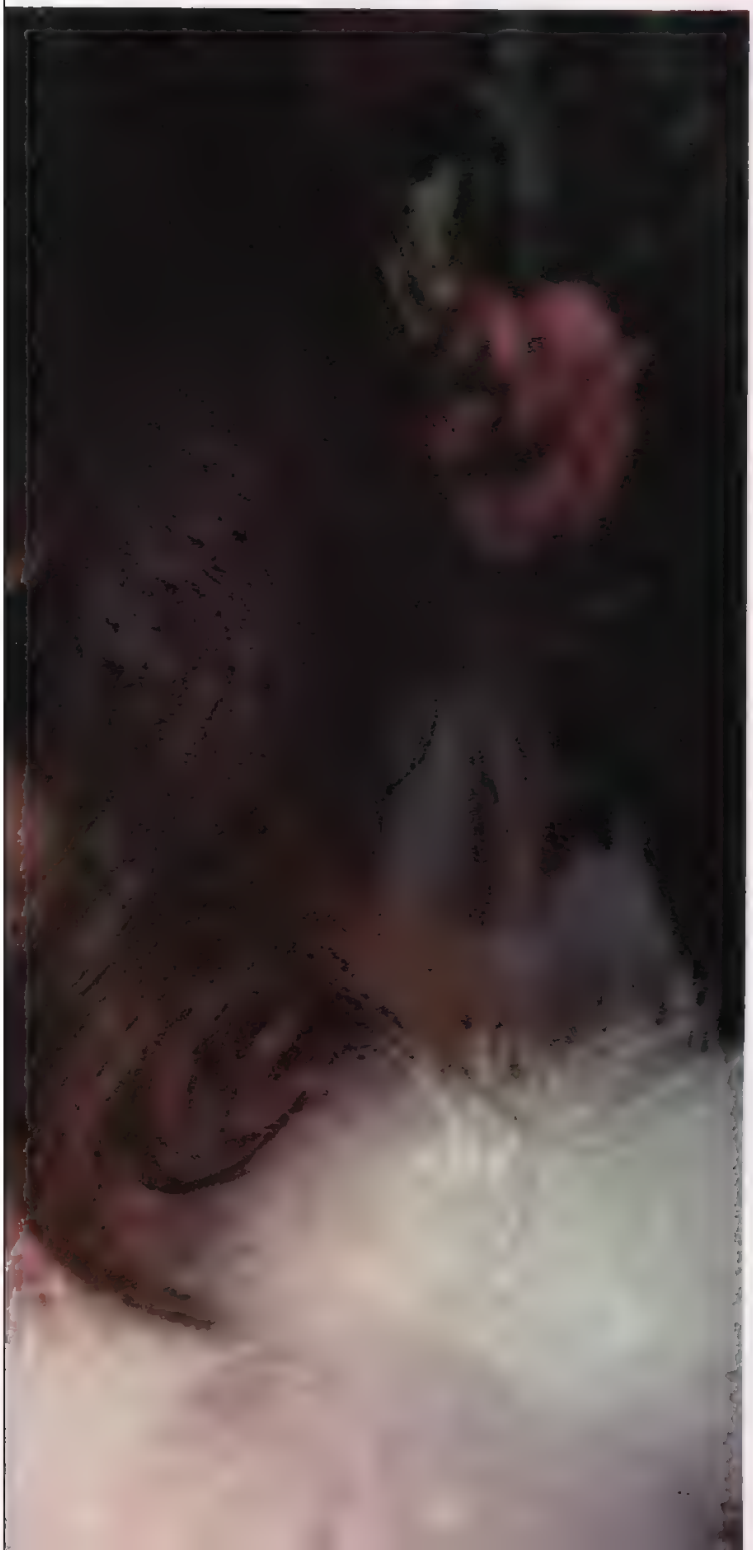
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAT HILL

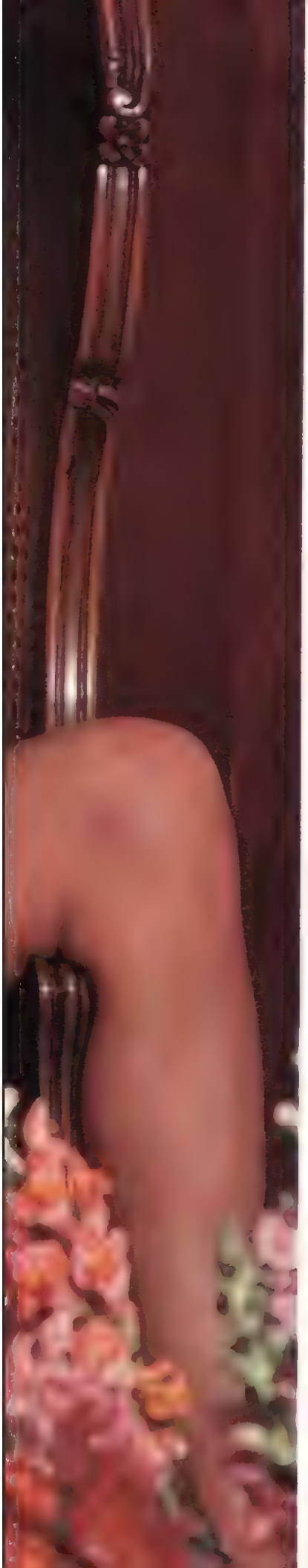
"I've felt like an actual goddess twice in my life now," confides the unearthly beautiful Swiss-born Monika Kaelin. "The first time was the night I was crowned Miss Switzerland, which is equivalent to your Miss America; the second was the day I was asked to make my American debut as the Penthouse Pet of the Month." The honor and the pleasure, we assured her, were all ours, especially when we learned that Monika, who had never posed in the nude for a magazine before, trusted only Penthouse to showcase her sumptuous 37-25-36-inch form to its fullest advantage. Since Monika's reign as Miss Switzerland, she has become a headlining performer in cabarets and musical revues, and a well-known theatrical patron and model.

She is also a former kindergarten teacher, the master of five foreign languages, and, she claims, the undisputed captain of her soul. "I decided long ago," she confides in her perfect but richly accented English, "that I alone would decide my destiny. And I feel very sure that my instincts will always guide me well."



"The Swiss have a reputation for being neutral, which I certainly do not share!"





"The Swiss have a reputation for being neutral, which I do not share," she declares. For one thing, she is unimpressed with fads or trends of any kind. "I've never even owned a pair of blue jeans or been on a skateboard. I feel much more at home wearing satin lingerie and silk stockings and riding in a limousine!"

Armed with her amazing self-assurance and her Old World élan, Monika arranged to take a leave from her work at the Zurich Bernhard Theater and fly to New York and pose for our camera. "New York is both terrifying and thrilling. It is so intense and frantic, which I do not like. But I love the tasteful shops, the wonderful restaurants and, most of all, going to such amazing Broadway shows as Bob Fosse's *Dancin'* But I could never stay away from Zurich," she adds. "Next to men, skiing in the Alps is my favorite passion."

"At home I have the best of two worlds: excitement and glamour by night and breathtaking beauty by day." But wherever destiny may lead, one look in the mirror will remind our astonishing Swiss confection that she will always be in proud possession of both

MISS MONIKA KAELIN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

MISS MONIKA KAELIN PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

MAROON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

curved into his breath of sleep.

When Jonquil awoke, it was only with one eye. He stared at Jimmi, trying to remember how this beautiful woman had entered his life. He slipped his hands under the robe and felt her body. He closed his eyes, shook his head, and looked at Jimmi again. He couldn't believe what his hands were telling him. He zigzagged his eye around the tepee, trying to retrace his ride . . . somewhere back to three days of pillage and plunder at the Quick Draw Saloon. There it was . . . the thirty-watt bulb. The timid eye felt safe to come out and shied open. "Jimmi Maroon, Jimmi Maroon," he whispered, "yer sure a heck of a lot finer lookin' than my ol' pickup . . . anyday. Is this still part of my vision? Hey . . . now I remember. We never made love." Jonquil's cock began to rise . . . periscope up and torpedoes ready for action.

Jimmi woke up when she realized that Jonquil had shifted from no-man's land into combat. "Hey . . . know where you are, cowboy?"

"I'm not sure, but I ain't complainin'."

Jimmi eased over on top of Jonquil and kissed him on the mouth. "You have soft lips . . . real soft. And you taste like sagebrush and soft spring rain . . . kinda ancient." She kissed him on the eyes, running her tongue over his eyelids.

"Wanna trade places?" Jonquil said, trying to keep the lid on the geyser.

"Naw . . . I like it up here."

"Like to be the boss . . . heh?"

"Roses, if this was a circle, you'd never notice."

"Huh . . . ?"

"Relax, Jonquil. I don't want you to explode in three minutes. It's early, and we have until we're finished. This ain't gunna be some eight-second ride . . . cowboy."

"What? You mean you ain't offerin' belt buckles?"

"Stick with me, kid, and you'll get something a lot better than a standing ovation and the rodeo queen. Easy . . . easy, Jonquil, ride easy." Jimmi arched her back and took Jonquil's cock and put it inside her body. She slid down on him, tightened her muscles, and then relaxed. "I don't want you to come, Jonquil. Think you can do it?"

"What the fuck fer . . . ?"

"What do you need to come for? We ain't having a kid."

"But . . . but . . . damn, Jimmi Maroon . . . I like to come."

"Yeh . . . me, too. Listen, I'm trying to teach you something . . . remember? Build it up and then let it go. Keep it all within you and don't lose it . . . and forget about tryin' to impress me with your action. We can make love until the Cowboy Buddha's birthday. Ya scared?"

Jonquil scrunched up his face to show Jimmi that he was thinking. He fluttered his hands. "Can I use these . . . m'lady?"

"You betcha, cowboy . . . as long as you can float."

Jonquil tapped his forehead. "Aha . . . I think I'm beginnin' to understand. My ass might fit the saddle . . . "

Jimmi finished the saying: "Does the saddle fit the horse?"

"Hey . . . how'd you know that?"

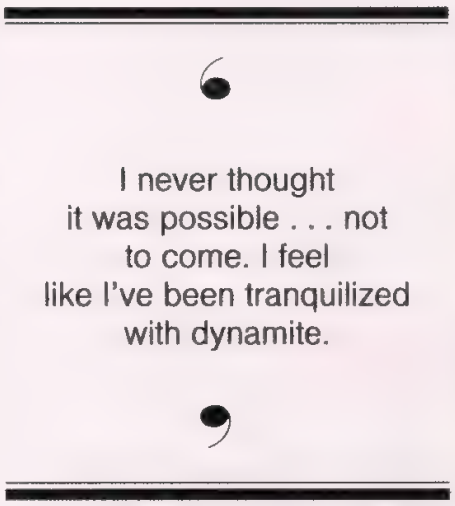
"Every woman knows that one . . Jonquil."

"Yeh . . . ? Well, coach . . . what would ya like me to do now?"

"Rosehips . . . shut up and screw."

With the darkness Jonquil got up and built a fire inside the tepee. He went outside, gathered some more wood, and put the sticks by the bed. "Hey, it's gettin' cold," he said to Jimmi as he jumped back under the buffalo robes.

"How do you feel?" Jimmi asked Jonquil as she rubbed his legs with the inside of her thigh.



"I feel . . . I feel strange. Strange, weird, challenged. I didn't know it was possible to stay inside a woman fer so long. It feels good . . . like I stuck 'round fer the whole game."

"No competition . . . heh?"

"Yeh . . . something like that, sweet Maroon."

"Equal time . . . Roses."

"Yeh . . . like sixty-nine?"

"How 'bout one hundred and sixty-nine?"

"How's that go?"

"Go around one more time until you can't tell whether you're male or female."

"Damn. . .what if I git lost in the dark and my cock ends up in your ear, or maybe . . . in mine?"

"Who cares."

"Ya don't?"

"Jonquil . . . ol' kid, your mouth can do as much damage as your talking totem pole."

"That's cuz I'm a Gemini . . . M'sweet."

Jimmi curled her body and slid under the covers to the camp of the talking totem pole. "Me, too, Kid Roses . . . me, too."

In the middle of the night they got up to take a hot bath and watch the moon.

"The moon mus' be in. What's that word—*pedigree?*" Jonquil said as he hummed his body down into the water.

"*Perigee* . . . "

"Yeh . . . that's the word. Mus' be why yer lookin' so good . . . heh?"

"Yeh . . . and you're looking sooooo big," Jimmi said as she dropped under the water.

"Yeh . . . yeh," Jonquil said to himself, looking down. "Not too bad. Mus' be all the protein I ate at Café Sixty-nine."

Just before dawn Jonquil was sitting by the fire, roasting a piece of buffalo meat. "I never thought it was possible . . . not to come. I feel like I've been tranquilized with dynamite. How would ya like yer meat, m'lady . . . burnt, burnt-burnt, or burnt-burnt-burnt?"

"I like it just like you . . . triple-burnt. This is the West . . . ain't it?"

"Last time I looked out the smoke hole it was. But . . . y'know . . . I'm beginnin' to feel invisible. Like . . . when we're makin' love, I've completely forgotten 'bout myself. That ain't never happened b'fore. Know what I mean?"

"Yeh, sure do. I really do. Your heart is becoming really sweet right now, very soft and gentle."

Jonquil put a few small pieces of wood on the fire.

"Ta dum . . . The Floating Rose," Jimmi said as she slid underneath Jonquil. "Ya know . . . you've been incredible. You gave in and let me become your guide. You're a good act, Roses . . . y'know. We make a good team." Jimmi put her arms around Jonquil's neck and shoulders and kissed him on the mouth. "Now I'd like for you to come inside me."

Jonquil was just beginning to purr in three/four time when he heard Jimmi's request. "What?" He raised his body up to clear a path for her request. "Damn . . . are ya puttin' me on, Lady Maroon?"

"No, Jonquil, you'll understand. Come on, it's okay."

"Well, ma'am . . . ," Jonquil said as he tried to look through Jimmi's face for any new metaphysical hocus-pocus. "Ya sure ya ain't got the bridge mined?"

"Hunner purrcent . . . cowboy."

"Yeh . . . ?"

"Yeh . . . come on."

Jonquil put his arms around Jimmi and kissed her on the lips. "Well, mama, open up yer fur coat . . . I'm comin' home."

He smiled into her life, caught her breath, and kissed her all over her body with his lips and eyes. Time disappeared from his maleness as he released himself into the body of their lives, making love. He had finally surrendered. From somewhere Jonquil heard music, a smooth, joyous tune that reminded him of something Jimmi had said earlier. He spun into her arms as they began to dance a long, slow waltz on the mountain. A dance of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

BOB GUCCIONE

> Comparing an X-rated film to *Caligula* is like comparing the shootout at the O.K. Corral to the Second World War.

It is difficult to imagine what the citizens of Rome thought in 1976 when they saw the odd goings-on at the Dear Film Studios just outside that city. According to local gossip, there were some interesting events transpiring: a lot of people were walking around undressed and half-undressed, a menagerie of animals (including Tibetan goats) was being brought inside the studios, and a small army of workmen were building Roman baths, a complete Roman palace, and an underground grotto for what appeared to be an authentic imperial Roman orgy.

The neighbors of the Dear Studios had some experience with film extravagance, of course—the Taylor-Burton *Cleopatra* film had been shot there, with all its attendant controversy—but, as everybody finally discovered, there was no precedent for the latest series of events. For 18 months the studios were occupied with the filming of *Caligula*, a controversial $17.5 million-plus epic on the short but memorable reign of the infamous Roman Caesar.

The rumors surrounding the filming turn out to be true: the recently opened film is one of the most talked about in modern cinema history—and one of the most controversial. Lots of beautiful naked women. Lush (and graphic) sex scenes. Stunning sets. Wild Roman orgies. Painfully realistic violence. Awesome visuals. An uncensored spectacle of imperial politics in the Eternal City.

In other words, the first accurate film portrayal of what life was really like in pagan Rome—which is precisely the crux of *Caligula* and the source of its controversy. For its producers, Bob Guccione and Franco Rossellini, *Caligula* is intended as a breakthrough film, a serious attempt to reconstruct life in imperial Rome as seen by historians of that period. Sometimes described as the first "fusion" film—a fusion of establishment cinema with underground film techniques—*Caligula* is, in terms of realism, light-years ahead of anything else ever attempted in that area.

Controversy has dogged *Caligula* from the moment the first frame was shot. The controversy rests not only on the film's explicitness but also on a running series of disputes and disruptions among the people who made the film. They include a raging argument between the film's original director and the screenwriter (since the screenwriter was Gore Vidal, it's worthy of more than a footnote), virtual war between the film's chief producer and the director (which resulted in the firing of that director), squabbles among the actors and the Academy Award–winning set designer, and a whole series of other skirmishes.

How the movie was ever completed remains a minor miracle. But those internecine series of battles on the set by now have been overshadowed by the large public controversy over the movie's content. *Caligula* opened late last year, first in Italy where it was closed, albeit temporarily, by the authorities after it had played only six days, on the grounds that it was "morally offensive"—despite earlier clearance by the Italian censors. Whether similar problems will affect the movie in this and other countries remains to be seen, for despite the battalions of extras, a detailed attention to historical accuracy, a big-name cast (Peter O'Toole, Malcolm McDowell, Sir John Gielgud), the talk about *Caligula* has focused almost exclusively on its explicit sexual content. The film's producers insist that *Caligula* is not pornography, an insistence they had underscored by refusing to submit the picture to the Motion Picture Association for rating. Since the M.P.A., they argue, would certainly give the picture an X rating, it would mean that *Caligula* would be written off with the customary effluvium of the porn market.

But *Caligula*'s well-deserved reputation for sexual explicitness is sure to generate new controversy, X rating or not. In part, the controversy has been fueled by a continuing series of statements by the movie's participants, who are still arguing about it. In an attempt to get to the bottom of the controversy, *Penthouse* assigned regular contributor Ernest Volkman to interview the central figure in the making of the movie—Bob Guccione. Volkman, who has followed the progress of *Caligula* nearly from its inception, talked with Guccione about the movie during a series of conversations in New York and London.

Penthouse: Sir John Gielgud, one of the world's most distinguished actors, was quoted in a recent interview as saying, "I've just finished my first pornographic film, called *Caligula*." Do you think that's a fair description of the film?

Guccione: Given the relatively sheltered life that Gielgud has lived, in terms of motion pictures, and his exposure to what's happening in the avant-garde, I would say that he was right, but only if judged in the context of his own experience and information.

Penthouse: But not so far as what you conceive to be the overall purpose of the film? In other words, you're saying you did not set out to make a pornographic film?

Guccione: No. I don't see the film as being pornographic, and I certainly didn't set out to make a pornographic movie. It's a question of definitions. To me, pornography is a work of bad art, as opposed to good art. And I don't think that *Caligula* qualifies under the heading of bad art. It was a huge commercial undertaking, and at the same time we wanted to make a serious statement. We've done with cinematic images what so many authors and historians have done with words—we have re-created a complex life-style that flourished before Christ and the Judeo-Christian philosophy came into being.

Penthouse: Nevertheless, this film will have an X rating, correct?

Guccione: No, the film won't have any rating at all. We're not submitting it to the M.P.A., because they can only give it an "X," and an X rating would be demeaning and unfair to *Caligula*. The conventional connotation is still the $100,000 made-in-a-motel epic, and that, next to *Caligula*, is like a street rumble next to the Second World War. The film has all the customary requirements and caveats for sexually explicit cinematic material. You'll have to be 18 years or older to be able to see it. But it does *not* have an X rating—we've given it our own rating: an M.A., for mature audiences.

Penthouse: The film's reputation for explicitness has already attracted a considerable amount of controversy, although it seems that much of the controversy also has to do with the film's graphic violence. Do you think the controversy arises from the sex scenes or the violence?

Guccione: The fact that we have used celebrated movie personalities to make a film with sexually explicit passages is probably the source of the controversy. People talk about the violence, of course, but it's easier and more sophisticated to say that you're shocked by the violence rather than the sex.

Penthouse: Originally, reports about *Caligula* suggested that the movie would finally cost somewhere in the neighborhood of $16 million. How accurate is that figure?

Guccione: The final cost of the film comes in at a little over $17.5 million. But if you take into consideration interest on money—which, for accounting purposes, is not only proper but necessary—it will come in at around $22 million. That's quite a staggering sum to make an "obscene film." That is why I say that if it was our intention to make an obscene film, we certainly wouldn't have spent that kind of money. For that kind of money, I could have made over 200 porno films.

Penthouse: Rumor has it that you put up the entire amount yourself in cash. Is that true?

Guccione: Yes.

Penthouse: Is that the first time any one individual has put up that much money to bankroll a film?

Guccione: I believe so.

Penthouse: But weren't you taking on an enormous gamble or—let me put it this way—an excessive, even reckless gamble?

Guccione: Perhaps, but no one else was prepared to help or to participate financially.

Penthouse: What about conventional film-funding sources or advances from territorial sales?

Guccione: No one wanted to know—not when they read the script, that is. Everyone had a problem with censorship.

Penthouse: So you're in this all alone?

Guccione: Completely.

Penthouse: The critics' reaction to *Caligula* has not been exactly kind. Does that bother you at all?

Guccione: Not really. I anticipated their reaction exactly and prepared for it, mentally as well as materially.

Penthouse: How do you prepare for such a thing materially?

Guccione: For one thing, you avoid the constant little masturbatory rituals of wining and dining them throughout the production; you keep them away from the set, away from the actors and the crew; you forbid anyone to talk to them, and you don't circulate handouts, press releases, or production stills.

Penthouse: You're talking about a complete press blackout. Isn't that dangerous? Weren't you fearful of being ignored completely?

Guccione: I didn't think of it in those terms. As an editor and journalist myself, I knew that such an action would intrigue them, heighten their curiosity, and provoke them to chase every little bit of rumor and speculation that a film like *Caligula*, produced by a company like Penthouse, would generate. The tighter we clamped down on security, the more they wrote. Rumors—in some cases bordering on lunacy—were rampant. There was talk of bestiality, girls screwing horses and dogs, nonstop orgies involving hundreds of people, animals being slain on camera, children being sexually violated while their parents were present and looking on, et cetera, et cetera.

Penthouse: Didn't that disturb you? Wasn't that a way of encouraging or conditioning them to view the final product in

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an even more prejudicial light?

Guccione: Perhaps. I knew *Caligula* would generate a lot of controversy, and I didn't want to lose the impetus it would ultimately cause at the box office. In other words, I wanted to save the *real* surprises for the right psychological moment . . . I didn't want all the excitement and speculation to die before the film was ready to play.

Penthouse: Why were you so convinced you'd get bad press? In the beginning it appeared that you had all the right ingredients: big-name stars, a world-renowned author, an Academy Award–winning art director, enormous financial resources—enough, it would appear, to ensure a pretty good shot at critical acclaim.

Guccione: I'm not being naive, and I don't wish to sound paranoiac, but I knew, or rather suspected, that the press would see me as a kind of dilettante upstart, an intruder. No matter how good the film was, they would see *me*, Bob Guccione, publisher of Penthouse, wheeler-dealer in sex and nudity, trying his hand at something new, pressing his luck in a medium that was alien to his experience, buying his way in . . . You know what I'm talking about. If you make an outstanding success in one area, people are somehow loath to see you do it in another.

Penthouse: Wouldn't the film speak for itself?

Guccione: In anyone else's case, perhaps, or if the film was small and modestly produced, yes. But I promised to produce a blockbuster, a landmark film. I promised that *Caligula* would fundamentally change the theatergoing public's perception of motion pictures. I said that it would foment changes within the industry itself. I really shot my mouth off, but I meant every word of it, and I still do.

Penthouse: Could the reaction of the critics have anything to do with the fact that you held no press screening in advance of the February opening of the film—that the critics had to stand in line with the rest of the public, that the temperature was 11 degrees Fahrenheit, and that they had to pay $7.50 for their ticket, like everybody else?

Guccione: Let me put it this way—I don't think it helped matters very much, but then, I didn't care. I made *Caligula* for the masses, not for a few self-appointed elitists. Besides, every time I read a lousy review, I want the pleasure of knowing it cost the author $7.50 to write it.

Penthouse: There has been a lot of talk about your decision to charge a ticket price of $7.50. Many professionals believe this to be a tactical error in marketing and that it could topple whatever tentative interest or demand *Caligula* might have created.

Guccione: Apparently they were wrong. Professionalism is not necessarily a synonym for infallibility or privileged information, and since this film deviates in so many ways from every other film ever made, taking advice from conventional or so-called professional sources could be counterproductive. Besides, I don't know what you mean by "tentative interest." The public interest in *Caligula* is rabid rather than tentative.

Penthouse: Did you conduct some sort of market survey to determine the public's willingness to pay such a high price?

Guccione: Not at all. If you were to ask the public how they feel about paying more for any goods or service, they're bound to object, if only in principle. As in all things, however, value, rather than price, is the operative word. I have a personal theory that the whole system of motion picture ticket pricing is wrong and should be revised. As with any other product or service, certain economic principles must apply. If the cost of manufacturing and marketing a pair of shoes is $50 and the retailer sells them for $100, it might, depending on the quality, design, et cetera, be acceptable to the public. But if another pair of shoes cost only $10 to manufacture, the retailer would be out of place—not to mention out of business—if he tried to get the same $100 ticket.

Why should motion picture making be any different? The price of a ticket at the box office should bear some relationship to the cost of making the film. Why should a theater charge 3 or 4 dollars to see a film that might have cost $500,000 or a million dollars to make and the same 3 or 4 dollars to see a film that cost 15 or 20 or even 40 million dollars to make? It can't be

right, and, furthermore, it doesn't happen in any other industry I can think of. A man must be paid for the work he does, and if filmmakers are to have a real incentive to make bigger and better films, they've got to have a real opportunity of getting their money back. It's a matter of immutable economic principle. Most people will pay more for damn near anything they want if the value is there, and the same people, including me, will bitch over nickles and dimes if we think we've been ripped off. In the case of *Caligula*, we've provided lots of value in lots of different ways.

Penthouse: In the quality and variety of explicit sexuality, you mean.

Guccione: Yes, among other things. No one doubts the importance of sex, and if you do it a little better than the next guy—accenting people rather than the pneumatic, nonstop grind of disembodied cocks and cunts—if you show more respect for everybody's favorite subject, *that's* value! There's considerable value in the production as well, in the costumes and sets, in the number and quality of artists and craftsmen; and from a purely visual point of view, few films have ever matched its opulence.

Penthouse: But the critics were generally unresponsive, preferring to deal with more obvious values, such as plot, authorship, sex, violence . . .

Guccione: That's *their* hang-up. Besides, what *is* a critic? What are his or her credentials? What gives *him* the right to make value judgments on behalf of the public taste? History is filled with their nameless gravestones, while the men and women they spent their lives attacking live on. How many great artists, writers, musicians, et cetera can you name? Now, how many of their critics can you recall? More often than not, he, the critic, is a failed artist, an incomplete personality, and by some idiotic cultural synergism, he survives by attaching himself to the arts. He is no more than a parasite, a remote observer . . . remote because he is on the outside of art, looking in.

Penthouse: That sounds rather bitter. Is it because of the critical reception that *Caligula* received, or have you always held that opinion?

Guccione: From the time I left school until the day I started *Penthouse*, I was a devoted painter. I lived and worked among other artists, and although, by choice, I never exhibited my work, many of my friends did. I was acutely aware of the social and economic impact of the art critics' reviews on their lives and work. And I grew to detest that fraudulent power. Like theater critics, their importance was magnified out of all proportion to their knowledge, their skills, and their sensitivity to art, and yet they could wipe out an entire career—financially, at least—with a single stroke of the pen. So what did they really know? They knew more about the practical history of art than any artist I ever knew, and they were particularly expert in that precious, pseudo-philosophical idiom by which art critics seem to communicate exclusively with art critics. But they couldn't paint, and they couldn't draw, and out of their rage and frustration their venomous credo grew: "If you can't join 'em . . . fight 'em."

In most respects, movie critics are similar, but they lack the power of the other two. The other two have widespread gaps in public comprehension going for them. They deal in illusions and metaphors. The more vapid the work, the more voluminous and incomprehensible the comment. But the movies—no! The medium is too popular, too accessible, too fundamental in its appeal, to rely on the tastes of increasingly higher authorities. Movie critics are insignificant by comparison. I don't know of one single example of any film that has succeeded or failed as a result of a critic's opinion.

Penthouse: A number of critics say privately that the real reason you decided not to hold press screenings was that you were afraid of critical reaction. Any truth in that?

Guccione: As I said before, I was prepared for it mentally and emotionally. I knew it was coming, and I knew *how* it was coming. But the lines outside the Penthouse East continue to swell. Every time the papers tell their readers how odious and decadent the film is, the lines get longer.

Penthouse: In that case, Rex Reed will have sold a lot of tickets. I think his review was the most vicious of all. Is there any bad

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blood between you?
Guccione: Not that I can think of, unless the principles of staunch heterosexuality that I and my magazines appear to represent offend him. But who is Rex Reed? A noisy little man of no real talent or consequence, an intellectual runt whose gender seems to have gotten in the way of his judgment. He is like the perennial child: spoiled, grumpy, and rude, precocious in some ways and deficient in others . . . the child who refuses to respond to potty training and is therefore destined to go through life in a catharsis of oral-anal hysteria.
Penthouse: Would you say the problems you had with Gore Vidal arose for similar reasons?
Guccione: Not in a million years. Gore can be bitchy and almost always is. But next to Reed, Gore is a giant, an artist, an intellectual colossus. Gore is the real thing. Gore is precisely what Rex Reed would like to be but cannot. And that's the nub of Reed's problem; that's why so many of his reviews tend to be vicious and emotional rather than analytical and informative. As a critic, he reminds me of one of those tragic people who has to open his mouth in order to move his bowels.
Penthouse: But isn't Gore, in his own way, as critical of the film as Rex Reed and some of the others? Didn't he sue to have his name taken off the title?
Guccione: Yes and no! Gore did not sue, because he had no grounds to sue, and, yes, the title *was* originally *Gore Vidal's Caligula*. We agreed to drop his name from the title provided he give up his 10 percent share of the profits. This was over and above the 200-plus thousand we paid him to write the script, and his name was one of the things we were paying for. We continue to carry his credit in the main body of opening credits, however, because he is the author of the original screenplay, whether he likes it or not.
Penthouse: Judging by some of the reports we've heard, the original idea to make a movie on the life of Caligula was Gore Vidal's. Is that completely accurate?
Guccione: No. The idea of making a film based on the life of Caligula was brought to Gore Vidal by producer Franco Rossellini, together with a treatment that had been written some time earlier by Franco's uncle, Roberto Rossellini. The original treatment shown to Vidal was merely a guide, a general idea to get Vidal interested in the subject. As you know, Vidal has a great interest in history and is a formidable historian in his own right.
Penthouse: Doesn't he insist that his original script was badly mutilated by you and the director and on those grounds disown it?
Guccione: Firstly, I never touched the script, although I spent many hours working with Gore during its original conceptualization and numerous subsequent revisions. The first few drafts were too strong, particularly in terms of violence and homosexuality. It was far too long and called for too many scenes and too many sets. It would have cost $30 or $40 million to shoot the film the way Gore originally wrote it.

Of course there are script changes, but they are the same sort of changes that would have been made in any event, whether he continued to be associated with the film or not. Once a director gets his hands on a screenplay, there are many ways that he can interpret movements, events, activities, and attitudes on the part of the characters, because he uses images instead of words. Very often you can excise three or four pages of dialogue with a look, a gesture, or a single movement of the camera. And that, finally, is what motion picture direction is all about. It's the director who really makes the film, not the author.
Penthouse: Didn't Vidal later accuse you of making it pornographic?
Guccione: (Laughing) Actually, we had to remove a lot of the material that Gore had originally written into the script, so the film is now somewhat more sensual than the original version. In fact, just to give you one example, in the beginning—other than between Caligula and his sister, Drusilla—there were practically no heterosexual scenes at all. Every sex scene Vidal wrote was homosexual in content.
Penthouse: That would raise the question, of course, of whether Vidal thought that homosexual activity was that pervasive in the Roman Empire, to the exclusion of everything else. Did you ever discuss that with him?
Guccione: No, but knowing Gore, his answer would have been that homosexuality was the province of the aristocracy and that it was the plebian society that engaged in heterosexuality.
Penthouse: You say that prior to its release Gore Vidal had not seen the movie, and yet among his comments—and I'll just quote you a few of them—is one that the movie's sex scenes are a "Copenhagen sex show," and that several of the sets, as he described it, resembled "the lobby of the Fontainebleau Hotel in Miami Beach." And in one widely noted comment on American television, he said, "*Caligula*—that's a Latin word meaning 'turkey.' " Yet you say that he had never seen the finished product.
Guccione: Let me take it a step further. Despite all his cries and protestations, Gore had never seen *a single frame of the film.* The trouble really began when Gore gave an interview to *Time* magazine. We had just signed Tinto Brass as director and Gore, with perfect Vidalian timing, told the reporter, in effect, that directors were really parasites living off the backs of authors and that the true author of the film should be the literary author, not the director, and that the director need only follow the simple stage directions as provided by the author of the screenplay.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

Every time the papers tell their readers how odious and decadent the film is, the line gets longer.

We'd look at the rushes and realize that we were talking about one kind of movie and Brass was shooting another.

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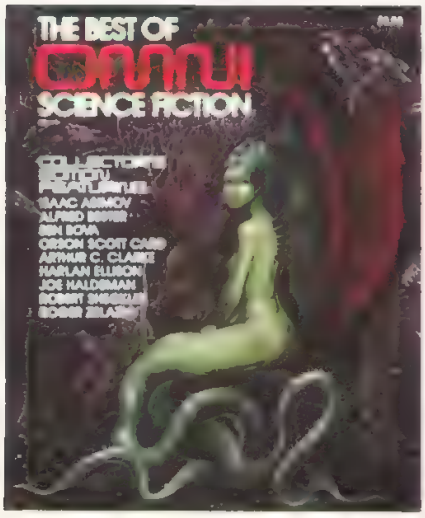

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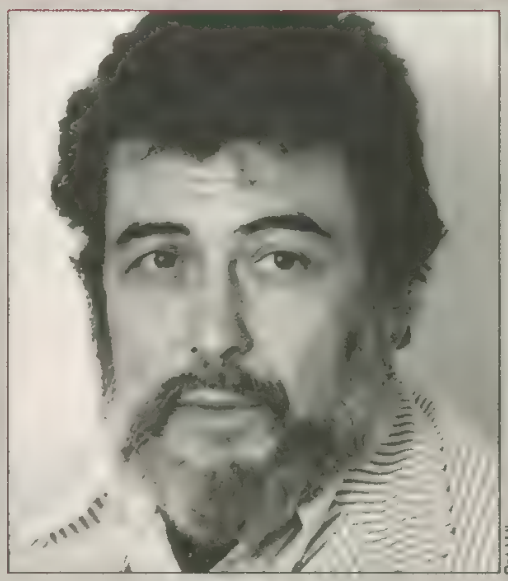

Pat Hill

BY NAT HENTOFF

The author is a board member of the New York Civil Liberties Union and a member of the steering committee of the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press. His latest book, *The First Freedom*, is published by Delacorte.

TEDDY KENNEDY'S PERSONAL WAR AGAINST THE BILL OF RIGHTS

At 48, the most recent inheritor of Camelot will be a formidable political presence in this land for a long time to come—no matter what happens to his presidential aspirations this year. Yet, for all the press's ceaseless probings of Ted Kennedy's flaws and strengths (his unquestioned concern for the poor, for instance), most Americans are unaware of his most fundamental disqualification to hold the presidency at any time. It's much worse than Chappaquiddick. Kennedy has proved himself an implacable enemy of the Bill of Rights—very much including the First Amendment.

The overwhelming evidence for this indictment of the senior senator from Massachusetts is his Criminal Code Reform Act of 1980, a massive reworking of more than 3,000 federal criminal laws. Kennedy has pushed this assault on the Constitution through the Senate Judiciary Committee, which he heads, and is working for its approval by the House. No other single bill in the history of the nation has contained more provisions punishing dissent and otherwise violating what until now have been our most basic principles of justice.

The Kennedy code bill, to begin with, overturns—for the first time in American history—the presumption of innocence. It does this by enacting "preventive detention." Under the Kennedy bill, a judge can jail a defendant *before* trial, even though there is no doubt he will appear at his trial, if the judge doesn't approve of his associates outside or thinks that he will be a danger to the community. If a citizen who has only been *accused* can be imprisoned—on the whim of a judge—before his guilt or innocence is determined, we have begun to adopt the judicial system of Eastern Europe.

In another genuflection to the criminal codes of authoritarian states, the Kennedy bill—again, for the first time in our history—allows the government to appeal sentences that it considers too "soft." In appalled opposition, the American Civil Liberties Union protests that this power savages the Fifth Amendment's protection of all of us against double jeopardy. If the government can't make out a strong enough case on the trial level, it can now—in effect—try the defendant again by demanding a stiffer sentence.

As for the Kennedy code's attempts to repress dissent, they are insidiously wide-ranging. It will be a federal crime, for instance, to picket or otherwise demonstrate within 100 feet of a federal courthouse while any judicial proceeding is going on. But the First Amendment says not a word about such restrictions of free speech and assembly. There is also a section subjecting antinuclear demonstrators at the site of any nuclear reactor (or other energy facility) to infiltration and surveillance by the FBI for all of their *future* demonstrations. If any of us cannot feel free to dissent publicly without fear of ending up in an FBI file, we have regressed—thanks to Kennedy—to the Richard Nixon view of "guided" democracy.

A further illustration of Kennedy's resemblance to Nixon in his desire to shape the citizenry into obedience through fear is his creation of a new federal crime—making a false oral

> "Kennedy's war against the Constitution is no passing aberration. He has led this baleful campaign for four years."

statement to a law-enforcement official, not under oath in some official proceeding, but in the street during, let us say, a demonstration. You can be busted for allegedly lying to a cop, although you have no lawyer present and neither of you has been sworn. The cop is required to have some corroboration, but all he needs for that is the word of some other cop who has heard the conversation.

These and other grim infringements on our liberties in the Kennedy bill are not what Congress first had in mind in 1966, when it set up a commission to reform federal criminal law. Admittedly, some statutes were out of date, others were contradictory, and it seemed to make sense finally to construct a comprehensive, coherent code. But by the time the commission's recommendations came back to Congress, Nixon was in command and devised the Code Reform Act of 1973, which was so monstrously antilibertarian that the late Sen. John McClellan "refined" it into a bill called S.1. That proposal was also so un-American that it died in committee.

Kennedy took over at that point, collaborating with McClellan in 1977 on yet another code attempt. The "liberal" Kennedy, far from preserving constitutional liberties, produced the notorious son of S.1. (S.1437). And it died in a House Committee because of sustained opposition by the American Civil Liberties Union, the National Committee against Repressive Legislation, and the quite heroic Congresswoman Elizabeth Holtzman (Dem.-N.Y.).

Kennedy, however, was determined to keep on trying to eviscerate the Bill of Rights. And so, in this term, he entered into an alliance with conservatives Strom Thurmond (South Carolina) and Orrin Hatch (Utah) to construct and press for S. 1722, the present Criminal Code Reform Act of 1980. Kennedy's war against the Constitution, therefore, is no passing aberration. He has led this baleful campaign for four years. What is his explanation? Repeated calls to his press secretary for an interview with Kennedy have been fruitless. His key staff architect of the bill, Ken Feinberg, did tell me that the senator feels that there is a great hunger in the country for what used to be called law and order, and he is going to take care of that hunger.

For instance, says Feinberg, "a great majority of Americans want strong antiobscenity legislation." He provides no evidence of that, but the Kennedy code does contain a strong provision enacting "local standards" for obscenity prosecutions. This means that a publisher, an author, or a distributor can be prosecuted in any city or town that has more stringent "obscenity" criteria than someplace else in the state or in the country as a whole. Accordingly, the First Amendment will mean one thing in Detroit and quite something else in Memphis. And so, the American Civil Liberties Union notes, because of the expense of continued defense, in time "the strictest local view of what 'appeals to the prurient interest' would effectively determine the content of nationally distributed books, magazines, newspapers, and films."

Not only is Kennedy in utter contempt of the First Amendment in this, as in so many other provisions of his criminal code, but he also shows total ignorance of why the Bill of Rights was put into the Constitution. Such essential liberties as those of speech, press, and assembly have nothing whatever to do with what the *majority* may choose to permit. As Supreme Court Justice Robert Jackson said in 1943: "The very purpose of a Bill of Rights was to withdraw certain subjects from the vicissitudes of political controversy, to place them beyond the reach of majorities and officials. . . . One's right to life, liberty, and property, to free speech, a free press, freedom of worship and assembly, and other fundamental rights may not be submitted to vote; they depend on the outcome of no elections."

A putative national leader who does not understand this very basis of American democracy is clearly not fit to hold the presidency, and so long as Kennedy remains a contender, he must be confronted again and again with his record of persistent attempts to subvert our civil liberties through his criminal-code reform bills.

For another example of what *President* Kennedy would be like, his so-called reform code includes, verbatim, the criminal-secrecy provisions of the Atomic Energy Act. (He could have changed those provisions; there is no requirement to enshrine all provisions of current law in a code revision.) This is the section that led to the longest government censorship of a publication in American history—*The Progressive Magazine*, when it tried to publish an article exposing the government's fake secrecy screen around the making of the H-bomb. Indeed, the government finally caved in so far as *The Progressive* was concerned, dropping its case, but the secrecy section of the Atomic Energy Act remains intact as the single worst anti–First Amendment statute in all of federal law. The language is so broad and vague that any reporter covering nuclear matters is in peril of prosecution. Yet Kennedy deliberately included this time bomb in his code. Imagine what further walls of secrecy—against the press and thereby the citizenry—the current senator from Massachusetts would try to erect by presidential executive order.

It is a frightening bill, Ted Kennedy's S. 1722. Frightening in itself and frightening in what it reveals of the man who conceived it. The fight against the bill has begun, with the ACLU denouncing the Kennedy code as having "a disastrous impact upon individual rights and liberties." Whatever the outcome of the battle, as the bill moves from the Senate to a House equivalent (H.R. 6233), Kennedy has clearly identified himself by now with those who would strip the Bill of Rights. Indeed, he is their leader, and that is why he will never have my vote or, I hope, that of any other citizen who believes, with William O. Douglas, that the purpose of the Bill of Rights was "to take the government off the backs of the people"—not to make the people fearful of exercising those rights whenever they damn well want to. ○

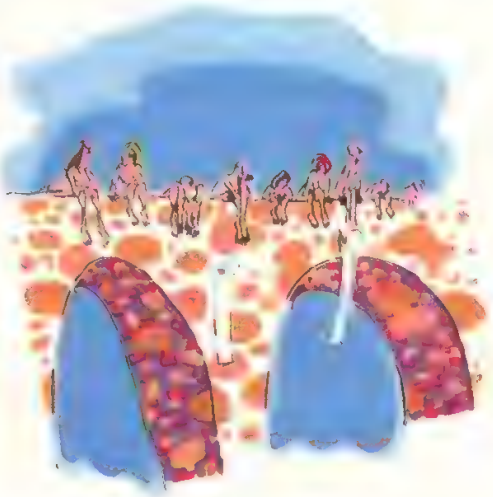
VENI VIDI VENI

(TRANSLATION: I CAME, I SAW, I CAME AGAIN.)

PENTHOUSE PROUDLY
PRESENTS BILL LEE'S SATIRICAL LOOK AT
THE GORY THAT WAS ROME.

ROMULUS AND REMUS, THE LEGENDARY
FOUNDERS OF ROME, WERE NOT RAISED BY A PACK OF WOLVES!
Actually, they were raised by a *duck*! But, alas, the hapless canard did not provide a proper media image for that burgeoning empire. It was Nat Goldsmith, the royal press agent, who dumped the fowl story, opting instead for the canine tale, as a more appropriate upbringing for the founding fathers of that nation of conquerors.

THE RAPE OF THE SABINE MEN
This little-known episode in the history of ancient Rome occurred during the infamous reign of Julius Nebish, lord of all the known world and parts of downtown San Francisco.



ROMAN SANITATION
All Roman citizens capable of climbing to the very top of a 200-foot-high aqueduct became the first human beings on this planet to actually utilize the world's first "flush toilet."

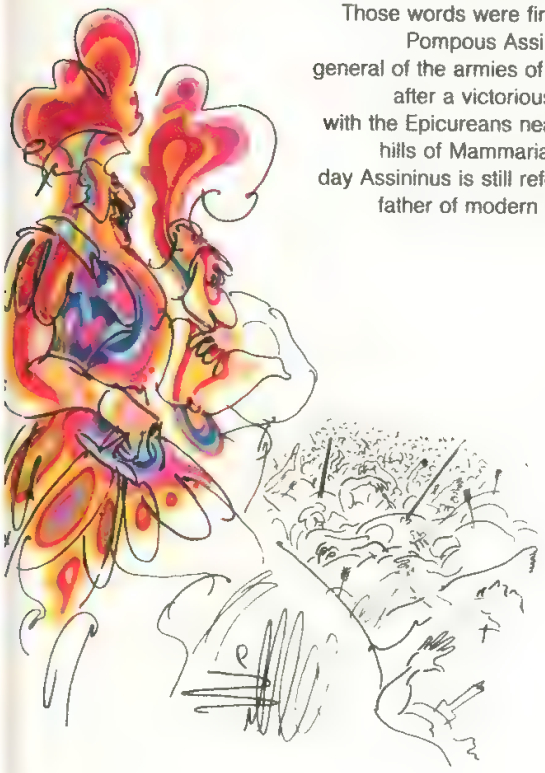
THE DESTRUCTION OF CARTHAGE
The struggle for world domination between the imperial cities of Rome and Carthage was brought to a sudden climax on Saint Valentine's Day, 2,000 years ago, in a small chariot garage on Rome's notorious North Side. Soldiers, loyal to Don Caesar Corleone, negotiated the stiff terms of his settlement on what was left of the Carthaginian army.

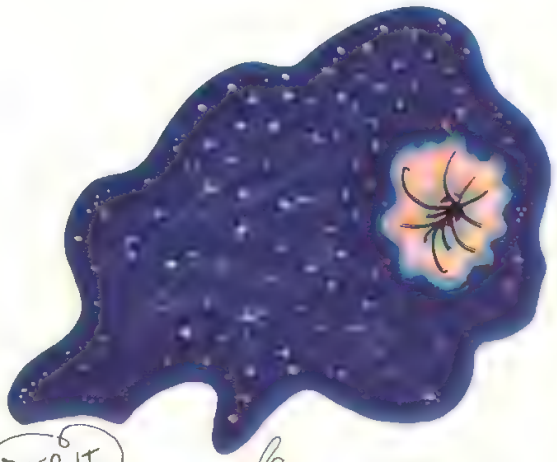
ROMAN JUSTICE
Crucifixion, a punishment used predominately on jaywalkers and litterbugs, was a typical example of the lenient attitude of Roman jurors. Stiffer sentences for more serious crimes, such as "public expectoration" or "failure to honor thy father," would normally result in a public beheading (always a crowd pleaser) or that infinitely more colorful measure of correction known in artistic circles as "drawing and quartering."

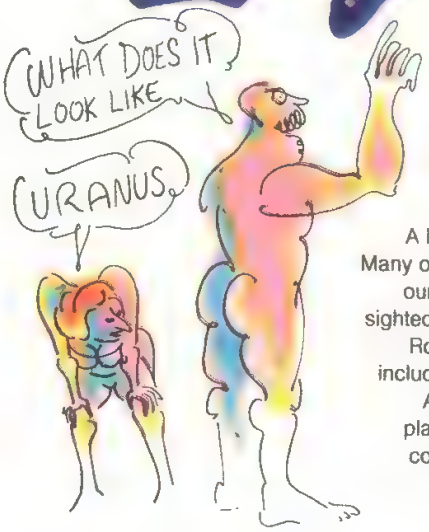
EMPEROR CONSTANTINE
CONVERTS TO CHRISTIANITY
Motivated by an intense craving for small wafers and cheap wine, the Roman Emperor Constantine actually converted from the Church of England to Christianity. The emperor's baptism was followed by a massive festival celebration, during which there was no drinking, no smoking, no dancing, no sex, no mentioning the Lord's name in vain, no laughing, no wearing gaily decorated garb . . .

ROMAN ACUPUNCTURE
An attempt to cure Julius Caesar's bed-wetting led to the Roman discovery of acupuncture. Unfortunately, the man well known for his iron will and cardboard bladder did not survive the earnest efforts of an emotionally overworked Senate medical staff.

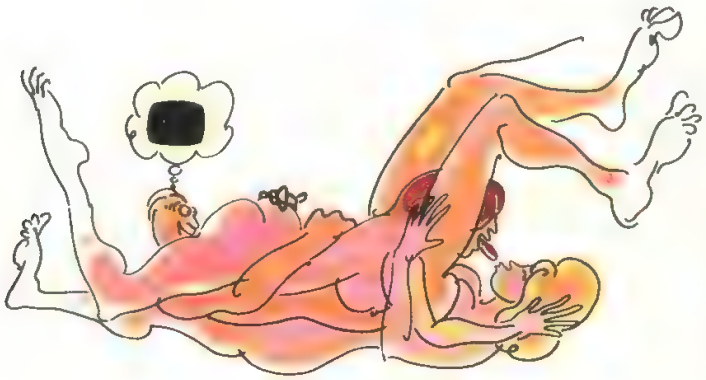
"LOSERS ARE
BIODEGRADABLE"
Those words were first uttered by
Pompous Assininus,
general of the armies of Rome, minutes
after a victorious battle
with the Epicureans near the dimpled
hills of Mammaria. To this
day Assininus is still referred to as the
father of modern fertilizer.







A PLANET IS NAMED
Many of the heavenly bodies in
our solar system were
sighted and named by brilliant
Roman astronomers,
including the star system of
Alpha Romeo, the
planet Rocco, and the
constellation Ungatz.

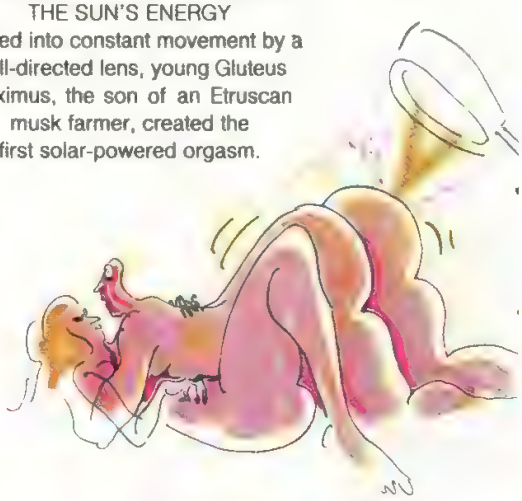


FLATULATUS DISCOVERS
THE CONCEPT OF TELEVISION
Roman Senator Flatulatus Aries, illegitimate offspring
of Offal the First, made this startling discovery during a
special session of the Senate Ethics Committee.

MESSALINA DISCOVERS THE TELEPHONE
The concept of listening through one end and talking into
another was first discovered by the Lady Messalina
during a brief stay at the Roman army barracks at Little Bigga
Horn. Messalina's "head" set was obviously the
forerunner or, rather, the foreskinner of today's telephone.

GLUTEUS MAXIMUS HARNESSES THE SUN'S ENERGY

Forced into constant movement by a well-directed lens, young Gluteus Maximus, the son of an Etruscan musk farmer, created the first solar-powered orgasm.

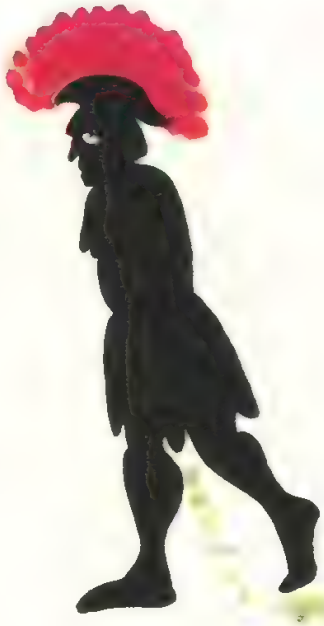


THE *FIRST* DRAMA CRITIC

Marcellus the Merciless, erstwhile patron of the arts and part-time geek, established the pattern for the contemporary theatrical review when he admitted that critical expressions of hate, hostility, and invective are much easier to write than those of appreciation, taste, and intellectual compassion.

URBAN RENEWAL—ROMAN STYLE

The Emperor Nero's successful clampdown on slumlords resulted in the massive beautification of the world's capital. His brilliant decision to burn the city to the ground enabled it to qualify for emergency disaster funds from the United States of America.



A ROMAN FIRST

Centurian Marcus Syphillus Drippus contracted the first known case of Legionnaire's Disease. "It's no worse than a bad cold," said the likable young soldier, who was known to his close friends under the dual nicknames of "Drip" and "Doctor Leakey."

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
Marc Antony's attempt to marry outside of the Jewish faith is one of the classic love stories of all time. The romance ended abruptly when the *haimisher* Roman refused an offer to recite 400,000 Hail Marys in order to gain forgiveness and freedom. He chose instead a messy end in Cleopatra's asp.

ROMAN MEDICINE
Ludicrous Callous, physician, alchemist, and inventor of the world's first three-minute laxative, practiced the art of healing with memorable verve and imagination. While most physicians saw radical surgery as the simple answer to the malignant accumulation of lint in the navels of teenage girls, he shrewdly observed that he could avoid the dangers and discomforts of surgery altogether by drowning the patient straightaway.

ROMAN HOUSE PETS
The Romans were well known for their love of animals. It was not unusual to find lions, leopards, and wolves among many other gentle creatures of God's earth casually dining in the Colosseum beneath a circling umbrella of trained vultures for the amusement of their benevolent masters.

PART THREE

As the cold war escalates,
Israeli intelligence forces are
necessary for our survival.

TALES OF THE MOSSAD

BY CRAIG S. KARPEL

Silence is a fence around wisdom.—The Talmud, Chapters of the Fathers, III:17.

I am told that when Menachem Begin first visited the White House, the chief of the Israeli security detail guarding him was advised that the U. S. Secret Service would take over protection of the prime minister during his meeting with Carter," says investigative reporter Craig S. Karpel. "It is said that the Israelis politely but firmly replied that they would continue to be responsible for Begin's safety, even in the Oval Office.

"It is interesting to note that since 1948 a team of would-be assassins has tried to shoot its way past the guards of the presidential residence, one president was attacked twice in crowds by assailants with pistols, and one had his brains blown out while he was riding in an open car. Yet in Israel, a tiny country besieged by enemies and plagued by terrorists, no high official has ever been attacked."

In Parts I and II of this series (January and March 1980), Karpel revealed some of the Mossad's most dramatic exploits and shed light on the rumors and half-truths that inevitably surround this most secret of secret services. In this concluding article he assesses the importance of Israeli intelligence to American security and visits the secret agent who built the Mossad.

THE TALE OF THE TWO-WAY STREET

The debate over Mideast policy has been framed as one in which all our practical interests are presumed to lie in adopting a more "balanced" Mideast policy, while the only arguments for continued support for Israel would seem to be moral ones—e.g., we should back up Israel because the United States refused to accept large numbers of Jews fleeing Hitler and declined to bomb the rail lines leading to Auschwitz, because Israel is the only democratic country in the area, and so forth. The question becomes simply, Do the moral considerations outweigh the practical ones?

Israel's role in the structure of Western security tends to be ignored in this calculation. "Most Americans don't realize how much their safety, their standard of living, their freedom, depend on Israel," says an American strategic analyst. "The notion that U.S. support of Israel is an impediment to our getting oil is a myth originated by the petrodollar lobby and propounded by the State Department. In reality, Israel is the only reason we're getting as much Arab oil as we are. Its superbly trained army is the garrison of the industrial democracies at the petroleum wellhead. That's why the Arabs can't abide Israel's existence. The Arabs believe that if it weren't for Israel's regional strategic reach, they could dominate the world. Take a look at the map. Israel is two miles from Saudi Arabia, and the Saudis know it, even if the rest of the world doesn't.

"What's worse, the Soviet Union has become the major power in the Horn of Africa, South Yemen, and the Indian Ocean. Russia's conquest of Afghanistan puts its land forces within 300 miles of Pakistan's ports on the Arabian Sea, and less than 350 miles of Iranian territory now separate the Soviet army from the Strait of Hormuz, the narrow mouth of the Persian Gulf through which every tanker coming from Iran, Iraq, Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, Qatar, and the United Arab Emirates has to pass. The Russians would love to get their hands on the West's oil tap. The United States has no ground-strike capability whatsoever in the entire region except via Israeli ports and airfields. The Egyptians don't want to let us use the Sinai airfields they're getting from Israel. We're reduced to going around hat in hand to Kenya, Somalia, and Oman—and even if one of them lets us have a base, we've got to build it before we can use it. And that's assuming U.S. politicians would have the

guts to commit our troops if America's oil supply was threatened. The United States backed off from a Soviet ultimatum in Iran when the shah was overthrown. We've made no military response to their blitzkrieg in Afghanistan. The only military force in the region that the American people can count on is the Israeli army.

"That's why the Soviets want to see Israel cut down to size. They know that if Israel can be negotiated back to its pre-1967 borders, it will have to concentrate so hard on defending itself that it will be unable to defend the region. If that ever happens, start studying Russian."

At a symposium on the strategic situation in the Middle East convened by Foreign Policy Perspectives, Maj. Gen. George J. Keegan, recently retired as chief of U.S. Air Force intelligence, said that "today the ability of the U.S. Air Force in particular, and the army in general, to defend whatever position it has in NATO owes more to the Israeli intelligence input than it does to any other single source of intelligence, be it satellite reconnaissance, be it technology intercept, or what have you.

"I could not have procured the intelligence on the Soviet air forces, their combat capabilities, their new weapons, their jamming and their electronics and their surface-to-air missiles, with five CIAs."

Keegan explained that Israel's intelligence capability "has kept the Soviets at bay in the Middle East and thus far has prevented the more radical Arab regimes from capturing Saudi Arabia."

"There were at least three attempts in the last fifteen years to overthrow Saudi Arabia through assassination of the king," Keegan said. "We know that in two of those attempts it was Israeli intelligence alone that made it possible to frustrate and thwart those attempts, as it was Israeli intelligence that on one occasion, and possibly two, prevented radical Arab, KGB-backed efforts to assassinate Sadat."

The other three members of the panel—Adm. Elmo Zumwalt, Jr., former chief of naval operations, Lt. Gen. Arthur Collins, former deputy commander-in-chief of the U.S. Army in Europe, and Lt. Gen. Benjamin Davis, former deputy commander of the U.S. Strike Command—agreed that our special relationship with Israel is not a one-way street.

Here are three examples of the oncoming traffic.

THE TALE OF THE MISSING RADAR

The most spectacular single item or "product" ever passed to the United States by Israeli intelligence—arguably the single greatest espionage coup of the postwar era—occurred a few days after Khrushchev's stinging denunciation of Stalin before a closed-door session of the twentieth congress of the Communist party of the Soviet Union on February 25, 1956, when the Mossad sent the CIA a copy of the speech. Even when the Mossad's networks within the U.S.S.R. are unable to produce a needed piece of information, Israel has other means at its disposal. For example, in late 1969 Aman was confronted with the problem of a Soviet-built radar station that the Egyptians had installed at an outpost on the Gulf of Suez. The station, which was capable of detecting aircraft flying too low to register on American radars, was an immediate hazard to Israeli aircraft. It had been proposed that the site be bombed. But Aman wanted to know how Russian radar worked so that countermeasures against it could be developed. So it decided that, rather than destroy the station, it would steal it. Intelligence agents provided the "reconnaissance unit" assigned to the operation with a plan of the installation and its defenses. In the middle of the night of December 26, 1969, the Israelis swooped down, killed the sentries, disassembled the seven-ton station, loaded it onto helicopters, and airlifted the radar and its crew to Israel. The United States was supplied with schematics of its circuitry and blueprints of its construction.

"I could not have procured [Mossad's] intelligence on the Soviet Air Force . . . with five CIAs," says the former chief of U.S. Air Force intelligence.

THE TALE OF THE RENTAL PLANES

It is said that at the time when Idi Amin Dada was conspiring with Libya and the PLO to support anti-Israel and anti-Western terrorism, Uganda Airlines was unwittingly leasing two Boeing 707s from the Mossad. The planes were chartered with crews from a Zurich firm used to pass funds by Israeli intelligence. The 707s carried cargo between Entebbe and Europe, stopping to refuel in the military airport at Benghazi, Libya. Mossad agents posing as navigators were on each flight and filed reports on the Libyan Air Force that the Mossad shared with U.S. and British intelligence.

THE TALE OF THE WARNING

In January and May 1978—beginning a year before the fall of the shah—Israel's highest intelligence officials conveyed to their counterparts in Washington detailed estimates of the emerging situation in Iran. Mossad sources had indications that Libya was financing Khomeini's activities. Mossad officers who had developed informants within the PLO reported that Arafat's organization was active in Iran, catalyzing opposition to the shah. The assessment of the Mossad's Tehran station was that, as matters stood, Mohammad Reza Pahlavi would presently be deposed. The United States had two options: insist that the shah clamp down on revolutionary groups by use of military force, as Hussein had done to the PLO in 1970, or put pressure on the shah to abdicate immediately and install Shahpur Bakhtiar as the head of the government before the Ayatollah's forces could gain the upper hand. Israeli intelligence was shocked to discover that the CIA expected the shah to remain on his throne, reigning though not ruling. The Israelis warned the United States that advanced American fighters and sophisticated *Spruance*-class destroyers in the Iranian arsenal would fall into the hands of the revolutionaries. If the Soviet Union were able to examine such weapons, U.S. security would be gravely compromised. The Mossad warned the United States to get those weapons out of Iran at all costs. Its warning was ignored.

THE TALE OF THE APPOINTED ONE

Earlier this year the American Broadcasting Company presented a television special based on *The House on Garibaldi Street*, by Isser Harel. It starred Martin Balsam as the legendary Harel, the Mossad chief who in 1960 abducted Adolf Eichmann from Argentina to face trial in Jerusalem for administering the murder of 6 million Jews. It showed how Harel's agents traced the former Gestapo officer to a nondescript house on the outskirts of Buenos Aires, where he was living as "Ricardo Klement," observed him until they knew his habits, forced him into a car as he came home from work, held him in a safe-house, and smuggled him onto an Israeli plane disguised as a crew member who had been in an automobile accident. While the program generally presented a realistic picture of the Mossad in action, the dramatization diverged from actuality in a way that typifies the manner in which the activities of the Mossad become varnished with fantasy as they pass into myth.

The teleplay's authors invent a former Nazi general who heads the war-criminal community of Buenos Aires. He has been told by Eichmann's son that Eichmann will unquestionably be taken out of the country on an Israeli airliner that is flying dignitaries to a celebration of Argentinian independence. He pays off a police official to keep the plane from leaving with Eichmann aboard. Harel has a close call when the café where he is having a meeting with his men is raided by the police official and all present are required to show identification. When the plane is about to take off, the police official at-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 167

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

". . . and just why would I be interested in someone like you, Mr. Fenster?"

The most consistent hitters, like Kansas City's George Brett, shown here in a perfect swing, are followers of Yankee batting coach Charley Lau, the

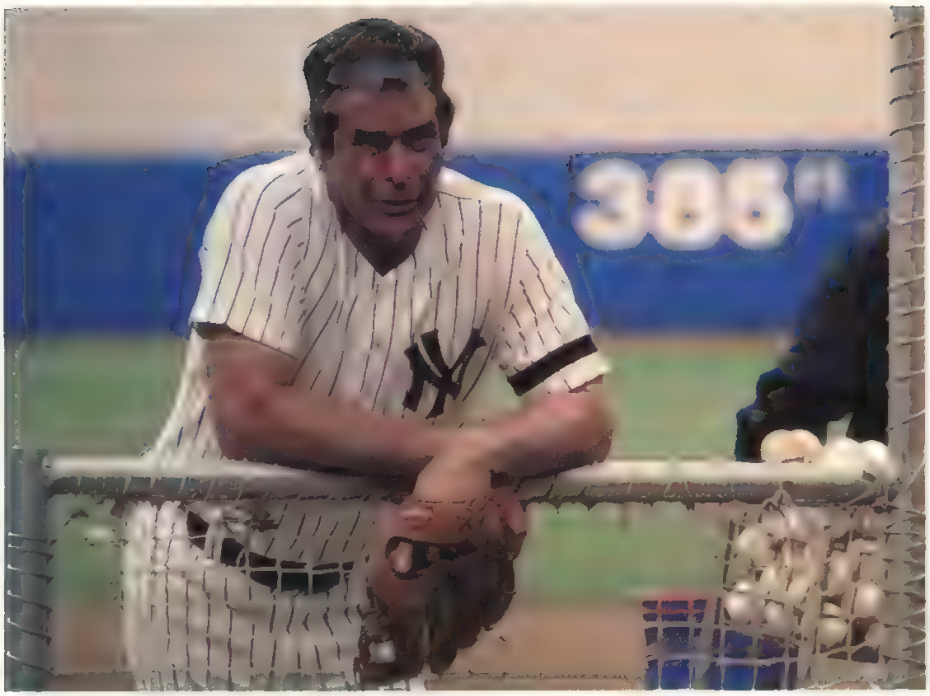
NEW SULTAN OF SWAT

BY PETER KAMINSKY

In the off-season, Charley Lau, the best and only major-league catcher to come out of Romulus, Mich., stalks bonefish with a fly rod and sells sporting togs to lady vacationers in the Florida Keys. Along about February 1 he drives north to Fort Lauderdale, removes his civvies, puts on a set of Yankee pinstripes, laces his cleats, sticks a wad of tobacco under his lip, and proceeds to do what he does better than any man in the world: teach big-league ballplayers how to hit.

Hitting a baseball is hard, very hard. It is, perhaps, the most difficult thing in sports. Rod Carew is a *great* hitter, and he fails two out of three times. Bucky Dent, a so-so hitter, fails three out of four times. The difference, then, between amazing and ho-hum hitters isn't that much. If a man can alter those bat percentages slightly—say, by five times out of a hundred—he's worth his weight in diamond-studded World Series rings.

Lau alters the percentages. That's why hitters love him and, not surprisingly, pitchers don't. He has some strange ideas about hitting; some would call them downright un-American. But over the last ten years, Charley has turned a bunch of high-school also-rans and minor-league washouts into fearsome batsmen—not home-run hitters, but guys who can get the key base hit at the right time. If, to paraphrase Isaac Newton, Lau has seen farther than



Leonard Kamsler

Lau instructs hitters to look *the ball right into the bat.*

have other theorists of hitting, it is because he has stood on the shoulders of giants (and Red Sox and Cardinals). He has spent 30 years in pro ball, and he has seen a lot of the great ones—Aaron, Williams, Mantle, Mays, Musial. From his observations and from long years of trial and error, he has developed a theory of hitting that is best expressed in the one word that he uses over and over again: *mechanics*; that is, removing tension and wasted motion from a batter's swing so that, from the balls of his feet to the short hairs of his eyebrows, all of his power, concentration, speed, and strength flow through the bat and into the ball.

How do you produce this economy and smoothness of motion? You "think" the ball straight up the middle of the field. You hit home runs by not trying to hit home runs. Very Zen. Perfect for baseball in the eighties.

Lau entered pro ball in the early fifties, in the days when managers were always right, when owners were all named Good Morning Sir, and when an amputee could still count every black big-leaguer on his fingers. Lau was a young catcher with promise. After nine years on the bus-and-burger circuit known as the minor leagues, Lau was a not-so-young catcher with savvy—just the quality that big-league clubs needed . . . on the bench. During the next seven years Charley Lau rode the bench for different teams, compiling a yawnable .255 lifetime batting average along the way. Which brings up every sportswriter's favorite Charley Lau question: "How the hell does a .255 hitter come off knowing so goddamn much about hitting?" Part of the answer goes like this.

Lau was a catcher. It is the catcher's job to tell the pitcher what to pitch. He makes this decision on the basis of his knowledge of the batter. Knowledge of batters comes from watching. Sitting on the bench for a thousand games, Charley Lau watched about a zillion batters. And as Yogi Berra once noted, "You can observe a lot just by watchin'."

The Theory of Mechanics did not spring full-blown, like some Minerva of the ball field, from Lau's weathered brow. Rather, it came upon him slowly, year by year. Each job, each experience, each team, taught him something new until one day the theory was whole. Karl Marx calls the process The Unity of Theory and Practice. Lau calls it Simple Winning Baseball.

By the mid-sixties, Lau's playing days were numbered. He had begun to hang around the Orioles' batting cage, giving pointers to younger players. One of them, Larry Haney, lifted his average to .268, up from .161 the previous year. Two seasons later newly appointed Orioles manager Earl Weaver offered Lau a coaching position. "I never really thought about being a hitting coach," Lau remembers, "but Weaver was so impressed with my work with Haney that he offered me the job. It was purely a matter of being in the right place at the right time."

After 92 seasons, the major leagues had their first full-time hitting coach . . . Charley Lau. That year Lau was given a project, Oriole shortshop Mark Belanger. Belanger's average went from .208 to .287, which were good numbers but not good enough to save Lau's job, as the Orioles were swept right out of the World Series by the lowly, albeit amazin', New York Mets.

In 1970, Oakland A's owner, Charles Finley, baseball's answer to zero-base budgeting, offered Lau the unprincely sum of $13,000 to teach the future world champions the finer points of putting bat to ball. Lau wheedled a few more pennies out of the penurious Finley and went to work.

The Oakland A's—Jackson, Bando, Hunter, Holzman, Blue, and the rest—were *the* great team of modern baseball. They could have been the best ever, but the sporting world was cheated out of a true dynasty by Finley's impacted wallet. Clutching his purse tight to his insurance salesman's bosom, he watched his stars desert him, one by one, as they reaped millions in the free-agent market. But in 1970 there were no free agents; the A's future was not yet behind them, and a young player named Joe Rudi was just another promising kid with good minor-league stats and a career major-league average in the mid-.180s.

Lau saw some potential and went to work. He didn't have what one would call a theory of hitting just then, but he did have a few good ideas. "The first thing we did," Rudi recalled, "was to see some films Charley had of the great hitters—Williams, Aaron, Musial. The one thing they had in common was a *smooth, tension-free swing*.

"I hit with Charley every day. We hit and hit and hit. You don't see results in two or three days. You have to take early batting practice every day. Charley shortened my swing and taught me to hit to the opposite field."

Point Number One in the Lau Theory: use the whole field. There are many hitters—good, strong hitters—who feel that a hit doesn't count unless they get around and pull the ball. Lau, in contrast, felt that by hitting the ball to the opposite field, one increased one's chances of getting on base. Why? Because teams fear the home run, and a home run is easier to hit by pulling an inside pitch than by muscling an outside one. In consequence, most dangerous hitters see a lot of good, hittable, outside pitches and a lot of bad, "strikeoutable" inside ones.

Rudi hit .309 in 1970, up from .189 the year before. In the years ahead he would be the iron man of the A's batting order—steady, dependable, and dangerous. "Charley Lau is the next thing to a saint," Rudi told me recently. "There is no question that I would not be in the big leagues today if it weren't for Charley Lau."

Lau's ideas were reaching a critical mass. He had spent the previous winter in the Dominican Republic. Before that he had played winter ball in Mexico and Cuba, and another year of managing lay ahead of him in the Dominican Republic. Although he is ambivalent about the lessons learned from our good neighbors to the South, I think that he did absorb some of the following . . .

If you stand your basic Latin ballplayer alongside your average American specimen, you will notice that the Terre Haute farm boy with the size 38 Louisville Slugger is big and tall. The South American is, more often than not, a good deal smaller. The American can pound the

ball into the seats while the Latin can get his whole body into the swing and *maybe* hit it to the warning track. In consequence, many Latin ballplayers concentrate on getting base hits, not home runs. Even big, strong Latins like Cepeda and Clemente were complete hitters, using the whole field, hitting the ball up the middle, and, to be sure, hitting the odd home run or two. Taken in sum, then, the Latins were *good fundamental hitters*.

It may or may not be the case that Lau had a "born again" hitting experience in South America, but it was a capstone, of a sort, on his education as a teacher. His next job was with the Kansas City Royals, and Lau descended on Kansas City like Billy Sunday, preaching the gospel of fundamentals: position, rhythm, mechanics.

The Royals were, to put it charitably, a weak hitting team. As part of their effort to develop somebody—*anybody*—who could hit the ball with authority, they had started an experiment called The Baseball Academy. Lau, recently divorced and in need of a steady paycheck, was asked to go to Sarasota, home of the academy.

The Baseball Academy was one damn fine idea. For some years the minor-league rosters had been shrinking. Many potential stars—those who might have entered the minors 20 years ago before big-time football started to rob the athletic DNA pool—left the game right after the high-school senior prom. At the academy they would be given a college education as well as first-rate tutelage in baseball arts and sciences.

This was baseball for the Switched On Age. Lau was given lots of toys to play with: video playback, 16-millimeter cameras, oodles of pitching machines, radar guns, everything short of Kyrillian photos of Babe Ruth's aura during a home-run trot.

He made a few discoveries.

One of them was the doctrine of The Dominancy of the Top Hand. Lau had noticed that many of the muscular types at the academy had a knack for taking big swings that ended up in groundouts. After much study, he thought that he had an explanation: say you're a left-handed hitter, a strong one at that. You come to bat on the first base side of the diamond. As you grip the bat, your strong hand, the left, sits on top of the weaker hand. The pitcher lets fly. You decide to swing, and both hands start to come around. But something happens that shouldn't. The strong hand overpowers the weak one, rolling the bat over before you get your arms extended. The result: you hit down on the ball. The ball hits the ground. The first baseman scoops it up, steps on the bag, and "you're outta there."

Back in Kansas City the parent club had a fine new park tailor-made for singles hitters. You don't have to cream the ball to get on base in Royals Stadium. All you have to do is make contact; the field does the rest. Once the ball hits the springy artificial surface, it will pick up speed, and if you "think" the ball up the middle of the field, it will zip past the outstretched gloves of the contorted and frustrated infielders.

"Hey, don't get me wrong," Lau opined one afternoon as we watched Ron Guidry pole half a dozen batting-practice home runs. "There's nothing more beautiful than watching a guy crush the ball for a home run. It means that, *mechanically*, his swing is perfect. I just wish some guys weren't so fucking obsessed with home runs."

This last is not a popular opinion. Fans love home runs. Owners and general managers love them because home runs put fans in the seats. Players love them just because. But home-run hitting is hard. To hit one, you usually have to pull the ball. When you pull the ball, you don't hit it up the middle and you don't hit to the opposite field. There are only two ways to get a hit when you pull the ball: you can put it in the seats, or you can hit it right through an overshifted infield. In other words, if you want to pull the ball, forget about the rest of the field. Let the opposing fielders know exactly where you are going to hit the ball and then jam it right down their throats. That's how "real men" hit. It's a test of manhood, a macho obsession, one that Lau works every day to undo. In the end it proved to be his undoing at Kansas City, when the higher-ups among the Royals decided they wanted more boom and fewer base hits.

> Lau descended on the Kansas City Royals like Billy Sunday preaching the gospel of fundamentals: position, rhythm, mechanics.

Lau stayed with Kansas City for seven seasons. In that time he helped to develop some pretty fair hitters—Hal McRae, Al Cowens, Frank White, and the incomparable George Brett. Lau's pupils didn't hit a lot of home runs, but they did win their division for three years running (1976, 1977, 1978). They won by hitting the ball up the middle, hitting it to the opposite field, hitting it wherever it was pitched so long as it advanced the runners.

Lau's greatest success story in Kansas City was George Brett, described by ex-catcher and Yankee broadcaster Fran Healy as "one of three hitters in the game who does not have a weakness. There is no safe way to pitch to George Brett." While Lau was working in Kansas City, his theories took final shape and Brett became their living, breathing incarnation.

It wasn't always that way. "Shit," says Brett, "I think I was the fifth-leading hitter on my high-school team." But Brett had something that Lau liked. From his earliest days as a teenager in the minor leagues, Brett was singled out for special treatment by the Master. At first he did *everything* wrong. But slowly, in time, through hundreds of early batting-practice sessions, Brett came around.

For five years George Brett never took a turn at the plate without first checking in with Lau. "Charley would tell me what was coming every time. He knew the teams, and he knew the managers, and he knew what to expect. Before every at-bat I'd get my helmet and go sit next to Charley and say, 'What do you think, Lau?' and he'd say something like 'You had a couple of good rips at the fastball, and there's a man in scoring position; so lay off the fastball and look for a fat curve.' Nine times out of ten he was right. Then after every at-bat I'd ask him, 'How was my weight shift, my rhythm, my extensions? Was I on my heels? Did I take my top hand off? Did my ass pull out?' And he'd tell me every time."

Weight shift, rhythm, top hand—those are the buzz words you hear anytime you hang around a batting cage. They are the elements, among others, that make up the Lau Theory of Mechanics. *Some people* call it The Lau Bullshit. But *some people* hit .250 and strike out a lot.

There is no question that Lau's students all bear a family resemblance in their style. But that isn't to say that Charley teaches everybody to do the same things in the same way. True, it all ends up where bat meets ball, and true, if all ballplayers were the same, in mind and body, then Lau would teach them all the same things. But such is not the case. Players are different. Bodies are different, and the road to the perfect stance—Charley calls it "the workable stance"—is different in each case. In much the same way that the hitter must adjust to the pitcher, Charley adjusts to the hitter.

So, if you're a young man between the ages of 18 and 35 and you want to earn big bucks in the high-paying field of .300 hitters, here's all you gotta do . . .

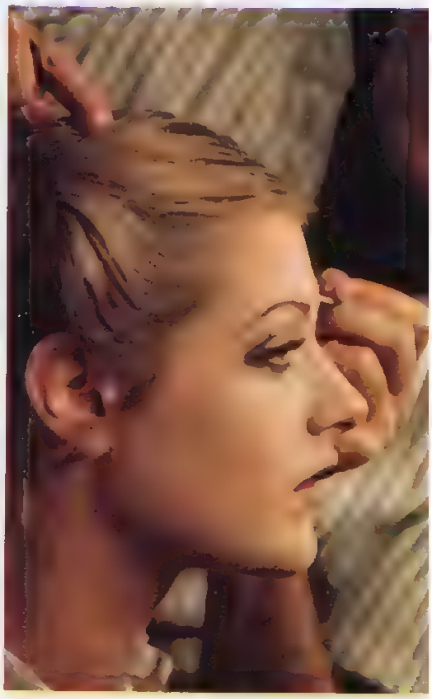
Forget about your arms for now. They may be as big as two beer kegs, but your power comes from your *whole body*, starting with the balls of your feet. A perfect swing is like the snapping of a bull whip: every part of your motion adds power to your swing . . . *if* you swing correctly. It starts in your feet. Your knees, hips, shoulders, arms, and, finally, your wrists all help build momentum, the momentum that will reverse the inertia of the ball, redirecting it from its path toward the catcher's mitt to a new path, out there in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

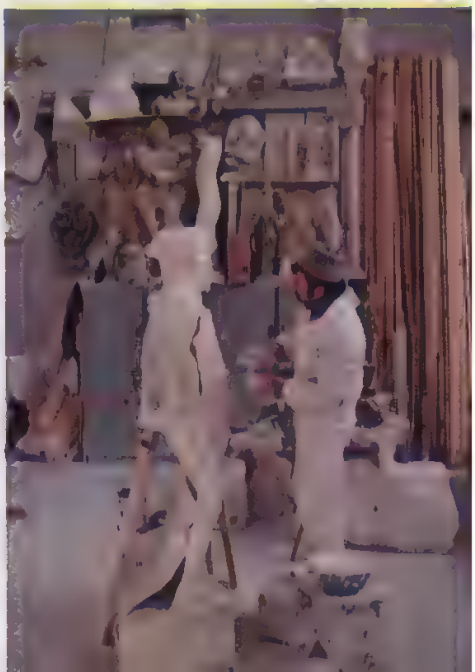
THE MAKING OF CALIGULA

Rome wasn't built in a day, and bringing ancient Rome to cinematic life in Caligula *required nearly four years . . .*

Filmmaking on a grand "epic" scale is never easy, but the technical obstacles encountered in re-creating the historically accurate world of first-century Rome offered an unprecedented challenge. The ambitious enterprise, first budgeted at less than $4 million, ultimately required more than four times that amount, or $17.5 million. Danilo Donati, three-time Academy Award–winner for set and costume designing, created and supervised the construction of 64 sets and 3,592 costumes for a small army of principals and extras. (The enormous sets were nearly a year in construction, and Malcolm McDowell alone had 26 costume changes during his cinematic reign as Caligula.) Filmed on location in Rome, *Caligula* consumed the entire facilities of Dear Studios as well as several mammoth open-air settings on the city's outskirts. Because of the controversial nature of the film the set was closed, and armed guards were posted around the clock to discourage curiosity seekers titillated by rumors of the film's sexual explicitness. The number of crew required for this enormous undertaking included hundreds of artists and craftsmen charged with recreating sections of ancient Rome in meticulous detail, from a mile-long parade of shops, dwellings, and public buildings to such props as the 5,000 handcrafted boots and sandals required by the film's cast.



Discovering (far left) that ancient soldiers' armor can't ward off the cold, Roman "extras" slip into overcoats between takes. Returning to dressing room, John Steiner (top left), who plays Longinus, Caligula's imperial treasurer. A production crew member (near left) uses an umbrella to shield the head of Guido Mannari (who portrays Macro, head of the Praetorian Guard) from the falling rain. Penthouse Pet Jane Hargrave (above) plays a priestess in the Temple of Isis.

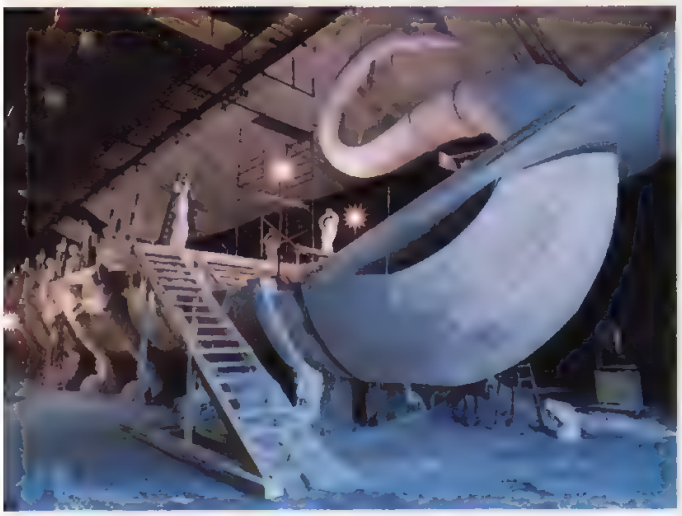


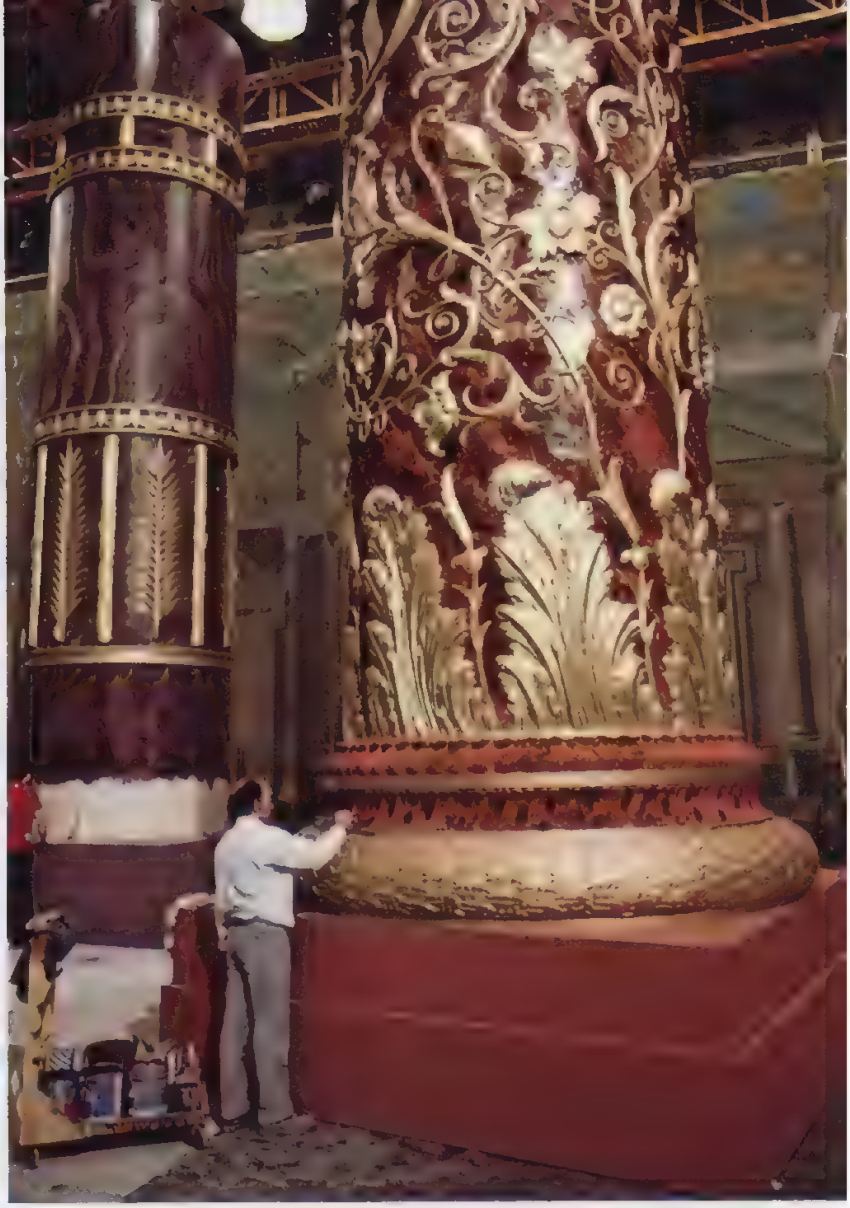
Severe rainstorms, which drenched Rome during the filming, almost caused the nearby Tiber to overflow, threatening to inundate such elaborate sets as Caligula's stadium. Spanning the size of three football fields, the stadium incorporated an enormous "killing machine," 5 stories high and 150 feet wide. According to historians, Caligula invented this machine in order to mow down his detractors in a suitably dramatic and terrifying manner. Other props and sets are similarly authentic: the bathtub where Nerva, the noble Roman senator and intimate of Tiberius, takes his life is equipped with steam vents and illuminated with flaming braziers to heighten the scene's dramatic impact.

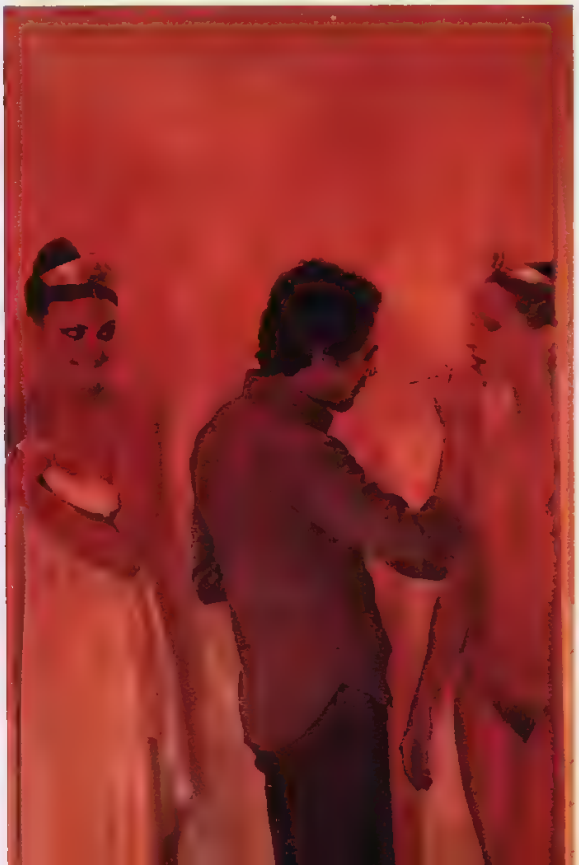
The stadium and the legendary killing machine (far left) in mid-construction; two of the youths who portrayed Roman soldiers (below left) relax between takes with a noncombative game of cards; a skilled artisan (near left) puts the finishing touches on a life-size pagan statue; a bemused worker (above) watches quietly while a Roman actress rehearses her upcoming scene.

Facial makeup required to transform Peter O'Toole into the aged Tiberius was flown in from Hollywood, Wales, Paris, and even East Berlin and then was painstakingly applied by makeup chief Guiseppe Banchelli—a process requiring three grueling hours daily. In an effort to achieve authenticity even down to minute details, more than 1,000 pounds of human hair was sorted and matched and then made into wigs fashioned in the intricate styles worn by women during Caligula's day, according to historical drawings and prints. The source of this hair was Sicily, where the peasant women boast the toughest, most durable hair in the world.

(above) Last minute touches set up an important shot with Peter O'Toole, Malcolm McDowell, and Guido Mannari. At top right, a hermaphrodite is fitted with an artificial phallus worn during an orgy scene in Tiberius's pleasure grotto. The bride Livia (near right) warms up with her fur between takes, and Penthouse Pet Lori Wagner (far right), as Agrippina, provides a lovely canvas for one of the makeup artists.





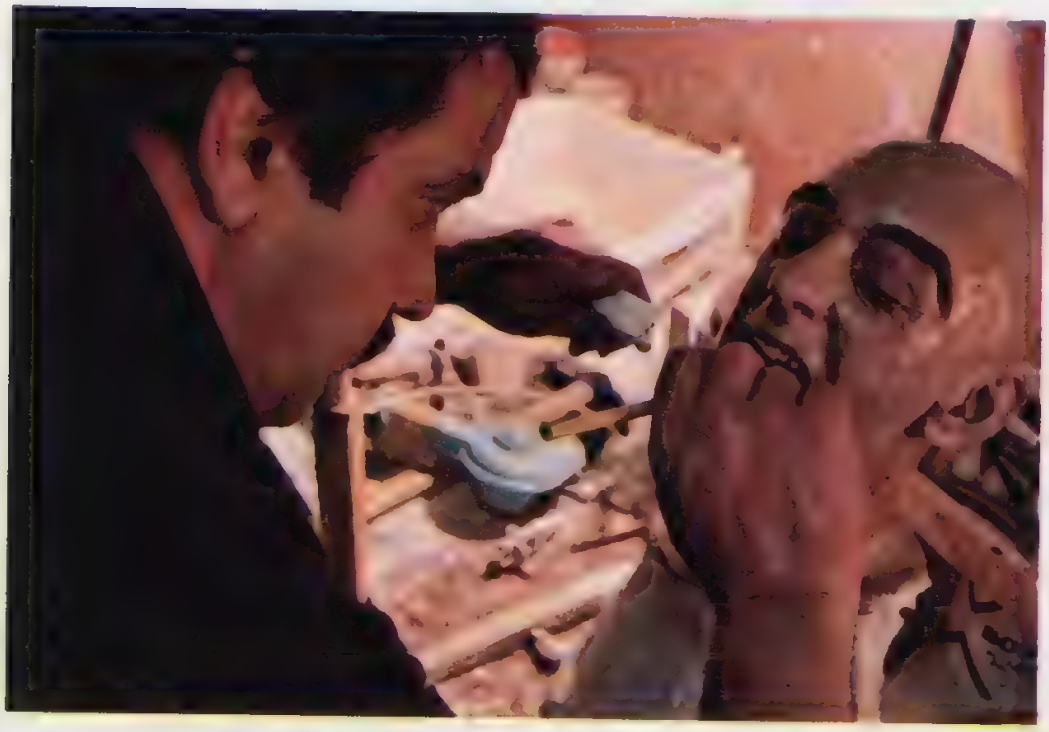


Helen Mirren (upper left), relaxing with a bloodied Malcolm McDowell, snaps back. A workman puts the finishing touches on another Donati creation (above top). Workmen finalizing the killing machine (above), the brothel boat (middle left), and Tiberius's pleasure grotto (opposite page).(left) Pets Anneka di Lorenzo and Lori Wagner are made up by an assistant.

Sparing no expense, Danilo Donati created the largest prop ever built: a full-scale Roman vessel, over 175 feet long and 30 feet high, boasting more than a hundred intricately carved statues and 120 hand-carved oars. For the stunning orgiastic banquet scenes, the talents of chef Guiseppe Maffioli, famed for the repast he created in Bunuel's *Le Grande Bouffe*, were enlisted

An inspired chef (below) puts the finishing touches on the erotic wedding cake of Livia. A beautifully turned extra (right) is measured for a skimpy Roman garment. (below) Three matronly Roman extras await their cues. (top right) An artisan prepares one of the many lifelike artificial heads used in the film's graphic beheading scenes. The artificial head of one victim (far right) looks disturbingly real.

Perhaps the film's most problematic casting decision involved that of Caligula's horse, "Incitatus," a part finally given to a good-natured Yugoslavian stallion named Davide. In one scene, where the horse lies beside Caligula in bed, the animal behaved like a veteran trouper. (Soothing lullaby music was played during the shooting.) Another critical "casting" decision, finding a newborn baby girl to appear as the child born to Caesonia, required the participation of several pregnant Roman women. The infant, "Julia Drusilla," made a perfect "entrance" in one take. When the filming of Caligula was finally completed on Christmas Eve of 1976, over 120 miles of film were in the can and ready for editing at London's Twickenham Studios. The production of Caligula reached its triumphant culmination this past February, when the film premiered to packed houses in New York City's Penthouse East. The entire undertaking required nearly four years—the same length of time that the real-life Caligula reigned.



Photographs by Mario Tursi, Eddie Adams, Stan Malinowski, and others

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

You can imagine the result. Tinto—a megalomaniac in his own right—blew his stack and threw Vidal out of the studio. I was upset for Gore, and yet, in the face of that ill-timed interview, I could understand Tinto's sense of outrage. I didn't want to take sides, but I had no choice. Gore's work was basically done, and Tinto's was about to begin. When you appoint a director, it's not unlike appointing the captain of a ship. Once the ship sets sail, the captain becomes its final and irrevocable authority. It's the law of the sea.

Penthouse: But at the same time, you must have had a sense that Vidal, given the enormity of his accomplishments to date, might have been fundamentally correct.

Guccione: Not really. You're tending to compare apples and oranges. Certainly, between the two, Vidal was by far the more prodigious talent. But the making of a motion picture is a collective effort, involving the input of a great number of artists and craftsmen and a great number of specialized talents. You need everything from choreographers to carpenters, from hairstylists to plumbers, from electricians and makeup artists and actors and cooks to architects, lawyers, accountants, voice coaches, dialogue directors, photographers, grips, set designers, and numberless others, equally important cogs in the creative wheel. And for one man to think that a film can be almost exclusively his work is a mistake. It's a team effort, and like every team, you need a captain. In the case of a motion picture, the captain, once again, is the director. If you don't like what he does, you remove him.

Penthouse: Was the critical problem, as Vidal later charged, that Brass was extensively revising his script as he went along?

Guccione: No.

Penthouse: Not true?

Guccione: No, not in the sense Vidal meant it. Tinto made revisions as he went along because it was necessary to the visual flow of the film. When a screenplay is reduced to a shooting script, certain changes inevitably take place. And no author in the world, no matter who he is or how important he is, can say, when he submits a screenplay to a director, that the screenplay must remain inviolate. It simply doesn't apply, because each of them sees the action from a different vantage point: the author sees it verbally; the director sees it visually. And since a motion picture is a visual rather than a verbal experience, guess who wins—it's like the difference between television and radio. Although the two entertainment media are not that dissimilar, there are vast changes and differences in bringing the work to the public.

Penthouse: Still, at that point, you seemed to be acting more as a referee than a producer.

Guccione: You're absolutely right. What was happening was not my idea of how a movie should be made, nor was it my idea of the producer's role. But the real problems, the day-to-day battle of the egos, the petty squabbles, the temperaments, the ever increasing budget, fell on the shoulders of Franco Rossellini.

Penthouse: Wasn't Franco your co-producer?

Guccione: Yes, but he was more than that. Franco Rossellini is a man of unusual talent and great charm. He's the nephew of the late Roberto Rossellini and Ingrid Bergman. Roberto, along with Fellini, De Sica, and others, created the Italian motion-picture industry out of the rubble of World War II. Franco's father, Renzo, is one of the most celebrated musician-composers in Europe. A very talented family. But Franco's art lies somewhere beyond the applied variety . . . more like a Diaghilev than a Nijinsky . . . a ringmaster with an impeccable nose for public taste. Franco was the line producer on *Caligula*. He assembled most of the players, artists, and craftsmen, handled the money, and effectively ran the day-to-day operations of the company. Franco is not a producer in the Dino De Laurentiis tradition. Dino is a superprofessional. He thinks and acts with computerlike logic, a machine creating art. Franco is a window dresser: fussy, temperamental, but very insightful, creating clever relationships with the right alchemy of people and talent and then dealing with them as one deals with a classroom full of unruly, temperamental, and spoiled children. He does this, among other things, extremely well.

Penthouse: Let's return to the genesis of the movie. How did you get involved in making this particular picture? You had never made a movie up to that point, right?

Guccione: Well, the Penthouse organization had never produced a film from scratch, although we had been involved in other people's films by way of investment.

Penthouse: What kind of films?

Guccione: We were the single largest investor in such films as *Chinatown*, *The Longest Yard*, and *The Day of the Locust*. And, as you know, two of those—*Chinatown* and *The Longest Yard*—made a lot of money. *The Day of the Locust* did not. But just making money on our investment and being peripherally associated with

COMING NEXT MONTH

As *Caligula* made motion-picture history, so did the love scene between Penthouse Pets Lori Wagner and Anneka di Lorenzo, as Messalina and Agrippina. Tenderly passionate and breathtakingly erotic, the women personify ancient Rome at its most splendid and most decadent. The June issue of *Penthouse* will present the most candid photographs from this extraordinary scene in a special pictorial.

filmmaking was not terribly satisfying to a creative organization. I really wanted to make my own kind of film, a film that would be memorable, one that I felt could be as new and as significant and as revolutionary to motion pictures as *Penthouse* has become to magazine publishing. So, with that intent, I sought and obtained both Franco's and Gore's agreement to weld scenes of explicit sexuality and violence to an otherwise establishmentarian project—i.e., big stars, big budget, et cetera, et cetera.

Penthouse: But here, it seems to me, an interesting problem begins to surface. Some people have said: look, here's Bob Guccione, a guy who, despite the fact that he really doesn't have to anymore, continues to take pictures for his own magazine. So wouldn't you have the same situation if Bob Guccione went into movie production? Wouldn't it just be out of the question for him to let everybody else take the pictures? Wouldn't he, at some point or other, want to get involved in the visual part of it, visuals being his strength?

Guccione: I never thought of it that way, but I suppose you're right.

Penthouse: You ultimately did get very deeply involved, perhaps more involved than you had meant to be in the beginning. But how much of that was by design, and how much of it was by accident?

Guccione: Good question. I never intended to involve myself, certainly not in the actual shooting, until I saw the way Brass had mishandled and brutalized the film's sexuality. No matter what instructions I gave him, no matter how many times we discussed a scene and agreed on its interpretation, Brass would go out of his way to do the opposite. When I was in Rome and present at the studio, he would work within the parameters we had originally agreed. The minute I left Rome or even turned my back, he would go thundering off on his own.

Penthouse: You mean you had moments of real doubt?

Guccione: Oh, yes, I had moments of real doubt, plenty of them! Hell, we'd look at the rushes and realize that we were talking about one kind of movie and Brass was shooting another. Let me tell you how ridiculous it got. When it came to casting certain senators and noblemen, he would deliberately recruit them from a pool of ex-convicts, thieves, and political anarchists that he happened to keep in touch with. That was his sense of humor. The Penthouse Pets were kept in the background and, whenever possible, out of sight. If Franco and I hadn't appeared on the set from time to time, our girls would have been lost forever. It was not uncommon for Brass to have the girls costumed, made up, and on location at five-thirty in the morning and then have them stand around all day in the bitter cold, only to be sent home at midnight without spending a single minute before the cameras. Whenever possible, he would use old women—fat, ugly, and wrinkled old women—to play the kind of sensual roles we had provided the Pets for. He thought that was funny, too.

Penthouse: What about the sets? Wasn't there some kind of a problem between Brass and Danilo Donati?

Guccione: Danilo is a major talent. If he is difficult and temperamental, you learn to live with it. That's part of the price you pay for his art, and by the best industry standards, his art is unique. Danilo Donati is the real star of *Caligula*. He not only designed the sets, but he did the costumes, jewelry, hair styles, wigs, and makeup. Next to him, Brass is a crude and uncomprehending lout. Despite the fact that he shot approximately 120 miles of film—enough, incidentally, to make the

"That will be all, Jeeves."

original version of *Ben Hur* about 50 times over—he ignored anywhere up to half the sets and props that Danilo had created. Naturally, Danilo was heartbroken, but Franco and I were wild. With a little planning on the director's part, we could have saved millions.

Penthouse: Didn't you once suggest that Brass had actually tried to sabotage the film?

Guccione: As strange as it may sound, it's true. It took us some time to understand that we were up against a very sick guy.

In the beginning, I found him—or at least I thought that I had found him—cooperative. He seemed to understand what we were trying to achieve, and we offered him something that comes to a relatively unknown director once, if at all, in a lifetime: a chance to make a film of colossal proportions and also an opportunity to exercise an almost free hand artistically.

Penthouse: But why, with all the money you had to spend, didn't you choose someone more reliable, someone with a track record for honesty and professionalism?

Guccione: For several reasons. I had consulted with other directors, including people like John Huston and Lina Wertmuller. Huston was interested in a similar project I once had, but his agent became greedy and difficult to negotiate with. Lina was another problem. She loved the idea of making *Caligula*, but she wanted to get rid of Gore and change the title to *Lina Wertmuller's Caligula* . . . a bit of a mouthful and one that failed to take into consideration the fact that I had already shelled out damn near a quarter of a million dollars to get Vidal's version on paper. She also had the rather improbable notion that Jack Nicholson should play Caligula.

In the end, Tinto was my idea. He was cutting *Madame Kitty* when I met him, and I had seen a couple of reels and felt that he had a certain raw but workable talent. He was insufficiently known to be too demanding, and I honestly felt that the magnitude of our project would keep him in line.

Penthouse: You mean to say that you didn't check him out—you didn't talk to other producers who knew him and had worked with him before?

Guccione: That's right. I hired him blindly, over lunch. He appeared to grasp our rather difficult concept at once. And it was obvious that he didn't have any emotional hang-ups about sex. Quite the contrary. I later learned, of course, that he had given his last two producers the same kind of problems he gave us. But it was too late. The die, as they say, was cast.

Penthouse: How did he get along with McDowell and the others?

Guccione: Fine. He and McDowell were in each other's pocket. O'Toole disliked him on sight, and I don't think Gielgud cared very much one way or the other. Sir John did his thing without a murmur . . . without intrigue and without problems. He was a complete gentleman throughout, never demanding and never complaining. Just goes to show you that real talent can survive without benefit of an overbearing ego. Helen Mirren was the same. She is an important talent . . . much bigger than either McDowell or O'Toole. It's a shame her part as Caesonia wasn't more demanding.

Penthouse: Did Peter O'Toole give you any problems?

Guccione: I don't think I ever saw him sober. He doesn't drink anymore, or at least he wasn't drinking then, but he was strung out on something. From time to time it took a little longer than usual to get him on the set, and when you've got six or seven hundred people standing around, his little habits can become goddamn expensive. At the end of the film he became a real pain in the ass. He wouldn't revoice his own part. He held everyone up by constantly breaking appointments or just not showing up at all. Dubbing studios and the professional people that go with them are expensive and difficult to reserve. Finally, after chasing him halfway around the world, we nailed him in Canada, and one of our executives dragged him in front of a mike. It wasn't easy, and it cost us a lot of unnecessary money. On top of which, he gave interviews to the press, condemning the film he had never even seen rushes of. Nice guy! He took our money—and then tells the world the film is so bad it'll probably never see the light of day.

Penthouse: And McDowell? How did you get along with him?

Guccione: Malcolm is another story. He's a fine actor but a shallow person. He and Tinto were inseparable . . . not because Malcolm particularly liked or respected him but because he was easy for Malcolm to manipulate.

Penthouse: Why do you say shallow?

Guccione: Cheap is a better word . . . stingy! Stingier than anyone I have ever known. In my not inconsiderable experience with people, Malcolm McDowell holds the all-time record. I don't think he ever paid for a cup of coffee. At one point he took a bunch of people out to dinner to celebrate an Anglo-Italian football match that England had won. He took them to the most expensive place in town, ordered champagne, and made a big show of being the generous host. In the end he stuck the choreographer with the check, saying that he had forgotten to bring enough cash. Several weeks later the choreographer, a relatively poor and modest man, came to us and asked if we could repay the money Malcolm owed him. He said that Malcolm told him to collect the debt from the production because he had taken the Pets as well and they were part of Penthouse. He did that on more than one occasion, but in blatant

Brass shot approximately 120 miles of film—enough, incidentally, to make the original version of *Ben Hur* about 50 times over.

Peter O'Toole. Nice guy. He takes your money and then tells the world the film is so bad it'll probably never see the light of day.

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and obvious ways that would have mortified anyone else.

At the end of the production, according to industry tradition, he gave his dresser—an elderly woman who used to bathe and dress him every day—a cheap, second-hand silver pendant with her name misspelled. It couldn't have cost five dollars, and when she pointed out the mistake and gave it back to him, he accepted it cheerfully. He then offered her his signet ring from the film. A worthless prop which she again graciously refused, saying that she couldn't accept it, as it belonged to the company. "Never mind," he said, "you keep it; I'll take care of the company." The poor woman was speechless. In all the years she had dressed stars like Robert Taylor, Kirk Douglas, Bob Mitchum, et cetera, et cetera, she had never seen anything to equal either his cheapness or the direct and unblushing way he carried it off.

Penthouse: Any more horror stories? How about the Pets and the "extra scenes" attributed to you and Giancarlo Lui?

Guccione: The Pets were the saving grace. Without them, I would have been lost. They were wonderful. They took everything Brass could throw at them, and they held their ground. The production was divided into two camps: the Penthouse people, including our girls, on one side, and Brass and his mob on the other. But we won . . . if you can imagine such a lunatic competition in the middle of a multi-million-dollar production.

We finished shooting on Christmas Eve, and everyone went home. Giancarlo and I slipped back to Rome a few weeks later, bringing 11 or 12 girls with us. We hired a skeleton crew, snuck back into the studios at night, raided the prop room and created out of the remaining odds and ends a few little sets. The boat was still intact, and we repropped that as well. During the day we cast about 30 more people, some of whom had already worked in the film. We wanted them for continuity purposes.

We lit, staged, directed, and photographed the scenes ourselves. I had never even touched a 35 mm motion picture camera before, but I took one over and started to shoot. I was on one camera and Giancarlo on the other. We filmed the famous lesbian scene between Anneka and Lori for two nights running. We worked for hours nonstop, and the crew never complained once. They were some of the same people who had worked for Brass, and they knew how we had been ripped off and welcomed this rather unusual opportunity to make amends.

The girls were marvelous. They worked under difficult conditions, and there, in the huge, semidarkened stages of Dear Studios, Anneka di Lorenzo and Lori Wagner contributed something beautiful and lasting to the history of motion pictures.

Penthouse: It sounds wacky. I've never heard of a producer sneaking back into the studio at night to reshoot scenes his director either failed to do or did improperly.

Guccione: We had to. We had no choice. We worked four or five nights in all and put together enough material to make the difference. We had to do it that way because of the peculiar laws governing a director's rights in Europe. We even had to sneak the negative—all 120 miles of it—out of the country and into England. Don't ask me how we did it; that's another horror story. Had anything happened to it—the negative, I mean—all would have been lost. Imagine . . . the entire budget of the film, all 17.5 million dollars' worth was wrapped up in those cans of celluloid. That's all that was left of the money; it was all there . . . in those tin cans.

Penthouse: What happened when you got the negative to England?

Guccione: The first thing we did was to fire Brass. That's when all the lawsuits started. Tinto was suing us, we were suing Tinto, Tinto was suing Gore, and Gore was threatening to sue everybody else.

The negative was hidden away in musty vaults in cans marked, "The Pecos Kid," "My Son, My Son," and other such names. Technicolor, which had been doing our printing, suddenly threatened to throw us out lock, stock, and barrel, and we had to make another midnight raid on the vaults, removing the negative once again (a thing you're never supposed to do, because of the delicate and irreplaceable quality of the celluloid itself). This time we scattered it about in different places, fearing that Technicolor would tip off the police that under British law, we were making an illegal film. By day, of course, we were editing the work print at Twickenham Studios as if nothing had happened.

Penthouse: What next?

Guccione: The British unions got into the act. Word went out that no one was to touch the film; no one was to work on it. We were wrapping up the editing and began to worry about the negative again. But there was nowhere left to go. Since the unions started sniffing around, we really began to worry. They would know how to find it, and we knew the sanctimonious bastards were looking in earnest.

Another midnight raid, only this time we took it out of the country. We took it to Paris, made a few prints, and brought the whole thing (hopefully) to its final resting place in New York.

Penthouse: And you opened *Caligula* on February 1, at your own theater, the Penthouse East.

Guccione: Where, I'm happy to say, it's broken every standing box-office record at the theater—we took over the former Trans-Lux East.

Penthouse: What next?

Guccione: Don't know . . . But it's bound to be interesting.

Stingy!
In my not inconsiderable experience with people, Malcolm McDowell holds the all-time record.

Tinto was suing us, we were suing Tinto, Tinto was suing Gore, and Gore was threatening to sue everybody else.

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POISON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

And, of course, it did not. Around Thanksgiving of 1969, Catherine decided to "wander back ayonder" to check out reports from her hired hand that the cattle, which had migrated to the warmer lowlands, were losing their hides and displaying degenerating hooves. The young had burn marks on their mouths, apparently from sucking on their contaminated mothers, and their skin was coated with what looked to be diesel fuel. When Catherine got there, she was shocked by the sight before her: the swift bayou, once teeming with crayfish, was blackened with a tarry, black substance, and some 149 cows and calves were dying. Rains had washed through the levee, eventually contaminating an estimated 545 acres of land. Alligators died and in the bayou perch were lying belly up. The 16-inch skull of a loggerhead turtle littered the damp, odorous ground. During the Mississippi's annual flooding, the waters in the swamp rose far up the trees; the high-water mark was clearly demarcated by fragments of junked automobile batteries that hung from the branches. Highly dangerous chemicals had permeated the soil for several feet down.

After ten years of courtroom wrangling over the swamp, Ewell was granted $375 per acre, which was not nearly enough to restore the devastated soil. "What's the use of owning land?" he asked. "If they can do this, why own property? Why pay taxes? This land is no good at all. Ruined. When we go down into the swamp, as you saw, we poke sticks around in the ground and black stuff oozes out. It's like a nightmare; only the nightmare is real, and it's our own land, and it's destroyed for all time."

In the northeastern states, where chemical processing began, the crisis was especially manifest. New Jersey, for example, at one time had 125,000 of its citizens working with chemicals. One consequence is that the state is surpassed by no other in its oversized landfills and contaminated drinking wells. Another result is that its Piedmont region, toward the north, has become the widest lane of a grueling industrial stretch known as "Cancer Alley."

The state's Department of Environmental Protection on December 26, 1978, issued a press release headlined, "DEP'S GROUNDWATER STUDY SHOWS GOOD WATER QUALITY." Summarized in the glowing announcement were results of an ongoing, multi-year water testing program. It was somewhat perplexing, therefore, to read that the main trend uncovered was that "trace levels of some of the chemicals under investigation" were contained in "virtually all the wells tested." Moreover, the preliminary testing exposed the contamination of three public supply wells—not previously known to be a problem—that had to be taken out of service because of the randomly discovered poisoning. Carcinogens were obviously spreading their way throughout the state's heavily used aquifers and had been unknowingly ingested for years.

Perhaps the effect already had been detected. In 1976 citizens of New Jersey were disquieted to learn that, between 1950 and 1969, their state's cancer rate for white males was the highest in the nation. While New Jersey had 3.5 percent of the country's populace, it had a full 4 percent of new cancer cases. Stated in raw numbers this means: each year, 14,000 people in the state were dying of "environmental" cancer, and 24,000 were in the process of developing it. Since the state's cigarette consumption was in line with that of such low-cancer states as Wyoming, something else was clearly taking the ugly toll. In Rutherford there was a leukemia epidemic among schoolchildren, and chemicals were pointed to as the likeliest cause.

> Hazardous wastes can be properly treated and contained, but that costs money. As for those many dumps already in existence, it could cost up to $50 billion to clean them up.

There were fears that near the new sports and exposition stadium in the Hackensack Meadowlands mercury was evaporating from the ground and into the air. The reason was an old dump that, it was discovered accidentally, contained about 300 tons of mercury, an especially dangerous metal.

In Minamata Bay, off Japan, an acute and massive outbreak of mercury poisoning occurred beginning in 1952. It left dozens dead and others wildly convulsing. Cats ran screeching through the village and then, in a fit of hysteria, drowned themselves at sea. Crows fell from the sky. In New Jersey's meadowlands the soil was contaminated with higher levels of mercury than those in most sediments at Minamata—so high, in fact, that the quantities were similar to those in a mercury mine. Officials have considered everything from covering the large zone of contamination with clay to spreading a layer of asphalt over acres of the marshland.

One of the companies involved with the plant that had dumped the mercury was the Velsicol Chemical Corporation, of Chicago. In environmental literature, Velsicol's name is a familiar one. A dump site it owned near Medon, Tenn., has contaminated the wells of those living along a rural road to the point that their hot water smelled like the fumes in a factory. Those who lived along the stretch complained of dizziness, nausea, skin rashes, and paralysis. Although the federal government knew about the potential for disaster in 1967, it allowed the situation to remain until 1978, when the people began to complain vociferously. Only the future will tell whether exposure to the carcinogens will result in malignant tumors.

If a California pathologist named Dr. Pietro Capurro is correct, one town, near Elkton, Md., has already seen the deadly results of exposure to wastes and chemical-recycling facilities. The place is known as Providence Valley, a community nestled among quaint gullies and valleys that in the spring burst forth with a nearly luminous verdure. Partly up one of the hills sits a small house that, since 1943, has belonged to Dorothy Logan and her husband, John. The living room is small, a comfortable room they have decorated with religious icons. Hung prominently on a wall is a striking painting of a young girl, sitting in a wicker chair. It is set off by a dark background.

In 1961, in the shell of an old, burnt paper mill at the bottom of the valley, less than a mile from the Logan home, the Galaxy Chemical Company quietly began the business of reclaiming waste solvents from companies along the East Coast, including DuPont. Such ventures have often been considered a step in a corrective direction, since they not only reduce the amount of residue that is buried in the earth but also provide a central point at which officials supposedly could monitor industrial-waste activities. Those who lived near the Galaxy plant did not have such a positive attitude, though. It gave off fumes that permeated the valley. And, again, no government agency was properly monitoring it.

From 1961 to 1976 there were 685 complaints about the valley's air made to Cecil County and the state. Residents, it turned out, were suffering from headaches, nausea, chest pains, dizziness, and other ailments. They wondered whether Galaxy was the sudden cause. Looking up at night toward a street lamp, residents saw greenish and yellow fog. Ailments seemed to improve when residents moved away for a while.

When I asked Mrs. Logan about the striking portrait, she told me she had bought it to remind her of a daughter, Diana. "I tried to protect her," she said. "I kept her in the house, shut up, and even bought an air conditioner. I didn't let her play in the yard." Then, at 5:40 A.M. on November 17, 1968, Diana "went to sleep" for good as she lay on a mattress filled with ice water—a futile attempt to

bring her temperature down. She was five years of age and the victim of leukemia. Mrs. Logan did not know whether the odors in the air had anything to do with it, but suspicions remained.

Dr. Capurro had once been a resident of the valley, until his health convinced him a move to the West Coast might be a good idea. In 1967 Dr. Capurro became involved in a bizarre and perhaps historic controversy over the small, sloppily run chemical-waste plant. That year Dr. Capurro, who directed the laboratory at Union Hospital, began noticing odors in the air. The first summer there was especially severe. "We had the windows open, and all of a sudden—streams and streams and streams of odors were coming into the house," remembered his wife. "The whole valley reeked."

While his complaints to authorities brought no results, the pathologist decided to test the air himself, using equipment he purchased. He said he found in the air benzene and carbon tetrachloride—the latter also a carcinogen—as well as other potentially harmful compounds. On at least one occasion he found carbon tetrachloride *inside* his home, and, startlingly enough, also began detecting the substances in the blood of those nearby.

In the light of these ominous findings, it was only natural that Capurro would begin tabulating illnesses. This he did with a gruesome efficiency. At one juncture, in 1970, the doctor reported in a scientific journal, *Clinical Toxicology,* that of 43 people who had been exposed to solvents, all were suffering from chronic fatigue, 36 had acute episodes of burning throat, 32 had headache problems, and 24 told of chest pains. Seven people had an elevated lipase level, indicating possible illnesses of the pancreas, liver, or other digestive organs.

Capurro's gloomiest moments must have come in the early 1970s, when he began counting cancer victims. The figures vary, but it has been reported that the pathologist judged leukemia to have an occurrence 50 times what one would expect by chance, malignant lymphomas to be occurring at 58 times their normal incidence, and pancreatic cancer to be at similarly high rates. When I last spoke to Capurro, he said that new studies of his have placed some of the figures even higher. When officials finally investigated the matter, they found "an indication of both spatial and temporal cluster of lymphatic cancer death." But the plant was never permanently closed, and there are still complaints of odors.

Through the investigation Capurro became involved in a bitter dispute with Galaxy. Capurro was involved in a class action suit against Galaxy that was successful. Galaxy then sued Capurro and lost. Galaxy now has another suit pending against Capurro.

There are many other sites like Galaxy. Often, such small companies can't afford

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to abide by environmental rules or are run by profiteers who, at a substantial price, collect industrial trash until their warehouses and yards are filled and then simply declare bankruptcy and leave the mess to the taxpayers. In Lowell, Mass., about 20,000 barrels and 300,000 gallons of toxic wastes of all types were left behind, while in Seymour, Ind., a firm accumulated 50,000 drums of residues, many of them leaking. But the worst case, of course, was in New Jersey. In the city of Elizabeth, a company called Chemical Control left 34,000 drums to rot in an area not far from residents and within an explosion's reach of huge natural-gas storage areas. Some of the compounds could ignite upon mixing with other chemicals or simply by exposure to *air*. Nitroglycerin was found among the substances in the heap.

There have been copious indications that some dealers in the waste business may be puppets of organized crime, which has seen the situation as an opportunity to make quick cash. The owner of a Rhode Island "pig farm" was found, not so long ago, to have buried highly hazardous wastes in unfit trenches; he had once been called, along with reputed crime boss Raymond Patriarca, into a Senate subcommittee investigation of alleged bookmaking operators posing as legitimate news fronts to disseminate race results. The "farmer" had served time for gambling. Published accounts, quoting state officials in New Jersey, have linked other figures involved in dumping with the Gambino "family" in New York's metropolitan area.

Another way of making money is to take in waste oil for a price and then, to compound profits, spray it on roads as a dust-control measure. The problem is that many types of oil are contaminated with PCBs or other toxicants. Last year a Kansas farmer unknowingly rubbed PCB oil on his cattle to keep flies away.

Russell Bliss of Missouri was one such "scavenger" involved in dust control. During a period of several months in 1971, he drew from a waste storage tank residues from the manufacture of hexachlorophene, which carries with it dangerous quantities of dioxin. To understand fully the respect for which dioxin is held, one must realize that its disposal is safe only if it is incinerated under high temperatures at sea; in one case in which factory equipment was found to be contaminated with dioxin, the parts were encased in cement and buried in deep waters off the Azores.

Apparently Bliss did not know, or did not want to know, about such unpleasant characteristics. He sprayed the toxin on horse arenas and on a rural road. Within days sparrows and other birds roosting in the barn rafters dropped from their perches and died, along with dozens of horses. One six-year-old child living nearby was rushed to a hospital with respiratory troubles and hemorrhaging. Another daughter subsequently developed health problems. The mother, Judy Piatt, who herself subsequently suffered a stroke and angina, followed Bliss on his truck jaunts and claimed to have seen him improperly dumping other shipments. One regional EPA official told me that Bliss had a "terrible" track record, including the alleged dumping of solvents on a farmer's land. That cost taxpayers $528,000 to clean up, he said, adding that there were at least 40 other alleged incidents rumored among environmentalists, who, apparently dissatisfied with government's role as a watchdog, have taken to following Bliss on his routes.

Another example comes from East Texas, where last year motor oil contaminated with nitrobenzene, a solvent that possibly could cause cancer, was dispensed on six roads illegally. The chemical had been blended with the oil by Browning-Ferris Industries, the nation's largest disposal firm. It was then given free to contractors and even town commissioners for use as a dust suppressant. It was later to be charged that while the company would have netted $290.85 per tank load of the waste if it had had to dispose of it in a proper landfill, it instead made $1,087.35 on each load it simply gave away. Soon those who lived near the improperly disposed oil complained of nausea and livestock losses. A chemist who worked there testified that he was forced to resign when he objected to orders from management to blend in the harmful substance.

> No one at EPA can tell you exactly how much hazardous waste is finding its way into secured landfills and how much might leak out years from now.

At the EPA's Office of Solid Waste I learned that the history of the waste oil debacle goes back, again, to World War II. During that time, hundreds of companies were in the business of oil rerefining. Then came the age of high-performance car engines, and suddenly additives were needed to boost the oil, and the old refining processes were no longer up-to-date.

But that, according to EPA sources, was not the only reason we began wasting oil. After all, rerefiners could have adjusted their technology. There was little incentive for doing so, however. In the 1960s, a glut of crude oil supplies developed, especially among the more powerful firms like Exxon (then known as Esso). Since lubricant oil is a high-profit item, and since there was that surplus, oil companies were not exactly delighted by talk of rerefinement.

"The companies put barriers up," said Hugh Kaufman of the EPA. "It was very interesting. The Department of Defense had a group that wrote standards for all petro products for federal and state governments. Everyone keeps to those figures: it's the only standard for purchasing. Any oil that doesn't make it gets squeezed out of markets. What the companies did was get a sweetheart deal to exempt rerefined oil—it was eliminated from the marketplace. Even if rerefined oil meets the standards, it still can not be used." Kaufman alleged that the official charged with forming those guidelines later went to work for the American Petroleum Institute. "In 1965," he adds, "the Federal Trade Commission, based on lobbying efforts, put labels on rerefined oil. That label discourages those who want to rerefine." When he spoke out against such wasteful practices, outside pressure came to bear against him. And so, while countries such as Germany and France have good programs for reusing oil and recycling other wastes, America lags far behind, meanwhile allowing the oil to be burnt up in furnaces where harmful substances such as lead can be released into the atmosphere.

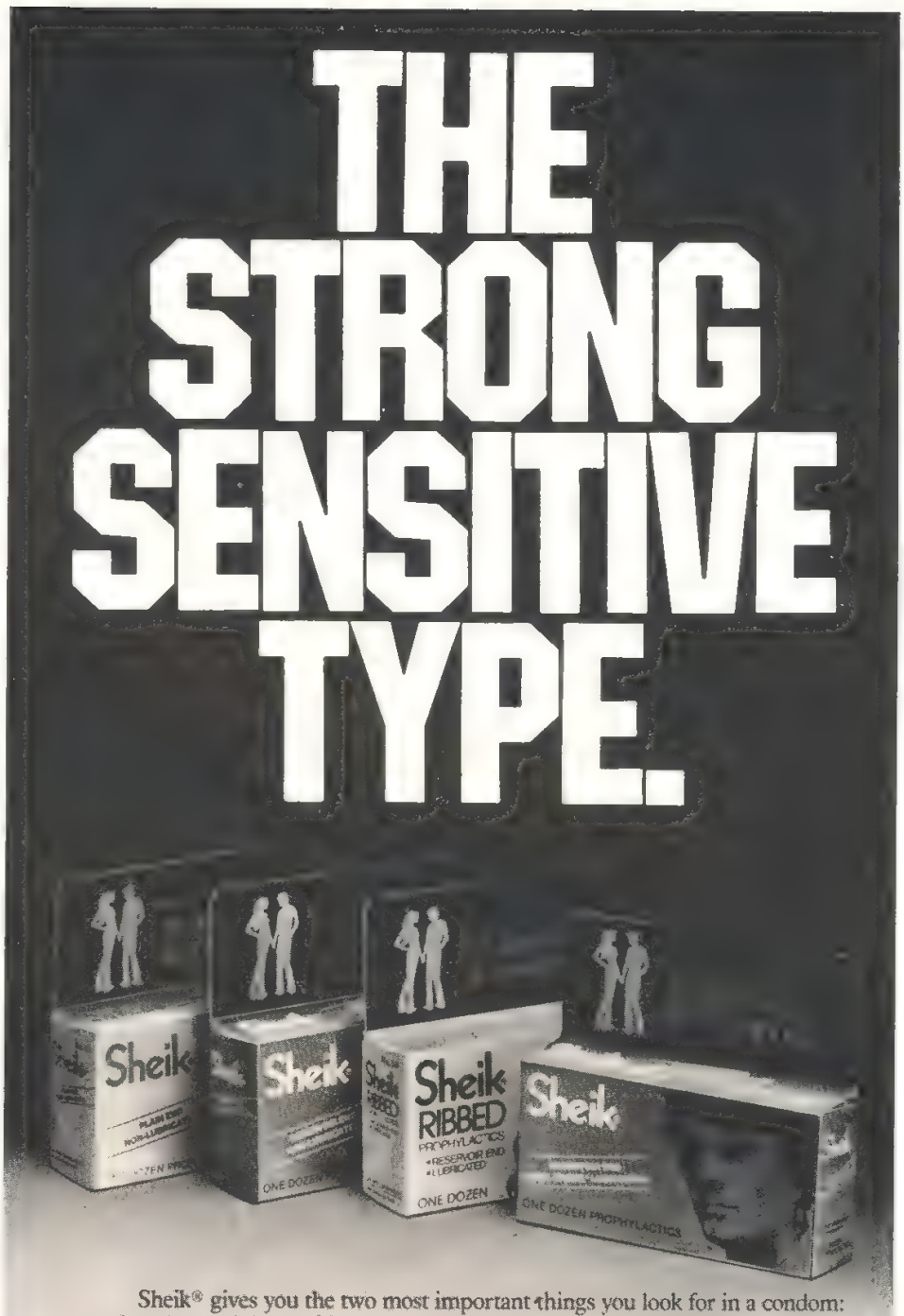
While Californians stare up at the smog, below their feet some highly dangerous chemicals are percolating through the soil—and into their wells. In one recent study the state found 23 wells contamined with a substance that causes sterility. In other instances noxious fumes have volatized off waste lagoons and spread through the air—cyanide gas among them.

Despite progressive environmental legislation, California continues to have some severe waste hazards. One thousand feet above sea level, in a canyon at the side of the Jurupa Mountains near Riverside, there are about 20 pits holding industrial dregs from Los Angeles, Orange County, and Riverside itself. During periods of heavy rains, water would collect in the poorly placed pits from the gutterlike canyon gullies, to the point of overflow. So it was that, in 1978, state authorities were forced to release 600,000 gallons of the contaminated liquids early one morning when a retaining wall threatened to collapse from the pressure. Toxic materials flowed, in a root-beer-colored ribbon, onto nearby pastures and down into the small community of Glen Avon, right by the neighborhood school. The water supply for students there had been closed when pollutants were found in a well, but it was not until a local resident formed a citizens group and petitioned officials for years that remedial actions were begun.

Hooker, the firm that dumped in the Love Canal, also had its problems in California. A plant it managed in Lathrop illegally poured pesticides into a lagoon and discharged fertilizer and nitrates in a way that caused contamination over a three-mile radius around the Occidental plant. In 1975, documents show, the company's management knew that it was violating California laws but proceeded on until 1976. The firm did not inform the state of the contamination problem until much later. "Our neighbors are concerned about the quality of water from their wells," one environmental engineer wrote to his superiors, trying to get funds for a remedy. "Recently water from our waste pond percolated into our neighbor's field. His dog got in it, licked itself, and died. Our laboratory records indicate that we are slowly contaminating all wells in our area, and our own wells are contaminated to the point of being toxic to animals and humans. . . ." The engineer said that he would not want to drink out of the well; yet he never mentioned the problem in communications with the state's water-quality board. Industry is reluctant to take corrective steps because, quite simply, it cuts into its profits.

At times, the source of a community's misery is not so easy to detect. But that something wrong is happening takes no physician to discern. A bizarre medical mystery is currently plaguing a small farm community in Michigan that draws its drinking water from wells located near a disposal system for Dow Chemical. While technicians have not yet proved a cause, those who live there have watched geese and chickens hatch with their wings on backward, hordes of cattle inexplicably die, and ponies develop hooves deformed upward like the shoes of an elf. In one family the father had facial cysts and dizzy spells, the mother had a history of pregnancy problems, and a son had been born partially deaf and had lost a kidney. Another child, a daughter, had black teeth. Neighbors reported everything from paralysis to skin that was turning unusually dark, and a doctor who specializes in environmental medicine, Dr. George Waldbott, concluded they were probably being poisoned. Despite these problems, the county's health commissioner saw no need for a formal epidemiological study, and the EPA began to investigate seriously only after a senator's staff became concerned over widespread reports of human suffering.

The environmental damage—which will take future human tolls—has been enormous. We now find stubbornly resistant chlorinated compounds in the sediments of nearly every major American river and accumulating in our most valued freshwater lakes. Like time-release capsules, the chemical landfills slowly dissolve, inexorably dispensing their harmful contents. In Montague, Mich., a dump has polluted 2 billion gallons of groundwater with deadly C-56; at Lake



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SHEIK

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Ontario, officials have declared the fish unfit for consumption.

From the environment, toxicants inevitably weave their way up the food chain, until they reach man. Scientists are now detecting such substances as PCBs and DDT in virtually all samples of milk drawn from human breasts in many regions. The legacy for their children: possibly an early cancer.

To read the EPA's journals is to believe the federal government has a firm handle on the problem. Through one such journal, the EPA announced in February 1979 what it called a "waste alert"—described as a major program to increase public understanding of, and involvement in, hazardous waste management. One press conference it held was called, "Are hazardous waste dumps 'ticking time-bombs'? Will there be more Love Canals?"

For years the agency knew that the answer was yes to both questions but simply ignored the situation and reprimanded those at headquarters who tried to do anything about it. At least as early as September 29, 1976, and probably before, the regional agency for Ohio knew about a deteriorating disposal plant in Deerfield, where thousands of tanks and drums were being improperly tended to, allowing fumes to permeate the air and chemicals to seep into the ground. Little was done about it. Then, on May 4, 1978, the agency's hazardous-waste management division sent to Robert DuPrey, an official for the region, a note that said: "It has come to our attention that there may exist in Ohio an imminent hazard situation resulting from the storage of 100,000 barrels of hazardous waste. . . "

The region's response? "I do not intend to send any person from this office out to inspect the facility at this time . . ." wrote DuPrey. "My greatest concern is the manner in which the term *imminent hazard* appears to have become loosely used. . . ."

When regional administrators were not resisting remedial efforts, the highest officials at headquarters took up the task, discouraging those several investigators looking for dangerous spots from aggressively pursuing their important duties. In that division were demoralized men who had grown so distraught with these attitudes that they had begun attacking their superiors publicly for callous disregard.

The most vocal dissident was the free-wheeling 37-year-old, Hugh Kaufman, whose sweater vests, rimmed glasses, and neat, short-cropped brown hair belied his posture of whistle blowing. "What we have to do is force the system to help the people out there," he told me. "[EPA Administrator Douglas] Costle and Jorling and the White House are interested in covering up imminent hazard situations, because they don't want to pay for the ultimate remedies. It's easy to sit up here and forget about the people who are drinking pesticides in their water." Kaufman told a congressional investigating subcommittee that he had been ordered to "put a hold" on his search for dangerous situations. After he testified, he found a picture of a pig and a piece of stale cheese on his desk. "What we have is another scandal on our hands," he said. " 'Garbage-Gate.' "

In 1976 Congress passed a law, the Resource Conservation and Recovery Act, that calls for the upgrading of landfills and sets forth a myriad of new controls over waste materials. But the EPA is nearly two years behind in implementing it. There has been much infighting over how strict the regulations should be, and this has caused innumerable delays. At one session concerning new regulations, an EPA official warned: "Don't take on the oil and gas industry at the outset. . . ." Kaufman and his former boss, William Sanjour, both complain that lobbyists for the electrical industry, oil producers, and manufacturing chemists have had effects. Both of the men have since been transferred to different offices in the EPA, while oil companies, which own many of the chemical firms causing problems, have enjoyed unbridled waste-disposal activity. Sanjour has labeled his superiors' conduct as "immoral and illegal." "The lies," he said, "—you can build mountains on them." Once, according to Sanjour, when he complained to one superior that people were being poisoned, the boss said, "I can be facetious and say you've been doing it for the last ten years—so what?" And laughed.

> "There definitely is no requirement to go out and 'discover' hazardous situations," repeated an EPA administrator.

Naturally, the excuse for not taking action is the nation's economy—inflation. Hazardous wastes can be properly treated and contained, neutralized by chemicals or high-temperature incineration and the residues stored in specially built, "secure" landfills, but that costs more money than simply tossing the drums in an open pit does. As for those many dumps already in existence, a federal consultant has estimated that it could cost up to $50 billion to clean them up.

Under close questioning, top EPA officials admit that it might be next October before regulations under the Resource Conservation and Recovery Act are implemented. So reluctant has the agency been to form specific regulations on the chemical industry that one environmental group has drafted a motion for an order against EPA administrator Douglas Costle to show cause why he should not be held in contempt of court. The agency has repeatedly promised final deadlines for the regulations, only to push them farther in the future. Court-ordered schedules have not been met, and to this day no one at EPA can tell you exactly how much hazardous waste is finding its way into secured landfills and how much might leak out years from now.

Steffen Plehn, the EPA official charged with formulating many of the regulations, claims that the agency is taking its time because it doesn't want the regulations to be successfully challenged in court once they're implemented. "It's hard to explain how hard it is," he asserts when queried about the delays, which are in effect allowing indiscriminate dumping to continue. EPA's major problem is the result, he says, of the "stumblings and bumblings of an agency responding to a new [public] directive." But why wasn't the agency even *looking* for hazardous situations? Answers Plehn: "We didn't want to create a scare." Besides, he says, the agency was not directed to look for such sites—although in fact the RCRA does give the agency a mandate to identify the problem.

For his part, Costle tends to blame the Nixon administration for "starving" the budget of the EPA. This assertion flies in the face of Kaufman's recollections: he has charged that when Carter came in, his budget to investigate the situation was *reduced.* As far as allegations that the White House has pressured the EPA to go easy on industry, Costle says that such is "flatly not true," despite charges by at least one underling that, during one meeting on the regulations, a ranking EPA official mentioned pressure from the White House to keep regulations from damaging the economy. The EPA missed the problem, Costle told me, because "it is the visible stuff that attracted people"—fish belly up in rivers, black soot from smokestacks, not deadly compounds seeping underground. "For a long time it has been an out-of-sight problem," says the EPA's top official. Yet again, there are studies on file in his own agency, dating back years, that predicted a crisis situation in hazardous wastes.

So it is that the nation's pocketbooks come before its health. In places such as Medon, Tenn., where those wells were contaminated by Velsicol, the explanations from Washington come as no comfort. One resident, Raymond Boyd, saw his first child born little more than a skeletal figure, with his digestive organs growing outside of his body. "They say it wasn't heredity," he said. "But you can't get no one to say it was chemicals. Can't do it. They're all afraid, and it seems like—like nobody cares no more."

Any man is their potential victim.
They don't discriminate. They really don't care.

FEMALE RAPISTS

HUMOR BY GEORGE ROBERT STEELE

In the cavernous recesses of America's largest cities lurks a major threat to the virility of the urban male. If you are confident enough to venture out alone at night—step lively. Walk softly, carry a big stick, and, most important, don't flirt with an engaging young woman. She may be a rapist. Yes, cloaked by the overwhelming vastness of the modern metropolis there is a new and ominous menace. There now exist bands of women whose chief pastime is sexually assaulting and terrorizing young-to-middle-aged men. The tactics and habits of these women vary, but their purpose is the same: to sexually use, abuse, and humiliate their male victims. They are receiving little, if any, coverage by the media. There are basically two reasons for this. First,

censorship, which is exercised by the male directors of the media. Second, and most important, the reluctance of most men to admit that they have been sexually assaulted.

My awareness of these adventurous women came about through the words of a friend at a social gathering. At first, I thought she was just kidding me with her tales of female rapists. But a few weeks later she showed me a copy of an underground newspaper printed by, and for, female rapists. It's called *C.U.N.T.* She said the "C" stood for "Capture" and added that I would have to figure out the rest. She wouldn't let me keep the paper, but as we talked, I skimmed its photographs of captured men, articles, and letters. It was through this friend that I met several lovely ladies who definitely have more surprises in store for men than a bottle of Harvey's Bristol Cream.

MS. T: MUFF MASTER

Few, if any, female rapists will work alone. It's simply safer, easier, and more interesting to work in a group. When people with a common goal form a group, one person almost invariably becomes the leader. Ms. T (as she likes to be called) is one such leader. For the past three years she has been directing the country's most successful band of rapists. I'm told that she's referred to in every issue of *C.U.N.T.* She is famous for her daring and imaginative rapes. One of her most admired achievements was the rape of a famous World Boxing Association champion.

We met at Chapman's on East Fifty-third Street in Manhattan. It's just a few doors down from Harper & Row, where she holds an executive position and probably several executives. As I sat waiting nervously, I envisioned her to be a cross between Bette Davis, Clint Eastwood, and Lee Marvin. My mouth was so dry that each drink seemed to be absorbed directly into my tongue.

After only a few short centuries she arrived. She was incredible. Tall, young, succulent, and hypnotic. She walked in, looked at all the men in the room (most of whom were looking at her), and then walked directly over to me. She instinctively knew who I was, but I was still confused. "You're Mr. Steele!" she said reassuringly, as her gaze went into my eyes and stopped somewhere just to the right of my left nut. I closed my mouth, half stood as she seated herself, and felt relieved that I now knew who I was. She was blonde, with piercing blue eyes, and seemed to be in her mid-twenties. Her soft, pink sweater caressed perfect breasts and kept me staring at her nipples. After considerable reflection on the curvature of her ass, I was sure that the effect was an illusion and her pants had once been worn by a peach.

As with most of her sister rapists, T's motivation is simple to comprehend. "I do it because I like it!" she explains with a smile. "I'm no feminist, but power certainly plays a part. There's also challenge, excitement, and intense sexual pleasure." Unlike some women who share her exciting hobby, T claims not only to like men but also to respect them. "In the past years the girls and I have raped hundreds of men. Not one has ever sought revenge."

With her beauty and bearing, T naturally became the leader. It's hard to believe that behind her gentle face lies a mastermind of psychological strategy. In nine out of ten cases, it is she who chooses the victim and the scene of the rape. Often she will lure him to a rented house or cottage in the country or by the sea. Her eyes sparkle when she reveals, "In many ways, it's the first moments of the rape, when your captive is held spread-eagled and secured, that are the best—when you take his balls in your hand, give them a careful but forceful squeeze, and he starts to realize he is not in control. That's when he is truly trapped. We control his body, mind, and senses. His pleasure will be our pleasure.

"You must remember that the men I choose are not turned on by or into masochism or bondage. I will agree that the very idea of being raped is simply different for a man, but don't confuse seduction or getting laid with being raped against one's will. The men who become our victims reach as much of a turning point in their lives as any woman who has been raped does. Not only are these men stripped bare physically, but their deepest sexual needs and fears are torn from their darkest hiding places. Buried emotions are brought out for the first time. Their sense of identity and will melts as they beg the women who possess them for greater pleasure or sexual release. They reach heights of sensual ecstasy, frustration, fear, and fulfillment reached by very few men or women.

"Few of us have conventional sex lives any longer. The hunting, planning, capture, and rapes are simply too time-consuming and sexually draining. Besides, after being as deeply involved in this as we are, we find that the sexual activities most women call "normal" are sadly lacking. So a guy licks your clit or nibbles your nipple—it's like comparing a bicycle ride to a roller coaster."

CHRISTY: PRICK PRIMER

The general consensus among most of the women who like to have a man "hanging around" seems to be this: "If you're going to a rape, get there early!" Christy is one girl who always does. In fact, she gets so much out of the beginning that her "rape mates" usually let her get the ball rolling. She's probably remembered by most for her deep, shining auburn hair (high and low), her delicate, pink skin, and her round, exquisite breasts. In short, she's a girl men gallantly rise for, regardless of the situation. She is young, extremely wealthy, and, like most of her associates, seems to be blessed with an extremely high IQ and SEX Q as well.

"For me, it's suspense—sexual suspense. I don't hate men, I don't worship them, but I don't hate them either. What I do love is the expectancy that develops in the earliest stages of the rape. There's electricity in the air.

"Let me explain. The first thing we do, after one of us has lured the victim to the appointed site, is to surprise him by suddenly appearing en masse. We form a circle. He's quite confused at first. Most of the time we're all standing before him scantily dressed; so he's usually a little stunned but not too worried. Then four of the largest and strongest girls grab one

of his arms or legs. If needed, we will tie or secure him to a frame. If he is tall or powerful, it's a must. But, one way or another, we quickly have him spread and helpless. Now he *is* worried! This is when I walk up to him, grinning, my eyes gleaming. I've been told that I'm so excited I seem to glow; I guess I love this moment the best—the power, the expectancy, his confusion and tension. Men almost never struggle or fight, at least not in this stage. There must be some kind of subconscious male ethic involved.

"I walk up slowly, giving him time to take things in. I like to wear a dark, heavy robe or cape. As I cross the room, the cape opens and my legs dart in and out. My skin is so fair that I think the combination of the dark velvet—usually purple or burgundy—slowly pushing back and revealing my legs and brief glimpses of my pussy and breasts really turns him on. By the time I reach him, his erection is always full. As I approach each "Man of the Hour," I stop about three or four feet in front of him and pause, looking him up and down. Waiting lets the desire swell up in me. Sometimes the smell of my juices will start to fill the air. By now, he's sure sex is on the agenda, but I don't think he expects to remain helpless and feel humiliation at the hands of beautiful women. He can't expect that he will be ravaged in a way he ever dreamed possible. Stepping closer, I run my hands over his shoulders, down his chest, over his hips. I bring my hands to rest on his buttocks. With coyness, I step up against him, press my breasts into his chest, and look up into his eyes. My lips are moist and open, as though I were inviting him inside me. Slowly, I bring my hands around his hips to his crotch. I caress his organs, squeezing them for a long time. His clothes start to become a source of frustration for him. I think it's amazing that at this point *every* man sighs and moans. It's then that I stand back and slowly draw a red, feathery plume from within my robe. I love to watch his terror at this moment. Each man is afraid we're going to tickle him to a slow, torturous death.

"I rip open his shirt to bare his chest and get down on my knees. With an evil grin on my face, I run my left hand up his leg while I raise the feather. "Oh, God!" always seems to come from his throat—his lips are frozen. It's worth mentioning that even as tense as a man is at this point, he will almost never lose his erection. I always find that incredible. Reaching up past his crotch, I grasp his belt with my left hand and hold the plume up with my right. I pull it toward me, pause, and then glance up into his face with a pensive look as he, almost in a trance, gazes down. As we look at each other, I suddenly stare at his belt. The girls tell me that he immediately does the same. With a strong pull I yank off the belt. I raise the feather in a circular motion, brushing up against his face—his eyes always follow it—then I suddenly release it, and it floats down to the floor. All this ceremony begins to make him feel manipulated, controlled, and powerless. There's only one step left—a final assertion of power. I very gently slip my fingers inside the front of his pants. Then I pull them down and let them drop to the floor. I'm always very careful *not* to pull down his shorts. His cock looks like the main post of a circus tent. I lean forward and just barely brush each of my cheeks against its head as it stretches and pushes against the fabric. Sometimes, as I do this, I reach up and let a fingertip lightly touch his balls through the cloth or run down the valley of his thigh and crotch.

"Like a repentant sinner, he stands (or hangs) with his head bent down as if in prayer. His eyes are glued to my every move. I let this part last as long as I can, waiting until he's ready to go mad. Then I stop.

"Slowly, in a very exaggerated manner, I raise my hands and flutter my fingers. As he watches, his genitals and muscles ache. Carefully I slip my fingers inside the waistband of his shorts. For a little while I run my hands around the inside. Occasionally I brush against the base of his shaft. I love to watch and feel his stomach muscles ripple and twitch.

"Reaching behind him and under the cloth, I run my fingers over the cheeks of his ass. I fan my fingers and rub my hands around on his rump. During this bit, my mouth is so close to his stomach that the heat of my breath causes his skin to shiver. To play on this, I bring my hands around so that my fingers run down the crack of his ass. Holding his cheeks apart with my palms, I run my fingers over his ass hole. I know that he wonders if I'm going to enter it, but I don't. I have to leave some things for the other girls. As I reach down under his waistband and cup his rear end in my palms, I lower my arms. This forces the back of his shorts to slip down. The girls all voice their approval as his bare bottom is revealed. The front of his pants hang up on his cock which, by now, is jutting out in front of him like a diving board. Then I run my fingers up over his cheeks onto his hips. For a second or so I tickle his privates before I pull the elastic out beyond the end of his prick. I pause before I lower his drawers. For now, he is the only one who can see his stiff prick. All men must think of it as their friend or secret weapon, and it's about to fall into

the hands of the enemy. So I let the anxiety grow. As he stares down at it, I wait—the girls all inhale expectantly. We all feel the suspense grow. He sucks in his gut, and his nuts tighten as I slowly lower his shorts to reveal first his cock and then his balls. The girls all sigh and move closer to get a better look. In fact, they come quite close for the first time. As he and we all stare at his groin, the tension is unbelievable. With only my fingernails, I gently scratch from the bottom of his balls around and up to the base of his shaft. Then a small white bead of juice will seep from the head of his cock. I let some of my tongue reach out and lick it away. The first touch must feel like fire, because his cock will always jerk up into the air as soon as my tongue makes contact. Unexpectedly, I retrieve the feather from the floor. At this, his eyes bulge, and he begins to tremble. Hastily and with pretended carelessness, I tear the rest of the clothing from his body. I lightly glide the feather back and forth across his chest, working my way down his stomach. By now he's usually shaking like a leaf. I like to run the tip of the feather around the base of his dick and see his whole body jerk in one hell of a spasm.

"When he's so frightened that he can hardly breathe, I run it quickly under his balls. He gasps so hard when he feels the softness run across his nuts that you think everyone else would faint from lack of air. Well, now he's really ripe. He's so scared he could shit (in fact a few have at this point). Now he's so horny that if he shot his wad, it would probably knock me out.

"After I give him a few moments to cool down a bit, the action begins. Still kneeling in front of him, I bring my mouth to within an inch of his throbbing dick. I lick my lips and place a long, wet kiss right on its tip. My tongue slowly makes its way down, then up, the underside of his member and then plays for a few seconds with that tiny hole. As he starts to move his hips in an unconscious attempt to thrust his cock down my throat, I firmly grasp each of his balls and begin to squeeze. At first, he doesn't quite realize what's happening, but when he starts to feel the pain, he becomes agonizingly aware that we have total control of his pleasure. He then knows we are using him to achieve ours.

"Gradually, his rocklike erection turns into a soggy breadstick. He can do little more than look at me in a pitiful, pleading way. My needs satisfied for the time being, I stand up. His limp dick and aching balls are in the palm of my hand. With the most disapproving look I can muster, I shake my head.

"I look at his genitals, weigh them in my open hand, give them a hard flip upward, and they flop against his body. Most of the time, the slapping sound is lost behind the groan he makes. Now he can feel his vulnerability. Now he knows he is our prisoner. Without looking at him, I say to the girls, 'He's yours!' All of the others are pretty horny by this time. In a flash they're all over him. They stroke and pinch his ass, balls, and whatevers—their lips and tongues are on every inch of his body. Riding a tidal wave of jiggling tits and asses, he's carried over to the bed. The games are about to begin!"

SUZANNE: CUNT LAPEE

Not all women with a lust for raping enjoy "doing to." A great many like "being done." It's just that they like to be in control, to "call the shots." Suzanne is one such creature. Perhaps the youngest and definitely the most luscious lady on the team, she can't be over 20 years old. She is five foot five and has glistening light-brown hair, sun-ripened skin, and a firm, full 36-20-36 that makes her something to behold or be held. She was born to be more than the God Eros's virgin bride. She looks more like a sexual subject than a sexual ruler. But a ruler and rapist she is. She's just a rapist who longs to be pleased.

"I love to have a man blindfolded and collared. His collar strapped to my thighs, I sit in a big, comfortable chair and relax. My rear hangs off the edge while he kneels—a prisoner between my legs. His hands are secured behind his back, and his legs are forced apart. I love to see cocks and balls hanging around like fresh fruit waiting to be picked, waiting to be teased or pleased.

"The game is for him to lick my cunt and bring me to as many orgasms as possible. Sometimes we'll go for hours. When I come, another girl will lick and suck his aching and straining fruit, just for a minute or so. If he only gets me to sigh or moan, he just begs a brief caress. (We like to call it a 'boost.') *But* if I'm displeased and shake my head, he's informed with a painful reminder, a little hint to work harder. It's usually a slap on the balls or a squirt of ice-cold, semifrozen water on his privates. The water trick always comes as quite a surprise. We usually let it run down the crack of his ass, over his nuts, and down his shaft. His dick disappears like the head of a terrified turtle. Boy, you couldn't find more diligent cunt lapping in a thousand years!

"It's very hard to tell under these conditions just how a man will behave or when he will climax. Often a man will come after the first hour or so, all on his own without any direct physical stimulus. The erotic tension is so intense that the poor dears just can't take it. They start spurting all over themselves and anything else that gets in the way. This is one of those times when a little discipline is called for and a few rules are laid down. I don't get involved in that. I let some of the others take care of it.

"We can keep a man horny and conscious for four to five hours before he falls off from exhaustion. A couple of the girls are nurses, and, fortunately, one is a doctor. Some years ago, when the duration of a rape was shorter, we could get only two or three ejaculations out of a man. Then Bridget (the doctor) tried a number of different stimulants. Finally she found one that works like a dream. It's used like a local anesthetic, but it has just the opposite effect. After squeezing or freezing a pair of balls, we had to spend a lot of time getting a cock back up in the air. Now all it takes is a few licks; then it's *hours* before we can get it back down again. It gives us more time to experiment and explore new things. You'd be surprised what a courageous and cooperative explorer a man can be with a huge, aching cock throbbing away between his legs. Isn't nature wonderful?"

CYBIL: TUFF TWAT

Unfortunately, not all female rapists have hearts of gold. A few of these wild and wily women have hearts of Brillo. One such defiler of men is Cybil. She delights in stepping in when the moment calls for an iron hand. If the guest of honor should turn out to be a stiff-willed male, it's Cybil's job to let him feel "the power of the pussy." She's tall, strong, and built like an amazon. Her hair is silken black. Her statuesque body exudes power and grace, but her elegantly sculptured face exudes "MEAN!" As one young rapist worth her salt told me, "A captive becomes truly controllable only when he knows, deep down in his balls, that the woman bending his will is sincerely enjoying every minute of it."

"I never had what most people would consider a happy sex life," reflects Cybil. "Oh, I've made love with a number of men and a couple of women, but I never really got off.

"Things have changed for me, though. Now I come like a volcano. Strangely, I'm probably the only girl who has a sex life outside of the group. You see, I never have sex with a captive. I've found that by hurting and controlling a captive (by making him fear me), my sex life is intensified. I have two wonderful lovers at present—both men. I couldn't be happier and more fulfilled.

"While we make love, my mind is filled with images of the captives I break and train. I can see them twisting and turning on the frame. Later, when my lover's juices pump and flow into my mouth, I can feel and see my captive's balls as I slap and grab them.

"My lover's head presses and turns between my thighs, his tongue and lips devouring my openness. My climax begins as his shaft thrusts and pierces deep into my body. It's then that I see my blindfolded captive spread open and strung up helpless. His restrained and stifled screams become mine as my body shakes and jerks, my muscles seizing at the peak of ultimate pleasure.

"Sex and love have assumed new and deeper meanings for me. In every way, the men whose will I break change my life as much as I change theirs."

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU POWER MAD?

IS CONTROL YOUR ROLE?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Thirty questions to calculate your need to dominate

PSYCHOGRAPH

A man who spends much of his time in limos, private jets, and paneled boardrooms once told me, "Power is the key. Once you have power, all the rest—sex, money, fame—become available to you because the world is full of power groupies just waiting to satisfy your whims."

This estimable gentleman recognized a crucial fact of human existence: there are puppets, and there are people who pull the strings.

Every human being has at least a modicum of a power drive. But some men have a much stronger drive for power than do others. For them the need for power—the ability to pull life's strings, to bend others to one's will—is a consuming passion. When they don't have power, they spend their time conspiring to get it, and when they do have it, they spend their time conspiring to keep it.

Dr. David McClelland at Harvard and Prof. David Winter at Wesleyan University have led the way in developing tests to measure what they call *n* Power, the "Need for Power." Their years of experimenting have enabled them to distinguish which specific characteristics and behavioral patterns are typical of the man who has a deep craving for power.

Many of the questions below are based on the results of McClelland, Winter, and their colleagues and on our own long experience watching men who traverse the corridors of power. Don't try to psych out "right" answers. Just answer the questions honestly.

1. Think back and remember when you've had to wait for an elevator. Someone else has already pushed the button signaling the elevator to stop, but the elevator hasn't appeared yet. Which response were you more likely to have had?
   (a) to go and push the button yourself, even though it has already been pushed by someone else
   (b) to wait patiently

2. To which form of government would you say your political philosophy is closer?
   (a) the traditional Republican approach: *laissez-faire*, low-key government
   (b) the traditional Democratic approach: strong central government involved in social programs

3. If you were buying a car, how would you prefer it be painted?
   (a) tan and/or cream
   (b) green and/or blue
   (c) red and/or black

4. Which would you rather be?
   (a) self-employed
   (b) working for a large company with good benefits and security

5. Do you keep a detailed daily calendar on which you schedule deadlines, meetings, and dates?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

6. Which woman would you prefer to have as a wife?
   (a) one who expects you to be the breadwinner
   (b) one who has a strong commitment to her career

7. You meet a woman, and by the end of the evening the two of you are in bed. How would you prefer that this conclusion be reached?
   (a) because you seduced her
   (b) because she seduced you
   (c) because you reached the mutual understanding that it would be nice to go to bed

8. When did you first have intercourse?
   (a) before you were 18 years old
   (b) after you were 18

9. Which car would you rather have?
   (a) American
   (b) foreign

10. Which kind of car would you prefer to own?
    (a) one that is highly maneuverable and responsive
    (b) one high in horsepower and fast on straightaways

11. Do you belong to at least three clubs, political organizations, professional associations, or discussion groups?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

12. If you have problems, with whom would you prefer to talk them over?
    (a) a psychiatrist
    (b) your parents

13. Are you
    (a) shorter than average
    (b) of average height
    (c) taller than average

14. If you received a gift of $50,000, what would you be most likely to do?
    (a) keep it all for yourself
    (b) share some of it with a charitable organization
    (c) share some of it with relatives and friends

15. Which of these statements is most characteristic of you?
    (a) I like work; even if I don't enjoy a particular task I have to do, I think it's important to complete it
    (b) I dislike the job I have and wish I were in some other line of work
    (c) I dislike work entirely; if I had enough money, I wouldn't work

16. With which of these statements are you more likely to agree?
    (a) if I had kids, I'd like to spend a lot of time with them
    (b) I don't particularly like taking care of kids; that's a job I'd prefer to leave to someone else

17. Which statement is more characteristic of how you feel?
    (a) anger is a dangerous emotion
    (b) expressing anger is healthy

18. Do you think that *most* personal feelings are best kept to yourself?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

19. Which of these statements reflects your feelings about death?
    (a) death is simply the end; there's nothing you can do about it
    (b) death is more a beginning than an end; your "essence" will survive in some form or another
    (c) death cuts you down when you still have important things to do

20. With which of these statements are you more likely to agree?
    (a) arguing is a waste of time; if I don't agree with something someone says, I let it pass
    (b) I don't mind arguing; sometimes I actually enjoy it because it gives me a chance to test my opinions against those of other people

21. How do you feel about lending things?
    (a) I don't mind lending things; even if something isn't returned, it won't kill me
    (b) if somebody really needs something I have, I'll lend it
    (c) I hate lending things

22. With which of these statements are you more likely to agree?
    (a) life is built on competition
    (b) competition causes problems; we'd be better off if we stopped competing with each other

23. If you were buying a watch for yourself, which would you choose?
    (a) a large, stainless-steel electronic digital watch that looks like something an astronaut might wear
    (b) a plain thin, gold watch with a leather band

24. If you could play only one of these two sports, which of them would you choose?
    (a) golf
    (b) tennis

25. If you were choosing an office for yourself, which kind of lighting would you prefer?
    (a) bright and efficient, with fluorescent ceiling lights, for example
    (b) soft, with the light coming from table and desk lamps instead of from overhead fixtures

26. Has your mother ever been a schoolteacher?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

27. Do you have trouble saying no to people?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

28. After you've locked your home, car, or office, do you frequently go back and check to make sure that it's locked?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

29. Have you ever written a letter to the editor of a newspaper or magazine?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

30. With which of these statements are you more likely to agree?
    (a) it's important to look good; you should take care of your appearance, exercise to stay fit, and keep your weight in line
    (b) physical characteristics are not very important; people should be judged on their values and beliefs, not on their looks

ANSWERS

The following answers are those that men with high power drives are most likely to choose:

1. a	11. a	21. c
2. b	12. a	22. a
3. c	13. c	23. b
4. a	14. b	24. b
5. b	15. a	25. b
6. a	16. b	26. a
7. a	17. a	27. b
8. a	18. a	28. b
9. b	19. c	29. a
10. a	20. b	30. a

SCORING

Give yourself five points for each of your answers that agrees with those listed above.

If you scored 105–150 points:

Your need to assert power over others appears to be considerably stronger than that of most men. At their best, men in this category are splendid leaders: tough, flexible, and smart. They stimulate those under them to achieve more than those subordinates ordinarily would. But the power drive is an unruly passion. It can slip out of control and take over a man's personality. Ironically, a high power drive can end up sabotaging a man's chance to exercise power. Wesleyan's David Winter says in his book *The Power Motive* that the desire for power "may lead people to become too highly organized, superior, outspoken, and impatient. In the long run, persons with very high *n* Power may thus create the seeds of their own destruction, because their followers see them as not effective in promoting their own goals. The leaders may then be driven to an ever increasing cycle of intensified attempts to control the increasing disaffection of their followers."

Men with high power drives tend to end up in professions that might seem surprising at first glance. Clergymen, psychologists, journalists, diplomats, and teachers all test out as having above-average needs for power. The common thread running through all these professions, however, is that they exert direct pressure on people's lives.

Men with high power drives also tend to be taller and better-looking than average. Their background is usually either well above average or quite poor. They love to work; the Protestant Ethic, not the new "Leisure Ethic," rules their lives. They have sex earlier than do most men. They take larger risks than do most people. And, for some reason, they don't get taken in by optical illusions.

Oddly enough, politicians don't show a high power drive. The reason is that politics—as practiced on a grubby, day-to-day level—involves carrying out the orders of the guy who's above you. That may explain why the top men in politics often have *not* worked their way up through the ranks. They don't have the patience for that sort of thing. They're more likely to jump from some other profession (such as banking, industry, or peanut farming) to the upper reaches of government.

55–100 points:

You've got enough power motivation to keep people from walking all over you but not so much that it turns you into a power-hungry predator. You've probably got a streak of independence that earns you the respect of the powerful and allows you to function well around the edges of power. Men in this range are more likely to be presidential advisers than presidents.

Men in this category tend to have a belief in themselves that doesn't need to be proved through the domination of others. Consequently they are likely to be nonconformists who can live in a way that contradicts society's "normal" mores—and get away with it. Sculptors, painters, poets, novelists, filmmakers, and dancers are likely to score in this range.

0–50 points:

Well . . . you're probably not going to be the next president of the United States or the chairman of General Motors. But you probably don't want to be. Men in this category leave the power games to others. They do their jobs, go home, enjoy their families, and sleep soundly at night.

These men tend to keep to themselves. They don't join many organizations; they don't go out looking for people they can dominate. They like security and can often be found working in the administrative agencies of federal and state governments or in the middle-management ranks of large corporations. Unlike men with high power drives, they don't let their work consume their lives. They get their satisfaction from what they do away from the job. They are about the only men who really enjoy their children. They are rational, quiet men who know their place in life and are content with it.

Because they lack a high drive for power, however, these men often don't live up to their potential. They tend to be low in self-confidence; so they don't push their way to the forefront on their jobs. Consequently, they may be passed over for promotions that go instead to men with more ego but less skill. This is too bad, because these men possess a pool of talent that often goes to waste.

THE EMPIRE-BUILDER SUBSCALE

Buried in this psychograph is a distinct group of questions that test your ability to use power constructively. These are questions 11 through 20. If you scored 35 or more points on these ten questions, there's a good chance that your personality reflects what David McClelland calls "the imperial motivational pattern." Men in this category may or may not need power, but when power games are played, they come out on top. They understand how power is exercised most effectively. They know when to push and when to hold back, when to argue and when to shut up, when to grab for the prize and when to circle warily while others fight for it.

They are disciplined and don't let their drive for power take control of them. These are the men who rise to the top in business and government. They not only can build an empire but also can keep it from collapsing, because they are not inclined to entertain Napoleonic delusions about themselves.

BEST PURPORTING AWARD

BY EDWARD SOREL

NOMINEES FOR BEST PURPORTING PERFORMANCE ARE...
HENRY KISSINGER... FOR PURPORTING THAT ONLY THE UNITED STATES HAD PROPER MEDICAL FACILITIES FOR THE SHAH OF IRAN.
HUGH MORROW... FOR PURPORTING THAT NELSON ROCKEFELLER DIED WHILE WORKING ON HIS ART COLLECTION.
AND JIMMY CARTER... FOR PURPORTING THAT RUSSIAN TROOPS IN CUBA THREATENED OUR SECURITY AND THEN DECIDING THAT THEY DIDN'T.
AND THE WINNER IS JIMMY CARTER!
ACCEPTING THE AWARD FOR MR. CARTER IS MRS. CARTER
THANK YOU... THANK YOU ALL... IT'S JUST WONDERFUL TO SEE THE KIND OF SUPPORT JIMMY GETS EVERY TIME HE PURPORTS THERE'S A CRISIS.
WE'RE BOTH CONFIDENT OF MANY MORE CRISES IN THE MONTHS AHEAD AND LOOK FORWARD TO EVEN GREATER SUPPORT... GOD BLESS YOU.
Edward Sorel

MOSSAD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

tempts to get the airport's traffic controller to deny the plane clearance long enough for him to search it for Eichmann, but the controller permits it to leave because Eichmann is a mass murderer.

It makes a good story. But in reality Eichmann's son lamented to the press that he had found out about the plane "half an hour too late." The police were never notified of Eichmann's disappearance. No café that Harel visited was raided. No attempt was made to deny the plane takeoff clearance.

ABC's problem was that the Eichmann operation was so perfectly executed that the truth might have been boring. Also, Harel's precautions were so extreme that viewers might not have believed them. For example, just to be on the safe side, in case the primary house where Eichmann was to be held didn't work out, Harel *bought* an apartment house in downtown Buenos Aires a few days before the capture. If the primary house was blown, an "innocent" family would be brought in to live in one apartment, through which a secret entrance would be cut to another "vacant" unit, where Eichmann would be kept. Eighteen hours a day the head of the Mossad strolled from one café to another where, according to a complex schedule, never repeating itself and listing hundreds of watering places, his agents could report to him. He was "paralleled" by an agent moving from café to café one block away from him—a "cutout" who had no idea what the object of the mission was, who had never laid eyes on Harel or vice versa, who was there only to be contacted by members of the team if anything went wrong so that the authorities would not be led to their boss. In case Argentinian officials might question the story that the heavily sedated Eichmann was an injured El Al employee, Harel faked an auto accident—after which one of his agents feigned a head injury. The agent was admitted to the hospital, "recovered," was discharged, and then went into hiding until after Eichmann had been taken out of the country. Eichmann was provided with a passport bearing the agent's cover name. It was forged on the spot by one of Harel's experts, so skilled that he was able to create exact facsimiles of any printed typeface by using a tiny brush and India ink. It is understandable that such details were omitted from the television presentation. How many viewers, one wonders, would have believed that Harel's most important informant in locating Eichmann was blind?

I am in Harel's living room in Zahala, north of Tel Aviv. Zahal is the acronym for the Israel Defense Forces, and most of the residents of Zahala have a security background. Harel's home is what Israelis call a villa, meaning that it is a detached private house, a rarity in a country where most people live in apartments that would not be considered spacious by American standards. It is cool and quiet inside. The floor is of quarry tile, the paneled walls are lined with African art, there is a flower garden, and lemonade is served.

The man who built the Mossad, "a force of nature," as Yaakov Caroz describes him, is four and one-half feet tall. Isser Harel is the shortest normally proportioned man I have ever seen. Curiously, however, he does not give the impression of being small. With his broad shoulders and narrow waist, he looks instead like a large man viewed on a small screen: condensed. He is deeply tanned and muscular but does not look younger than his 67 years. Rather, he looks like a 67-year-old man in peak physical condition, which one seldom sees.

Harel was born in Russia and came to Palestine in 1930. A high official of Shai, the Palestinian Jewish independence movement's intelligence organization, he was made head of the Shin Bet, the internal counterintelligence service, when the state was founded. In 1951 he was chosen to run the Mossad as well. He became known as the *Mimouneh*—"the Appointed One"—in charge of both inter-

LEADERS HAVE TASTE
Even the look of the A&C Grenadier rewards the choosy smoker. It's long and lean. Touch a match to it, and here comes rich, exciting aroma, full and satisfying taste. At its heart, a richly rewarding blend of five fine imported and domestic tobaccos. All of this sealed in our Fresh Loc package. When you've got the taste for leadership, light up an A&C Grenadier. In light or dark natural wrapper.
CLEOPATRA PACK
Grenadiers
The mildest top quality cigar
Grenadiers
A&C GRENADIERS-THE TASTE LEADER

nal and external intelligence and Ben Gurion's *éminence grise*. He quit in 1963, when the prime minister took issue with his policy of attacking the former Nazi scientists who were designing nuclear missiles for Egypt.

In November 1979 the Great Mosque in Mecca, Saudi Arabia, was stormed and occupied by a band of insurgents. Intelligence reports suggested PLO involvement, calling attention to the movements of Abu Iyad, a key figure in Black September. False accounts spread rapidly through the Moslem world, claiming that it was Israeli or American forces that had stormed the holiest shrine in Islam; the U.S. embassy in Islamabad, Pakistan, was burned in reprisal, and a marine guard was killed.

"Israel's earliest intelligence estimators were the ancient prophets, the Samuels, the Elijahs," a longtime associate of Harel's tells me. " 'The danger cometh from the north.' The intelligence report couched as prophecy." Isser Harel carries on the prophetic tradition in retirement. In 1978 Harel published a novel entitled *Jihad*. It was about an attempt by a PLO faction to provoke a jihad, or holy Islamic war against the West, by hiring an ex-Nazi pilot to bomb the Great Mosque with a stolen Israeli bomber. In the hall of mirrors within which Israeli intelligence operates, truth is not stranger than fiction. Truth is fiction.

What, I ask Harel, is the secret of survival for a secret agent?

"Not to be curious and not to excite curiosity," he tells me in a low-pitched, gentle voice. "I'm not a curious man, you see. The judgment of a curious man may not be responsible. It's dangerous to let a curious man or one who is interested in adventure become involved in such matters. I myself became involved in many adventures, but not because I wanted to.

"When I traveled to a foreign country to conduct an operation, I never had a bodyguard. When I got off the plane, I would often spot the local secret police as they watched for the head of the Mossad, expecting him to be met by a car, whose driver would take his bags. I always took the bus from the airport. It never occurred to them to look for someone of my stature on a bus, carrying a suitcase."

What, I ask Harel, is the secret of survival of a secret service?

"To act not only for the national interest but for the national purpose," he replies. "In 1961 we learned of a plot by the French colonists in Algeria to assassinate De Gaulle. De Gaulle was not sympathetic to us. The colonists were pro-Israel. Yet we warned De Gaulle, even though we might have gained by his death. We didn't do it as a favor to him. We did it to be true to our principles. How he behaved toward us afterward is accountable to his own integrity.

"I am writing a book called *Security and Democracy*, which will be published in 1980. My purpose is to show that it's impossible for a democracy to operate without effective intelligence. The American people shouldn't act to undermine their own security. It's a wonderful thing for the KGB that American espionage should be discredited. But I blame the CIA that they created this situation. The Bay of Pigs—you must not put before your superiors unprepared operations, even if you believe it will help the country. The Chile affair—why should they do things they couldn't admit to their own people? The Watergate fiasco—if a president asked for something to be done but said he wouldn't stand behind it, I would say, 'Go and do it yourself.' The CIA wasn't supposed to act in the United States. If it believed this hampered its activities, it should have tried to change the law.

"I shall give you an example of the kind of control that's necessary. When we had relations with Russia, their embassy was a nest of spies. They used to meet their agents in cinemas. We knew very well this system. Our people had to get in quickly to follow an agent inside. We gave them cinema passes. It came to my attention that one of my men was using his pass to take his girl friend to the movies. I discharged him from this operational group."

> One expert declares: "The only military force in the Middle East that the American people can count on is the Israeli army."

THE TALE OF THE ANGEL OF DEATH

For years there have been stories that Dr. Josef Mengele, the Nazi physician who conducted gruesome experiments on inmates of Auschwitz and supervised the selections for the gas chambers, is alive in Paraguay. Rep. Robert K. Dornan (Rep.-Calif.) and Sen. Jesse Helms (Rep.-N.C.) have sponsored resolutions calling upon Paraguay to extradite Mengele. Reps. Matthew F. McHugh (Dem.-N.Y.) and Christopher J. Dodd (Dem.-Conn.) recently presented Paraguay's ambassador to the United States with a letter signed by 57 congressmen requesting that his government return the Nazi war criminal to West Germany to stand trial.

A common feature of the Mengele rumors has the Mossad relentlessly pursuing the "Angel of Death," the model for the character played by Lord Olivier in *The Marathon Man* and pursued by Lord Olivier in *The Boys from Brazil*. Agent after agent plunges into the steaming jungles of Paraguay, never to be seen again. There is a germ of truth in these tales. According to Argentinian sources, in January 1960 a woman identified as Nora Aldot took up with Mengele while he was hiding out under an assumed name at a Nazi-owned hotel near the resort town of San Carlos de Bariloche, high in the Andes. On the afternoon of February 12, she and Mengele went for a walk in the mountains. The woman did not return from the walk. Her companion and two of his friends evaporated. Her body was found three days later. The Argentinians say that the woman's real name was Nourit Eddad and that she was an Israeli citizen born in Frankfurt in 1911. They concluded that she was a Mossad agent who had arrived in Bariloche with a group of Israelis who checked into other hotels and that her mission was to set up Mengele to be killed.

I ask Isser Harel whether there is any basis for stories that Josef Mengele is alive and that the Mossad is after him.

"This monster was the worst of the sadists," he says. "We sent a group of people after him in Paraguay and Brazil in 1961 and to Paraguay in 1962. There's no question he was alive at that time. We knew the location of three of his hideouts—two in Paraguay and one in Brazil. But he was guarded and protected by the Paraguayan dictator, Alfredo Stroessner. His hideouts were near borders so that he could escape to another country if he felt threatened. To have gotten him would have required a commando raid, and this was impossible. So we suspended our actions."

"Were you going to bring him to trial, as you did Eichmann?" I ask.

"No," he says. "Our intention was to just get rid of him."

"Is he alive today?"

"I believe he's alive because his wealthy relatives, in Germany, who have been supporting him, would like to back out of their involvement with him. Believe me, if he were to die, the world would be made to know about it."

THE TALE THAT WILL NOT BE TOLD

As my visit with Harel draws to a close, I mention a man by the name of Eliezer Cohen and receive a response that tantalizes. An Egyptian-born Jew, Cohen was recruited by the Mossad in 1960, at the age of 36, to infiltrate the ruling Ba'ath party of Syria. Fluent in Arabic, he became Kamil Amin Taabes, a Syrian who had supposedly lived in Argentina since 1947 and was a prosperous importer and exporter. Leaving his wife and children in Israel, he was sent to Buenos Aires to develop his cover as a Syrian patriot, and from there to Damascus, provided with a

radio transmitter hidden in an electric food mixer, ingredients for high explosives disguised as toothpaste and shaving cream, and cyanide tablets that looked like aspirin.

Taabes's lavish hospitality, featuring orgies plentifully supplied with hashish, became the talk of the capital. He quickly befriended high military officials by letting them use his apartment for heavy dates. His grateful friends took him on tours of the Golan Heights where, photo hobbyist that he was, he took snapshots of military installations. His films were sent to Tel Aviv via Europe in secret compartments that he built in backgammon boards he exported. He was able to foil a Syrian plan to cut off Israel's water supply through diverting the headwaters of the Jordan by calling in an air strike on the construction site. He became a commentator on Syrian radio and was on close terms with President Amin al-Hafez, whom he had befriended when the Syrian leader was military attaché in Buenos Aires.

Taabes had been asked to become Syria's deputy minister of defense and was being groomed as minister when he was arrested in January 1965 after security officials intercepted his coded radio signals. Seventeen army officers were executed as a result of their relationship with him. It is said that Israel sent a French army officer to Damascus with a check for $1 million in an attempt to buy his life. Elie Cohen was executed in El Marga Square in Damascus on May 18, 1965, in a televised hanging seen throughout the Mideast.

Since Cohen is the Mossad agent best known to Israelis, Harel's reaction when I referred to him is noteworthy. I asked Harel which way he would like to see the activities of the Mossad go in the 1980s.

"We must create a sophisticated plan to destroy the PLO from within," he answered. "We must be inside and force them to expend their energy looking after their own security. From the inside you can do with a revolver what from the outside would require a bomb. It is just as on a battlefield. It is not a program of 'assassinations' or 'hits.' It is war. In war you kill."

"Do you mean fielding Elie Cohens who kill?" I asked.

"Pardon?" said Harel.

"Infiltrating Israeli commandos into the PLO, as contrasted with 'turning' real PLO members?" I said.

"Yes," said Harel. "But I wouldn't call such agents Elie Cohens. There was nothing unusual about Elie Cohen. It was just a standard Mossad operation."

I heard the sound of children playing. A bird landed in the garden.

"What if I were to tell you that there have been many Elie Cohens?" Isser Harel said. "What if I were to tell you that there are many Elie Cohens? And that if they are successful, you will never hear of them?"

KORBEL CHAMPAGNE

A SPARKLING LEGACY of San Francisco's Golden Age

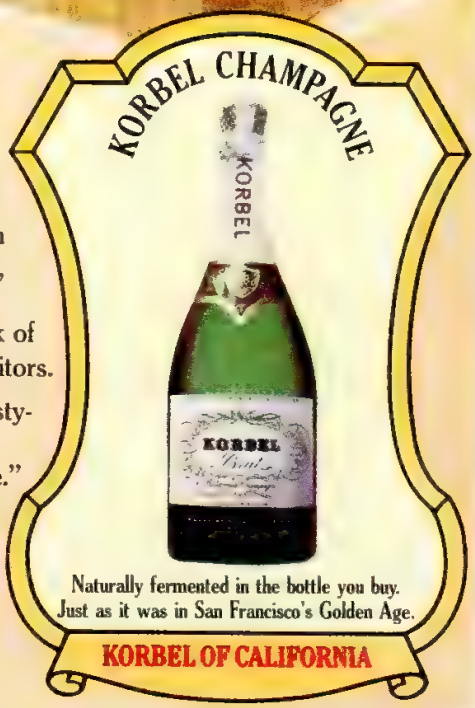
Many a promise is being written in sand.

Marathon picnic outings on the beaches near the Cliff House have hurley-burled in popularity among the City's cyclists.

Wicker baskets heavily laden with Dungeness crab, oyster delicacies, champagne magnums and other sumptuous treats are the hallmark of numerous velocipede-powered suitors.

Passing by one cozy couple, a misty-eyed girl commented, "You've broken the promise you made me." To which, the agile-minded beau brummel replied, "Never mind, my dear, I'll make you another."

There was a time, a golden city and Korbel



Naturally fermented in the bottle you buy. Just as it was in San Francisco's Golden Age.

KORBEL OF CALIFORNIA

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Young designers in Milan and Rome are shaking up the male fashion world with new concepts in casual clothing.

ITALIAN FASHION SUPREMACY

The new center for innovative, inspired menswear is not Paris or New York but Italy, where a host of young designers are creating casual, comfortable, body-conscious clothes. This feeling is interpreted most often in a brightly colored, sensual shirt combined with the newest look in pants. What is distinctly Italian is the attention paid to the body beneath the clothes: not for the blatant exhibitionist, but for the man who's kept himself in a shape that deserves to be seen. Muscled men and the women who like to ogle them will find that the summer looks they love come from Italy.

Sleeveless, cap-sleeved, and knit muscle shirts draw attention to the manly torso; these abbreviated tops look best when balanced with baggy pants that taper to a narrow cuff, a silhouette popularized by the baggy jeans sweeping Italian streets. The Italian style is also characterized by luxurious, silky shirts teamed with trousers in linen, cotton, or sateen. In Italy colors make the man: the newest are pastels, such as pink rose, baby blue, pale green, and the big hit in all the collections, yellow.

Perhaps the best known of these designers is Giorgio Armani, who created the wardrobe for Richard Gere in *American Gigolo*. But the whole new look of Italian sportswear is changing the direction of fashion around the world and influencing the way you will dress in the eighties.

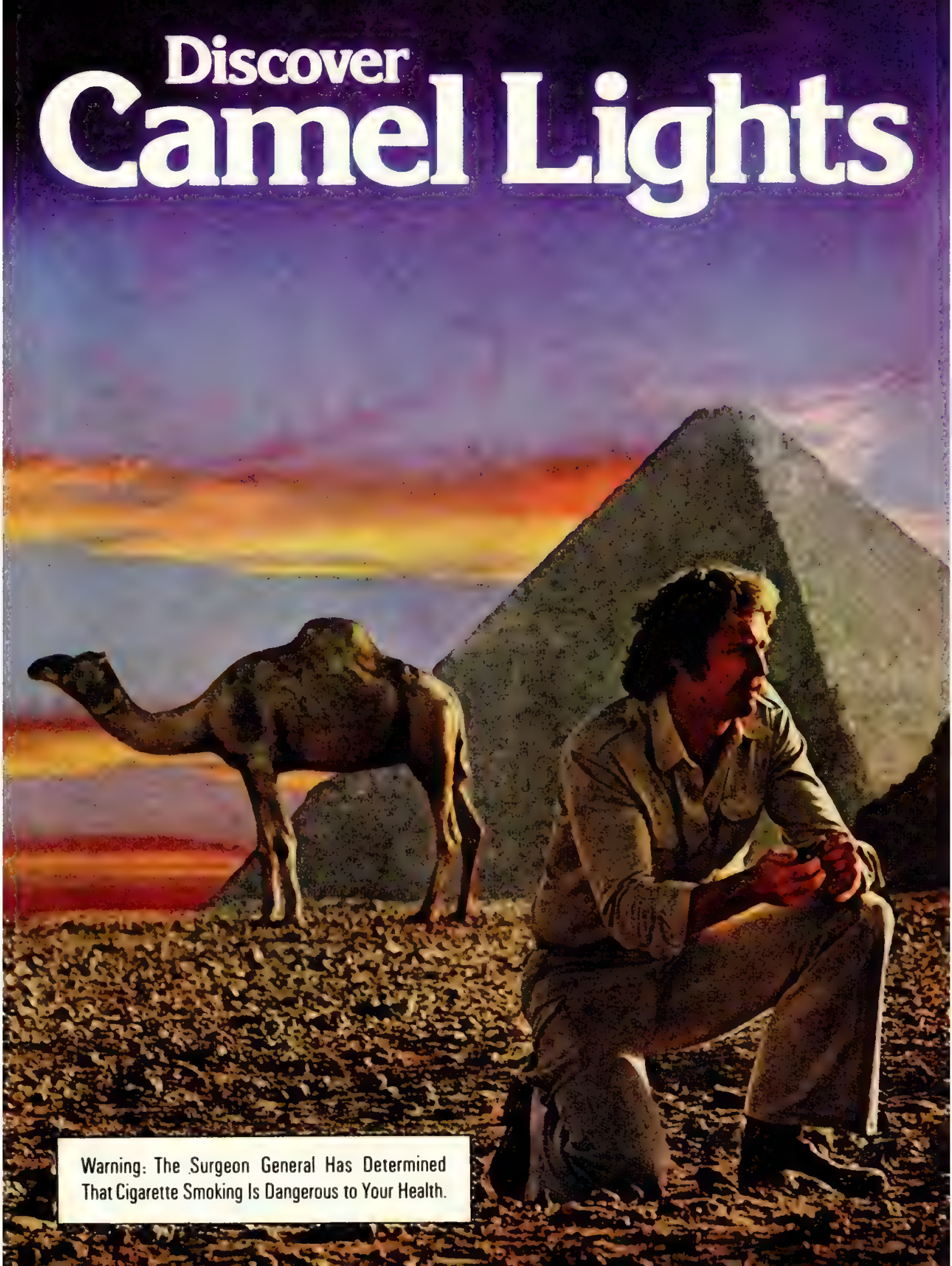
Italy's lustrous look. (right) Here is an acetate-nylon shirt ($75) with gray cotton and linen pants ($65) by Lee Wright for Monti. The sandal shoes are by Vittorio Ricci. The girl's dress is by Frank Masandrea; shoes by Garolini; hat by Kirsten.

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUY LE BAUBE

Muscles are really in and flaunted by this cotton open-weave shirt-over-shirt, Italian style ($60 each) by Georgette Ghica Designs, Inc. (opposite) The turquoise cotton "linen look" pants ($50) are by Lee Wright for Monti; the suede belt is by Giovannelli. Both girls' dresses are by Giovanni de Maura; shoes by Carina Nucci; jewelry by Ciani; hat by Kirsten. (above) Italian designers do get serious when it comes to dress shirts, adding the newest of stripings for a casual look. At left is a green-striped, cotton, button-down shirt ($55) by Giovannelli and white cotton pants ($110) by Modigliani for Gary E. Miller Associates. The silk tie ($27) is by Giorgio Armani. At right is a striped all-cotton shirt ($37.40), silk tie ($27), and cotton-corduroy pleated pants ($90), all by Giorgio Armani. Both one-inch suspenders ($7.50 each) are by George G. Graham. All men's shoes are by Vittorio Ricci. All ladies' clothes are by Betsey Johnson; shoes by Garolini.

Pullover tops in all styles are popular throughout Italian collections. (above) At left the white-cotton, chenille, short-sleeved pullover ($70) is by Linea Pitti. The red silk shirt ($135) is by Gala for Madonna; the yellow linen pants ($55) are by Lubiam-U.S.A. At right the camel-colored, all-cotton, long-sleeve pullover ($100) is by Bignami Confezioni. The rayon turquoise shirt ($35) is by Ursel of Italy; the white leather pants ($425) are by Zanella for Al B. Arden. Lady's black-and-pink Spandex dress is by Fiorucci; the other lady's outfit is by Betsey Johnson. (opposite page) Silky, colorful short-sleeved shirts are coming on strong. At left the all-cotton "voile look" lavender butterfly-print shirt ($30), the cotton sateen pants ($45), and the red-print rayon "silk look" shirt ($35), worn with cotton-and-linen turquoise plain-front pants ($40), are all from the collections designed by David Shapiro for Ursel of Italy. Her outfit is by Nino Cerruti; jewelry by Ciani.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page 184.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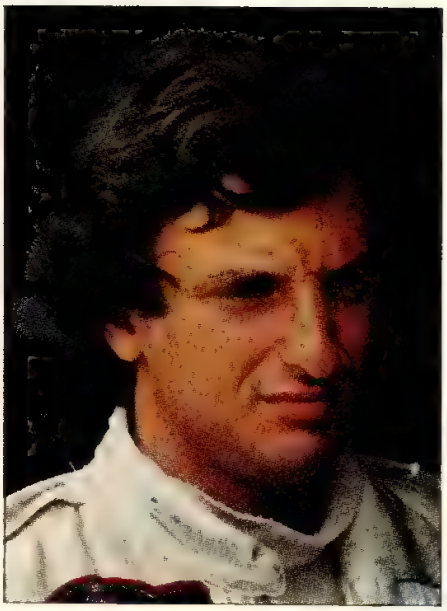
Grand Prix expands in America with three championship races scheduled in 1980; one hot contender is the Arrows team, sponsored by *Penthouse*.

BY GORDON KIRBY

GRAND PRIX: RACING SUMMIT



Photographs by John S. Reiffel

Jochen Mass, left, winner of the 1975 Spanish Grand Prix, and co-driver Riccardo Patrese.

Time seems to stop as the start of a Grand Prix automobile race approaches. Twenty-five sequentially positioned racing machines rest on the starting line while the raucous barrage of fluid, mechanical sounds issuing from 25 sets of glowering exhaust pipes fills the air. Inside the cockpits of the crouching cars, encased in brightly colored fire suits and helmets, 25 drivers drum their feet rhythmically against the throttle pedals. Adrenaline rushes into their blood; hearts pump harder and harder.

Then the wild, chaotic moment erupts. The drivers gun their throttles. A wall of sound assaults every eardrum. Left feet are slipped smartly from clutch pedals. The cars leap forward.

Before there is time to think, the drivers are shifting gears, working hands and wrists against tiny, thick-rimmed steering wheels, putting all their effort into containing the quivering thrusts of power spilling through their huge rear tires. Every erg of energy is spent aiming the rolling racing machines dead ahead or flicking them into a fast-opening space. At the edge of the racetrack the scene fuses itself into a smoke-laden, ear-splitting cacophony of riotous rage.

In no time at all, the frenetic squabble of Grand Prix cars vanishes into the mouth of the first turn, leaving behind a swirling, vision of cybernetic fury. Second by second, the memory fades, its place taken by the long, shrill thread of sound thrown off by the gleaming line of cars hurtling around the backside of the racetrack. Moments later the lead cars come barreling into view, the first lap of the 200-mile race completed. The thread of sound rapidly expands and explodes.

Zap, zap, zap. The racers flash past, one car now discernible from another, each assembly of metal, rubber, and plastic beginning to show its own character, each driver immersed in the demands of concentration, pace, and mental and physical aggression.

Ever since the first French Grand Prix in 1895, Grand Prix automobile racing has constantly changed its shape and widened its breadth. When Emil Levassor won that first Grand Prix, he was racing an unwieldy, unreliable 2,000-pound Panhard, which he drove from town to town over rutted dirt and cobblestone roads. In contrast, today's Grand Prix cars are tiny, space-age projectiles that race on carefully manicured swaths of smooth, wide pavement. Only the two essential ingredients of Grand Prix racing—the raw attraction of speed and the fabled romance between man and machine—remain the same.

In the early days, there were very few Grand Prix races in any one year. In fact, through the first 20 years of the automobile's history the French Grand Prix was the only race of any consequence. In those days, the fledgling automotive manufacturers would spend a full year designing, building, and developing their cars with only one race in mind.

After World War I a Grand Prix of similar standing was established in Italy, and by the 1930s races had sprung up in Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, and Monaco. In those early Grand Prix races, the chief competitors were teams from Alfa-Romeo, Bugatti, Mercedes-Benz, and Auto-Union, and both national pride and political power hung on the results of the classic European races.

It wasn't until 1950 that the Federation Internationale de l'Automobile organized the results of the European Grand Prix races into an overall World Championship. The first title was won by Italian driver Guiseppe "Nino" Farina, who drove a supercharged, eight-cylinder Alfa-Romeo and inaugurated an era dominated by Italian drivers and cars. In 1954 Mercedes-Benz made a triumphant two-year return to Grand Prix championship racing as Argentinean Juan-Manual Fangio led the German team to the second and third victories of his record five titles.

In the late 1950s a handful of English "backyard special" builders began to break into Grand Prix racing, and by the end of the decade they had ushered in a revolution characterized by tiny, rear-engined cars and English-speaking champions. Since then the development of the Grand Prix car has continued at a rapid pace, as radical changes in tire design and aerodynamics have drastically altered the appearance of Grand Prix vehicles. A contemporary Grand Prix machine uses the air flowing around and through it to literally suck itself against the racetrack as it puts 500 horsepower onto the ground, through 20-inch-wide rear tires, and generates as much as three Gs in cornering forces.

At the gate, Grand Prix racing is more

popular than ever. Last year 1.4 million spectators watched the 15 Grand Prix races that constituted the World Championship. Millions more watched on television, particularly in Europe, and with races in Argentina, Brazil, South Africa, nine European countries, and the United States and Canada, Grand Prix racing can rightfully call itself the world's most extensive sporting competition.

Fifteen Grand Prix teams raced in last year's World Championship, with the Ferrari team and South African driver Jody Scheckter carrying off the title. It has been estimated that Ferrari spent more than $5 million to win the championship and that Scheckter and teammate Gilles Villeneuve won some $2 million in prize money. The difference was made up by worldwide commodity, couched as much in marketing as in sporting strategies.

Four years ago another landmark was reached when the United States became the first country to stage two World Championship races in the same year. The first United States Grand Prix had been held at Sebring, Fla., in 1959. The following year the race took place at Riverside, in Southern California, and in 1961 the event was moved to Watkins Glen in upstate New York, where it has remained ever since. In 1976, however, a second United States Grand Prix was run through the streets of Long Beach, Calif. This race grew rapidly in importance so that it is now considered to be one of the classic events on the World Championship calendar. This fall will see a third ery race on the basis of 9-6-4-3-2-1. A driver's seasonal point rally is arrived at by splitting the season into eight-race halves and counting his best five results from each half.

Among the leading teams entered in this year's World Championship is a promising young outfit that will be sponsored in the North American races by *Penthouse*. The Arrows team was founded three years ago by former Grand Prix driver and CanAm sports car champion Jackie Oliver. Although he readily admits that it takes time and experience to challenge effectively the established stars like Ferrari and Lotus, Oliver thinks that his team is ready to make its mark.

The new *Penthouse Arrows A3* racer has already proved to be a big improve-

The Penthouse-sponsored Arrows A3, with a revolutionary new chassis constructed from aluminum-bonded honeycomb sandwich panels.

such sponsors as auto manufacturer Fiat (Ferrari's parent company), tire manufacturer Michelin, and fuel retailer Agip.

In fact, it is largely because of the vigorous introduction of sponsors during the past decade that the biggest boom in the history of Grand Prix racing has come about. Until the late 1960s Grand Prix cars had always been painted in the national racing colors of their home country, and sponsorship had been limited to trade-related backing from fuel companies and the like. But manufacturers of such products as cigarettes, alcoholic beverages, and men's toiletries began to bring their messages and colors to Grand Prix racing. The resultant escalation in budgets and promotion has enabled the sport to break away from its historic European base and become a Grand Prix run in the United States, at a specially built racetrack at Caesar's Palace, in the heart of Las Vegas.

The domination of Grand Prix racing by European drivers is also beginning to crumble. In 1978 Mario Andretti became the first American to win the World Championship in 17 years, and in 1979—in only his second year on the circuit—French-Canadian driver Gilles Villeneuve won three Grand Prix races and finished second in the World Championship. This year Andretti and Villeneuve will be joined on the World Championship trail by Californian Rick Mears, who made it big last summer by winning the Indianapolis 500.

The 1980 World Championship will be comprised of 16 Grand Prix races. Points are awarded to the first six finishers in ment over last year's design, and with highly touted Italian newcomer Riccardo Patrese and experienced German driver Jochen Mass continuing with the team, the prospects look good. The 25-year-old Patrese is a former European Go-Kart and Formula 3 champion, while the 32-year-old Mass, who has won numerous long-distance races, vanquished the best drivers in the world when he won the 1975 Spanish Grand Prix.

If Oliver, Patrese, Mass, and the rest of the Arrows team have their way, the 1,300-pound, Cosworth V-8-powered *Penthouse Arrows A3* will be in the thick of this year's split-second, World Championship battle. Whatever the outcome, the experience of watching a Grand Prix race is something no red-blooded man or woman can afford to miss. O+—

If your present car gets 20 mpg, higher tire pressure, clean air filters, and some simple driveway mechanics can boost fuel economy to a more economical 25 mpg.

GAS ATTACK

BY WADE HOYT

One bizarre result of our continuing petroleum shortfall is that oil companies are spending millions of advertising dollars to tell the general public how to use less oil. Both Shell and Arco have run campaigns claiming that the average driver can improve his fuel economy by 25 to 30 percent through a combination of regular maintenance and less aggressive driving. Arco even has a touring road show that puts you and your car onto a chassis dynamometer to demonstrate exactly how much fuel you use before and after a tune-up.

If everyone in America cuts his gas consumption by 25 to 30 percent, we can tell the Ayatollah Khomeini to stick his crude oil up his dress and go listen to Blondie records until his brains run out of his ears. Unfortunately, changing one's driving habits is usually as easy and as long-lasting as changing one's drinking habits.

There are a number of fuel-saving gizmos on the market, but government tests have proved most of them to be worthless. One class of gadget that does work to improve mileage is the vacuum gauge—for example, the Fuel Guard. It alerts you whenever your throttle foot gets a little heavy, and if you follow its advice, you will become a slower but more economical driver.

Keeping a car in good shape is so easy that many people do it themselves, and a tune-up alone will cut fuel consumption (of the average car) by at least 10 percent. Keeping tires properly inflated can save you another 5 percent or so, and the use of the new low-drag lubricants can add a few more points to your average miles per gallon. With gasoline already past the buck-a-gallon mark and certainly heading for a two-dollar-a-gallon rate, 95-cent spark plugs and a new five-dollar air filter once or twice a year will easily pay for themselves with increased gas mileage.

Even if you've never worked on your car, replacing the air filter is so easy that no tools are required. The first step is to buy a replacement filter (and spark plugs, while you're at it). Even department stores carry these parts, but if you've never done the job before, go to a professional auto parts store, where the clerks can answer your questions and be sure you walk out with the right parts. (Look in the Yellow Pages under "Automobile Parts and Supplies.") Replacing the spark plugs moves you into the area of driveway mechanics. If you've never changed plugs, you should borrow a good book on the subject from your local library or do the job with a friend who has some experience in automobile maintenance.

The car care course is a favorite offering in adult education programs, and you can do the homework on your own car. Once you've gone this far, you can buy a neon timing light and dwell-tachometer and do a complete professional tune-up yourself, a job that would cost $50 to $100 at a gas station or car dealership.

While you're rooting around in the engine compartment, clean the carburetor and choke linkage with one of the many aerosol sprays sold for this purpose by STP, 3M Company, and others. It will keep the carburetor working smoothly and prevent the choke from sticking open in cold weather, which can increase fuel consumption by 30 percent or more. There are also fuel-system cleaners, like STP Gas Treatment, that clean the carburetor internally.

Tire inflation can have an amazing effect on fuel economy. The EPA estimates that every extra pound-per-square-inch (psi) of air pressure will yield an increase of one-half percent in fuel economy. (The correct tire pressures for your car are listed on a sticker on the driver's door or inside the glove compartment.) Goodyear engineers say that you can safely add 2 or 3 psi more for normal driving and another 4 psi for prolonged highway driving as long as you don't exceed the maximum pressure (usually 32 or 35 psi) listed on the tire sidewall. Bringing up a set of underinflated tires—say, from 22 psi to 32 psi—will cut fuel consumption by 5 percent.

Underinflated tires not only waste fuel but also shorten tire life, by as much as 25 percent. (And since tires are made from synthetic rubber, a petroleum product, keeping up the tire pressure and avoiding wear and tear saves energy in a second way.) You should check the pres-

sure once a week with an *accurate* hand gauge (the gauges on gas station air pumps are notoriously inaccurate). Always check it when the tires are "cold," when they have not been driven for more than three hours.

Anything that keeps the air inside tires can add to fuel economy, and such aids range from internal sealants like Stop-A-Flat, by Chalfont Industries, to the little plastic caps on the ends of the valve stems. As the tire rotates at high speed, centrifugal force can open the valve and let air escape; only a tight cap keeps it in. This is especially true on mag wheels, whose perpendicular valve stems are more easily affected by centrifugal force than are the angled stems of standard wheels.

Since the original Energy Crisis of 1974, a whole new family of low-drag lubricants has been invented that can increase the fuel economy of an engine by more than 4 percent. These lubricants are available in two types: conventional mineral oils and a new breed of synthetic oils. When shopping for the less expensive mineral oils, you should look for fuel economy claims in the oil's name—Cam 2 Mileage Motor Oil versus just plain Cam 2, for example. Some synthetic oils cost more than four dollars a quart, but they deliver such advantages as unusually long drain intervals, easier starting in very cold weather, and less drag for increased gas mileage. Every week there seems to be a new synthetic available, ranging from such well-known brands as Mobil 1 to relative newcomers like LBT Synthetic Engine Oil.

The best way to increase your fuel economy is to trade in your old gas guzzler for a new, fuel-efficient car. But there are less drastic methods for the average car owner, as demonstrated by a recent test at the GM Proving Grounds. Three comparably equipped Pontiacs—a 1973, 1978, and 1980 Bonneville—were pushed up to a speed of 55 mph and then allowed to coast to a stop on a level test track. The 1980 model—as a result of improved aerodynamics, new tire technology, and better lubricants—rolled more than a mile before stopping, about 900 feet farther than the 1978 model and 1,400 feet more than the 1973 car. Such reductions in rolling resistance add up to more miles per gallon, and, except for the aerodynamic factor, you can apply them all to your present car.

Your improved fuel economy will quickly be translated into extra cash in your pocket. If the price of gas levels off at $1.10 a gallon and you drive the typical 15,000 miles a year, it will cost you $825 to fuel a car that gets 20 mpg. If you can raise that miles-per-gallon average by 25 percent, to 25 mpg, you can travel the same 15,000 miles for only $660. The $165 you save will buy a lot of spark plugs and air filters, not to mention better speakers, FM converters, mag wheels, and other such toys for your car.

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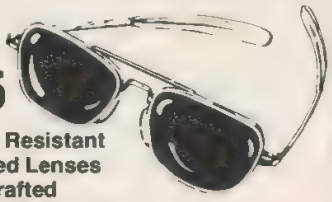
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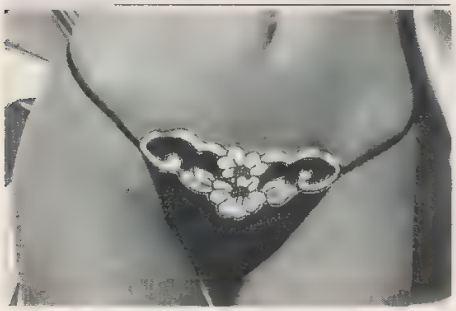
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SULTAN OF SWAT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

front of the plate and onto the field.

If you are not standing correctly and if you develop tension at any point, you will break the smooth transfer of force and you will lose power. If your legs are right and your hips aren't, you might as well be swinging out of a wheelchair. Remember: a smooth, relaxed swing is the goal. Tension is the enemy.

Next, step up to the plate. Don't worry about the bat yet. First, you want to get proper placement of your feet. Your front foot should be even with the middle of the plate, and your back foot should be deep in the batter's box. Both feet are parallel, at shoulder width. Staying back in the batter's box gives you more time, inasmuch as you have increased your distance from the instrument of your downfall, the pitcher's hand. You don't gain all that much time by staying back, but consider this: it takes about four-tenths of a second for the ball to travel the distance between the mound and home plate; so you'd do well to steal whatever time you can. "It wouldn't hurt," as my sainted grandma would often remark. Staying back sounds easy, but even the most diligent student of hitting will have a tendency to creep up on the plate, never back.

By keeping a parallel stance, you maintain an even transfer of force no matter where the ball is pitched. Many batters do not adopt a parallel stance. Some favor the closed stance: the front foot closer to the plate, the back one closer to the outside of the batter box. This is fine if you want to reach out and hit to the opposite field. But when the pitch comes at you high and inside and you try to pull the ball, you lean backward, or as Brett puts it, "Your ass pulls out." You move away from the ball, losing the momentum you've developed in your lower body. If you're Reggie Jackson, you can still hit the ball out of the park, using your upper-body strength. But you're not Reggie Jackson. Nor is anyone else, for that matter. Reggie has the strongest swing in baseball, and he can follow whatever rules he wants. He can break them, too.

There is also an "open stance"; that is, the front foot is placed farther from the plate than the back one, perfect for grabbing the inside pitch and pulling it down the line. But what if they pitch you outside and you want to hit to the opposite field? You've got to lean over. Leaning upsets a smooth swing. Leaning also means that, from time to time, the pitcher will feel that you are trespassing on his territory, and he will respond by steaming one right at your frontal lobes. You'll want to avoid this.

Now that your feet are parallel to the plate, you want to set your balance. To do this, you must be on the balls of your feet; so over you go, just like a knuckle-walking simian. Lean forward until your heels start to leave the ground. Your weight is now on the balls of your feet.

Now turn your head 90 degrees so that you are looking directly at the pitcher. If you're a big bruiser with a size-19 collar, you may have some difficulty, but you are just going to have to stretch your neck muscles until you can maintain this position *without tension*. Why do you look at the pitcher? Because you want to see the ball. You want to see if he cocks his hand for a curve ball or comes over the top with a fastball. You want to see the ball as it comes toward the plate. You want to see if it's spinning and, if so, how it spins. This will often tell you whether you can expect the ball to rise or dip as it crosses the plate. You want to "look the ball right into the bat" and keep looking at it after it leaves the bat. If you jerk your head, you jerk your body—and you know by now what happens when you jerk your body: a buildup of tension and a loss of force.

You are now ready to pick up the bat. But where do you put your hands? It takes a lot of experimenting to find the proper place, but the idea is to get the bat back so that when you rock forward to meet the pitch the bat is just above your shoulders, close to your body. Sometimes just resting the bat on your shoulder and striding forward to swing will leave the bat in the correct position. Keeping the bat close to the hitting area ensures a short, compact swing. The "Monday Night Baseball" crowd does a lot of oohing and aahing about Jim Rice's short swing, and with good reason. A long swing takes the bat on a long journey before it hits the ball, *if* it hits the ball. It stands to reason that when the bat travels farther, there is more room for error, because the bat is harder to control. Often it looks like a schizophrenic jackrabbit trying to make up its mind which way to turn. With most big swingers the result is an impressive imitation of a windmill, immediately followed by the raising of the umpire's right arm, signifying "Strike One."

Bat in hand, feet square to the plate, you prepare yourself for the pitch, rocking back and forth on the balls of your feet. Reggie Jackson says, "Charley Lau believes more in preparatory movement than anyone I know." Lau's idea is that you set your weight in motion, moving back and forth on the balls of your feet, so that when the pitch approaches, as it must, you rock smoothly forward as you start to swing. Charley calls this "a positive motion toward the pitcher."

The ball comes in, and your arms start to come out, evenly. You are looking for extension here. Extension means two arms out straight. This maximizes your power in much the same way that a longer lever develops more mechanical advantage than a shorter one does. Which gets us back to the dominant top hand. Strong men tend to overpower their

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weaker, bottom hand, thereby decreasing extension and rolling the bat over.

If, up to this point, you have done everything correctly, you have started to initiate a transfer of weight, from your back to your front leg; that is, out toward the playing field. "Everything in athletics is transfer of weight," Lau says, "throwing a punch, hitting a golf ball, smashing a hockey puck, and hitting a baseball."

The bat comes round. Your front leg gets stiff as a board as you lean into the ball, and all your anger, hopes, speed, and *power* pound directly into the ball. Congratulations! You are now capable of hitting a baseball . . . *in batting practice*.

Come game time there's a few other things to deal with, like the pitcher and a little thing Charley calls ego. Charley illustrates ego with a story about Fred Patek, the smallest man in the big leagues:

"Freddie Patek was struggling at the plate. We tried everything, but nothing seemed to work. Finally we decided to put Freddie under hypnosis.

" 'Freddie,' I said, 'do you honestly believe you are capable of hitting three hundred?'

"Freddie said, 'Yes I am.'

"And I said, 'What do you have to do to hit three hundred, Freddie?'

" 'I have to use the whole field. I have to try to hit the ball up the middle.'

"So I asked him, 'Why don't you do this, Freddie?'

"And he answered, 'Because I can hit the ball further than any of those *big* sons of bitches.'

"That's what I mean by ego."

Charley Lau's days at Yankee Stadium, his current mailing address, are pretty much all of a piece. First, a cup of coffee, a couple of Winston's, some chitchat with the early arrivals, a visit with the manager, a box of team balls to be autographed, a leisurely change of clothes. About half past four Lau takes a tote bag and fills it with balls to be used in batting practice. Ten minutes later the grounds crew has assembled the batting cage and put it in place. Lau puts down his Winston's, places a wad of something dark and chewy under his lip, and trudges out to the mound. Lau looks good out there. He's tightly built. His gray hair is full, almost senatorial. He pushes his cap back so that the brim cants slightly upward, pulls a ball from the bag, and starts to pitch early batting practice.

It's a slow affair. One after another the balls come in, and one after another they go rocketing out. Occasionally one goes into the seats. In an empty stadium it seems to take a very long time for a ball to reach the stands. When it does, you can hear the clunk 400 feet away. The ball bounces high off the seats. The batter admires his work. Charley spits, winds up, and throws again. Every dozen pitches or so he'll stop and ask a question, "Did you *see* the ball, Bucky? Where were your feet, Willie?" Usually that's all it takes to correct a minor problem. Sometimes, when a player has taken his swings, Charley will walk over, take the bat, and explain something or other.

Once the early hitters have finished their session with the Professor, Charley turns the pitching duties over to the batting practice pitcher and steps behind the cage. The hitters divide into groups of three. They get 10 or 11 swings each. First five, then three, then two, then one. The tempo accelerates. Disco blares from the loudspeakers. In the outfield a few of the pitchers are doing stretching exercises. Other players sprint across the lawn a few times and then collapse, huffing and puffing. Still others shag flies. On either side of the batting cage two of the coaches hit fungo to the infielders. Three or four balls are going all at once. It's dizzying, the most active part of the day for the players . . . music thumping, players running, hitting, throwing, or just plain screwing off. Through it all Lau just hangs out. Once in a while a batter will come over and ask Charley a few questions. He always answers the same way, cheerfully, attentively. He's a pro. Then, suddenly, the activity ends. The field empties. The players return to the clubhouse, and the big, green lawn is empty until game time. That's the way it goes 162 games a year.

On one particular afternoon Charley and Reggie were there for some early swings. "Throw the ball outside, Charley," Reggie directed. "I want to try something my way." Lau did as he was told. Reggie tried to pull the first five pitches into the seats. He went one for five. Then five more pitches in the same place. This time Reggie did it Charley's way—head down, even swing, good rhythm, weight shift, extension. Reggie hit five line drives, Reggie Jackson line drives, base hits in any ball park against any team. In the ten games that follow, Reggie Jackson will drive in at least one run per game, two games shy of the major-league record. Some of the runs will be classic Jackson-spectacular home runs, measured not so much in distance as in hours aloft. Others, the majority, will result from good old-fashioned mechanics . . . classic Lau.

At season's end Lau catches the first plane to Miami, hops into his car, and drives west to Marathon Key. In the offseason he'll putter around with sports wear, helping his wife, Evelyn, make sure that the Junior Misses tennis skirts are all in the right place. In the early morning and the evening, he'll get into his skiff and motor out along the coral flats that ring the Florida Keys, looking for the world-record bonefish. Charley *swears* he's seen him. He even claims to have cast to him twice.

Someday, when the wind and water are just right, Lau will take up his rod, set his feet at shoulder width, rock back and forth, transfer his weight, and send the little pink fly 70 feet to a hookup.

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MAROON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

grace and dignity, as they touched each other so gently, breathing through their love so quietly. When they reached the top, they swirled through the dawn until they floated out of their bodies, becoming a chromium of sky within the sun . . . dancing the edge along the curve of the morning light.

They broke camp quietly with smiles. Jonquil made a travois from two fallen lodgepole pines and struck down the tepee. When they were ready to leave, Jimmi walked through their camp, touching the trees and plants, and drank some water from the stream. "She's been a good teacher, Jonquil," she said. Her face said everything, as if this piece of earth had been telling Jimmi what to do. Jimmi picked a small bunch of sego lilies and put them in Mariposa's and Hipshooter's headstalls. "You, too, old ancient earth spirits . . . thanks for waiting so patiently."

Jonquil attached the travois to his saddle, and he and Mariposa followed Jimmi and Hipshooter down the trail. They kept their pace at a slow walk, which seemed much too fast for Jonquil. He felt the ending was coming much too soon, and he didn't know what to expect. She hadn't told him her plans. She kept on moving down the trail.

A mile down the trail Jimmi began to expand in the saddle. She knew what was happening to her as she rubbed her belly, smiling down the trail. By the time they had reached Feather Creek, she looked seven months pregnant, and when they came to the old fire road, she was ready for the delivery. She stopped Hipshooter and waited for Jonquil to catch up.

"Hey, Jimmi, I think ol' Hipshooter might have a rock caught in his foot. Maybe I ought to take a look," Jonquil said as he rode up alongside Jimmi. "Whoa . . . I'll jus' . . . yeow!" Jonquil pulled back in his saddle so that his eyes could tell him something different from what he was seeing. "Oh, boy, Jimmi, ya sure fooled me with that stuffin'. Ya really looked knocked up."

Jimmi sidestepped Hipshooter over to Jonquil, took his hand, and put it on her belly. "This ain't no paddin', cowboy . . . It's your kid."

Jonquil whipped off his hat and stood up in his stirrups. "Damn ya, whoaman! How come ya keep doin' this to me? Get me all set up and then . . . *blam!* Ya thump me right on my cowboy ass." He reached over and felt her surprise package once again. "Sheeeeeeet, I jus' came in *you* this mornin'. Ya don't git poked out like that in a four-hour ride down the mountain. It might work that way fer water ouzels, but not fer humans."

Jimmi took Jonquil's hand. "It's all right, Roses. I can have the kid right here in the woods. You'll understand soon . . . I promise." She kicked one leg over the saddle and slid off Hipshooter onto a large, granite boulder. "Stay here. I won't be long, and don't worry. This is what you wanted to keep you flying . . . Kid Rose. I'll try not to scuff up the paint." She took a small bag from Hipshooter's saddle and walked over to where Jonquil was standing. "Hey," she said to him as she punched him on the arm, "you were great, Jonquil . . . just great. You'll be all right now; I know it. In a few days you'll be jus' like you were a year or so ago. Floatin' Rose . . . jus' one great cowboy. You'll see." She kissed him on the mouth and put her head on his shoulder. Jonquil put his arms around her, tucked his head into her hair, and closed his eyes.

"Hey . . . Jimmi . . . Jimmi Maroon, ya ain't leavin', are ya?"

"Wah, cowboy . . . of course not!" She broke from Jonquil's arms. "See ya at the waltzin' dance . . . fancy pants."

When Jimmi was out of sight, he ripped his hat from his head and threw it on the ground. "Goddamn whimmen . . . ya jus' start figurin' 'em out an' 'fore ya can git a good night's sleep, they buck ya right on yer ass. Oh . . . shit an' good goddamn!" And he jumped on his hat and flattened it right down into the middle of a three-day-old meadow wafer.

Several times Jonquil took off through the trees, but he stopped and returned to the horses . . . shaking his head. He finally settled down on a log, determined that he would hold fast until she returned. That vow lasted only a few minutes, until Jonquil was up checking Hipshooter's foot. "Ah . . . I think ya were jus' fakin' me out, ol' boy. Probably in cahoots with Jimmi. Everybody else is 'round these parts." He sat back down on the log, but before he could stick a blade of grass into his mouth, he was off running through the trees again, trying to pick up Jimmi's tracks. Hat in hand and boots sniffing, he cut through the trees, looking for signs, hoping that she hadn't doubled back on him and was already sitting down by the horses, laughing up a storm. He finally broke out of the trees and came to a small clearing that led into a large meadow.

Jimmi was at the far end, squatting, and holding onto a small pine. She had a blanket wrapped around her hips, and sweat was running down her forehead, and he could see the veins and muscles in her arms, neck, and face. Jimmi was biting her lower lip, rocking on her feet, and pulling the tree with both hands. She was going through a contraction as the force of the life that was inside her was making its last great efforts for birth. Jonquil almost broke, but then he saw her relax as she dropped her head down onto her chest. She took a towel and put it between her legs, and then she looked up at Jonquil. "It's beautiful, Roses . . . looks jus' like you. Take care of it . . . cowboy. You've found your vision. So long, Jonquil . . . we had a great waltz together."

"What . . . ?" Jonquil took off running, ". . . what are ya talkin' 'bout, Jimmi?" She stood up just as the life she had given birth to began to grow up around her, pulling her inside its shape. "Hey, Jimmi, what's happenin' to ya? Where'd ya go?" Jonquil was so busy running, cussing, dodging brush and jumping streams, that he didn't notice that what Jimmi had given birth to was a 1955 Jimmy Maroon pickup with four on the floor and compound low, nubile, la cherried deluxe. And by the time Jonquil made it to the pine tree that Jimmi had used for her midwife, the pickup was full grown and ready to ride. "Hey . . . whoa . . . I mean hold it right there, Roses . . . slow down. Are ya seein' what I'm seein' . . . ol' cowboy?" Jonquil jumped back in his boots and then faded right down to his knees. "Jimmi . . . hey, Jimmi . . . what have ya done? I didn't want ya to leave. I was feelin' real close with ya . . . real close. Sheeeet . . . it ain't fair, Jimmi . . . it ain't fair."

His head was hanging low, but slowly he began to peek out from under his confusion to focus his mind onto what Jimmi had given to him. Jonquil stared for a long time, studying the 1955 Jimmy Maroon, wondering whether it would disappear as soon as he made a pass. He tried to put Jimmi's puzzle together, but it wouldn't work. There was still something missing. Jonquil eased up on the pickup, slowly, just to make sure that it wasn't alive and would try and run him down. He touched the door and felt the paint. "Oh . . . hand-rubbed lacquer! Look at it shine!" He walked around the pickup, shaking his head and biting his hand to check out the reality of his vision. "I never figured it would be anything like this, not even from the Cowboy Buddha." He leaned over the front fender and put his head on the hood. "Oh, Jimmi, sweet Jimmi Maroooooon . . . we're really back together again. My old, but *ree*-juvenated, *vir*-ginized, ree-*liable*, high-flyin' Jimmi Maroon." Jonquil looked up at the mountain. "Hey . . . thanks, partner. Ya did good. I'm sorry I gave ya so much trouble, but so did *you*. I don't quite understand it all, but someday I'll git it all figured out. Maybe the answer's in the box ya left in the back of the pickup. Tell Jimmi hello fer me. She was more beautiful than a thousand rodeo queens . . . a real vision jus' by herself. Yesirrrreeeee . . . an' adios . . . Cowboy B . . . adios." Jonquil kissed the hood and jumped up. "Hey . . . I'm ready to ride." He whipped open the door, slid in like a rosewood pool cue through loving fingers, and started the motor. "Ta dummmn! Ohhhhhhh . . . listen to her sing such a beautiful waltz . . . a real sweet waltz yer playin' fer me. Jimmi or Jimmy Maroon . . . yer jus' so fine, my nineteen-fifty-five . . . cherried *Rose Wine*." ○—

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THIS MONTH IN OMNI

ON SALE APRIL 22

TECHNOLOGY 2000

INTERVIEW

FICTION

— Want to peer into the future? Maybe send a message to yourself today that you'll receive last month so you can cash in on the stock market and stay out of California when the earthquake comes? Physicist and science-writer Robert L. Forward reminds us that time can run backward just as easily as it goes ahead, according to Einstein's theory of general relativity. All we'll have to do to harness it is build a black hole. You'll find the details—and an amazing gallery of voyagers through time—in this month's *Omni*.

— Anyone who's survived four grueling years at the California Institute of Technology deserves a few laughs. Trying to puzzle out everything from black holes to the basic structure of matter is enough to decelerate even the brainiest go-getters. So each spring the students of Caltech gather for an eccentric ritual—an intellectual field day for the geniuses who pit their considerable head muscles against one another in a bizarre tournament of wit and brawn. It's Ditch Day, and you've got a front-row seat in the May *Omni*.

Transportation, energy, space science, and defense are where America's new technology will come from, says Jerry Grey, public policy director for the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics. So AIAA has called together the nation's biggest aerospace companies for a spectacular display of devices that will shape our lives in the twenty-first century. You'll see them all in a stunning May pictorial.

— For May, *Omni* fiction features Thomas M. Disch's cautionary tale about what happened to Josie, a little girl who talked back to her elevator. David Drake tells of the self-appointed mission of three survivors of a nuclear holocaust, and François Camoin presents a grim picture of a future in which Americans have become second-class citizens.

— Inflation got you down? Recession? Stagflation? Unemployment? Can't figure out what is wrong with our economy? Well, after you've read *Omni*'s interview with Hazel Henderson, you just may know some of the answers. Her daring suggestions make mincemeat out of government forecasts and help point the way to a new economy that can lead us through the 1980s. See this thought-provoking interview in the May issue of *Omni*.

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

all, fucking isn't the only way to get one's rocks off. If you enjoy sucking a cock, you'll probably graduate in time to swallowing come. Maybe not. It depends, er, where your head's at.

Your wife's timidity regarding sex with another man is a bit more limiting. Unless the man you choose for your threeway is completely gay, he'll probably be upset if she refuses to join you. Also, the guy is going to want something more than an incomplete blowjob—are you really ready to swallow your misgivings? I doubt it.

I'd suggest you hold off on a threeway with another man until your wife is ready to go all the way. Better late than never, and better ready than rushed.

SIX-INCH PACKAGES

I wish the people who write to "Penthouse Forum" and to you would be more realistic and truthful. I mean, every time I read a story, it always turns out that the men in the story have cocks the size of a horse's—9, 10, even 12 inches. I'm sure you'll agree that most of us men have normal-size cocks (five and six inches) and should say so. Mine is almost six inches long and four and a half around when erect, and it makes me feel damn inferior to read such bullshit. I can't imagine any girl with a mouth large enough to accommodate a prick as big as these men self-describe. Or maybe I am wrong, and all men do have cocks a foot long. If so, I'd better buy one of those peter pumps or something. What's your opinion?—K.M.

The average cock is six inches long. If you don't believe me, take it from Masters and Johnson. They say six inches, too. So there you have it. Some men have more; some have less.

Why do people write about big cocks? Well, it makes for a better story, or so they think. Why do people write about big tits, big asses, big salaries, big houses, and big-budgeted movies? Big is better. It's the American way. Only I don't quite agree. Big is nice for some things. Other times it is a real pain in the ass, i.e., a big cock performing sodomy. As the saying goes, nice things come in small packages. At least, some of the time.

MOM'S THE WORD

My story begins with my father's death when I was a teenager. This brought me into total closeness with my stepmother. I not only clung to her; we both clung to each other. We could not exit without this sustenance. Those who saw us together in close embrace marveled at so deep a relationship, even though it was a stepmother and son, while others who saw us sitting so close to each other on a couch would probably remark that it doesn't take the services of a psychiatrist to note

that this relationship was a bit weird.

My desire for her comfort never left me, and she was always in my dreams. During the summer I was able to generate excitement in my body when I crept on all fours to her bedroom as she slept. Crouching low at the foot of her bed, I'd begin gently, eagerly, and slowly to pull down the soft cotton sheet covering her body until I was able to see all. It was worth all the feelings of fright I experienced during this and other similar escapades, for I was looking at a sight so fantastic that it was not in my comprehension to believe there was another like it in this world. Sometimes I had imagined this sight while she lay on the beach in her bathing suit and I'd look up at her outstretched legs. There was a slight suggestion as to what the suit covered.

What the suit covered between her legs was a veritable forest of black hair. I looked on in wonderment, with both my heart and penis in wild excitement. I was riveted to the spot. I could not leave. My eyes, my throbbing head, would not allow it. So I made the ultimate decision. I crept to the middle of the bed, and now my closer view brought on ecstasy. I placed my hand ever so gently on that forest of hair. And then I spilled my sperm and hurried from the room.

This exercise became regular for me for years. If she knew about it, she never gave any indication, but of course the probability must be that she did. But throughout the years she never mentioned it. There were never any questions or explanations.

To describe the games played until I reached manhood would occupy too much space here. So I come directly to a particular night when we had come home from visiting some friends. It was Christmas night, and we had arrived home in the early hours of the morning. We topped if off with a couple of glasses of wine as befitted the season. We hugged tightly, as usual, kissed passionately, wished each other all good things, and said good-night. I cannot say how long it was after that, with both of us asleep in our own bedrooms, that I heard her mumbling. At first I was worried, but then it turned out she wanted a glass of water. Of course—all that food and drink!

As I was about to hand her the glass, I was suddenly taken with an awful chill that made me shake with the greatest of violence. Now she was alarmed. She got up, resting on her knees, and brought me down beside her, my back to her. Covering me, she pulled up the back of my nightshirt and the front of her own and pressed heavily on me—the bare front of her body on the bare back of mine. But I contined to shake. Her next move was to turn me around so that I faced her while she lifted the fronts of both our nightshirts. I now had the complete warmth of her body.

How long we lay there clasped so tightly, my face wet with her kisses, I do not know. We just didn't move. Probably couldn't. Something unholy was happening to us, and we remained a stone. But after a while, as though in a drunken stupor, I moved slowly upon her and buried my head within her breasts while she moved her head slowly from side to side; her hands tapped the bed lightly, and she constantly wet her parched lips while she let out a soft moan now and then.

I must digress now to explain what I feel is highly important for a deeper insight into this relationship—that is, for those seeking such an insight—for I think it is the key to an understanding. Just as my emotions may have reached the heights upon my eyeing the hair of her vagina, so must my penis have had a powerful effect on her; and I believe she was highly sexed. Just as her vagina was a fantastic sight, of a sort not ordinarily seen on a woman, the same could be expressed with regard to my penis. I think that within those two incredible sights, the germ of understanding why everything happened begins to unfold.

My penis—allow me to explain—was not overly large. What distinguishes it from most others is that it is unusually wide . . . When it expanded, it became like a heavy bomb. And as it moved within her vagina, she increased her movements, turning her head from side to side, her hands patting the bed, as she wet her parched lips and sighed as though short of breath. I placed her legs high up on my shoulders and then turned her on top of me. Her excitement grew, but she felt tired and I turned her around again. Our movements became purpose-

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ful and measured for the final thrust. Before it came, she raised her hand to her throat, indicating that my penis was felt there. And then it came; she let out a scream, which I quickly muffled.

It was a relationship that went on for years, uninhibited, secretive, never discussed, and never requiring an explanation. It was a contentment not of this world. My stepmother passed away many years ago, and I live contentedly with the memories. I have never looked at another woman and never will. And I believe she will be waiting for me when I pass from this world.—L.L.S.

It so happens that I have just seen a great film on mother-son relationships, called *Luna.* Your letter also brings to mind another film I saw called *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs,* which won the Academy Award for best foreign film of 1978, about a woman who becomes pregnant by a 13-year-old boy. The teenager comes into the bedroom of the woman while she is sound asleep. He slowly pulls back the sheet to see her lovely body, but she holds one hand right over her crotch. Out of curiosity, he takes a branch of flowers from a nearby vase and tickles the woman until she begins scratching herself. Her hand leaves her crotch, and at last the boy is able to see her great, black patch of hair.

You have no reason to feel guilty. Relationships between older women and younger men are so common as to be respectable. Just as respectable, I might add, as those involving older men and younger women.

GRADUATING TO MANHOOD

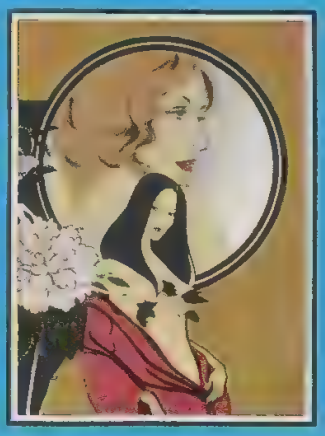
I must describe a very traumatic sexual experience I once had, which has left an indelible mark in my mind for nearly 20 years, and ask your advice.

When I was in the tenth grade, I was still a virgin. In those days you had the self-contained classroom, with the adjacent cloakroom/supply room; so this was my world for everything. My teacher was in her early forties, short, cute as hell, with the perfect build and legs. I watched her constantly, hoping to see up her skirt and praying to see her panties. I truthfully didn't know what else she would ever "slip" enough to let me see.

One day she was sitting in front of the class, in a chair facing us, and reading out loud our English lesson for the day. She looked cuter than ever, dressed in a chic blue blazer, white skirt, and gray-flannel pleated skirt that showed her legs off better than ever and more each time she moved in her chair or crossed her legs. I stared at her legs, hoping for the perfect "shot" but only once looked up at her eyes. To my horror, she was staring back at me but, surprisingly, not in anger. I looked away.

Later during that day, she came by my desk and quietly asked me to straighten up the bookcase in the storeroom, as some new books had just been delivered. Eager to redeem myself to her, I quickly complied.

While sitting on a stool in the cloakroom-storeroom and stacking books, I looked up and was startled to find that she was standing there, quietly watching me. She didn't speak, but then she reached up under her skirt with both hands and slowly removed her lovely pink panties. She then lifted her skirt up over her hips. There was a lovely puff of hair over an exciting pussy. I was spellbound. She came toward me and just stood there, immediately in front of me, with her skirt over her hips, legs apart, and she whispered to me, "Is this what you wanted to see?" I could only nod yes. With that she moved closer to me and placed her legs around my legs. Since I was sitting on the stool, her cunt was right at face level. I had never seen a cunt before. With its faint, exciting, feminine odor, it was driving me up a wall. She then whispered to me to go ahead and feel her pussy—it was moist, dilated, and hot. She then pushed her cunt into my face and told me to lick it. I complied readily. I quickly pushed my tongue between the lips and into her warm, wet pussy. The thrust of my tongue into her pussy brought a quivering sigh of ecsta-



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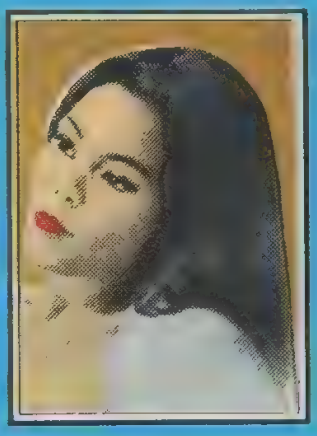

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sy from her, and it made my cock get harder than it had ever been before. As I stroked her clitoris with my tongue, she began to move her hips rhythmically and sighed ever so softly. Soon she stiffened, grabbed my head with both hands, and let out a deep, quavering moan as she came on my tongue and her cunt got sloppy with wonderful love juice.

I couldn't control myself anymore I stood up, the huge bulge in my pants aching to get out. I unzipped my fly and gave my cock its freedom. She leaned back, with both of her hands on the nearby desk, her gorgeous cunt staring up at me. Startled upon seeing my erect cock, she whispered, "What are you doing? Please don't fuck me here or now." I couldn't wait. Being a virgin, I had to know what a fuck was like. I moved carefully between her outstretched legs and placed one of her legs on the stool for an opening into her heavenly arch. Clumsily, I pushed my cock into her juicy, hot pussy while she moaned, "We shouldn't—" I fucked her slowly at first, then harder, while she met every thrust with a moan or a sigh and then with a muffled cry into the knuckles of one hand, which she now held to her mouth as she came. Then it happened—I came! She popped my cherry, and my cock exploded, with its wonderful love juice shooting all over her cunt, legs, and stomach. I thought that it would never stop spurting. I was like a bursting oil well. I could hardly breathe. My ears buzzed. I felt dizzy but very excited.

I cleaned myself up as best I could, tucked my limp but still-wet cock back into my pants, and staggered back toward the classroom. When I reached the storeroom door, I stopped and looked back to see a sight so exciting I have never forgotten it. There she was, leaning back on the desk, eyes closed, her lovely, tailored, pleated shirt up over her gorgeous hips, with one leg up on the stool and the other leg spread wide. Her hand with still at her mouth, and she was crying gently into it. My come juice was all over her. It ran down her abdomen, her cunt, her legs, and all over the desk. Obviously, she was in seventh heaven. We had satisfied each other's needs.

When I walked out of the cloakroom, I bumped into the class stud, who was going into the room for something from storage. I hurried to my desk, not looking up or speaking. What she did now was her problem. I never knew, but when I think back on it, he didn't come back out for an unusually long time.

To this day, I get excited when I see an older woman of nice, matured fullness and sensuality. When I see a pleated skirt, I go out of mind. How do I curb my feelings, or is it possible to find the older woman—forties or fifties—who would still need to be loved and would want to share her concealed joys? My trauma will be with me forever. Please tell me how to forget or, better still, where I can make the acquaintance of older, sensual women.—M.A.

Your love for older women is somewhat like the previous letter writer's love for his stepmother. It is not abnormal that men desire women who are more experienced than they. To call it an Oedipus complex is extreme, and older women, no doubt, will love you for your attentions. Isn't it nice that human needs can be so complementary?

I don't think you should have any problem finding older women. In our society youth is very important to most men; so there is definitely a surplus of older, yet still attractive, women out there who need your kind of loving. Where to find them? Any supermarket must be filled with them. Otherwise, a museum, theater, coffee lounge, or library would be a good place to look. Now, don't ask for a quick lay after a quick hello. Not all women are quite so responsive as your teacher. Show an interest in the play you've just seen or in a book the woman may be checking out of the library. I don't think you'll have any problems finding the right woman or, for that matter, handling your deep-seated guilt. And try to think of your tenth-grade experience as an awakening, not a trauma for fetishism.

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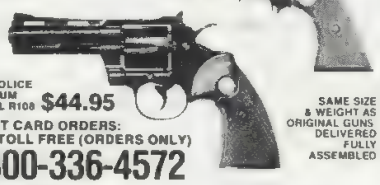

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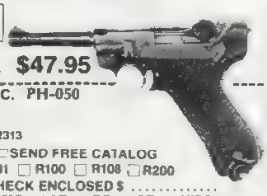

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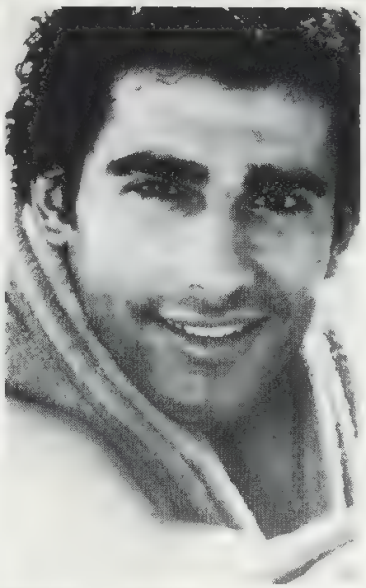

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THERE YOU ARE, KID—THE BIG TIME! I TOLD YOU IF YOU STUCK WITH ME I'D GET YOU INTO PENTHOUSE! MAKE THE MOST OF IT!
GOLLY! HI, MA—PA! LOOK WHERE I AM!
HEY, SAPIENS! WHO'S THE OLD GUY IN THE PENGUIN SUIT?
THAT'S OLD CHUFFINGTON. HE WAS ONE OF OLD WALTER VON KREESUS'S RETAINERS!
YOU DON'T SEE HIM AROUND MUCH THESE DAYS. I BELIEVE HE'S THE SCHLOSS'S OLDEST INHABITANT!
LISTEN, EVERYBODY! IT'S A POSTCARD FROM BOO'FUL!
"HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—GLAD YOU'RE NOT HERE! HAVE EVERYTHING READY FOR MY RETURN ON SATURDAY"
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

NEWD
BEG YOUR PARDON! WAS THE SCHLOSS'S OLDEST INHABITANT!
DURING THEIR LEADER'S ABSENCE, CANDYFLOSS, AS ADJUTANT-GENITAL, KEEPS THE PUSSFORCE ON ITS TOES BY DEVISING A NUMBER OF INTERESTING MILITARY EXERCISES...
YOU KNOW WHAT I LIKE BEST ABOUT THIS GAME?
GETTING CAUGHT!

SATURDAY.....
SHE'S HERE! HER CAR HAS JUST CROSSED THE MOAT!
STEADY, MEN! ATTEN —SHUN!
THREE CHEERS FOR OUR LEADER!
HIP-
PIP-
THE CHEERS OF WELCOME RING OUT AS WANDA'S CUSTOM BUILT SUPO DE PENISO FLAGRANTE WITH ITS TWIN TESTO ENGINES ROARS INTO VIEW.....
HOO-
THE HELL IS THAT?
THANK YOU, DARLING!

THIS IS RUDY, EVERYONE! PREPARE THE ROYAL SUITE FOR HIM!
AH! AND THIS, I PRESUME—IS SOME OF THE STAFF? NO, DON'T TELL ME—LET ME GUESS!
THE BIG ONE MUST BE THE GARBAGE MAN! THE SEEDY ONE...SOME SORT OF DISH WASHER?
AND THE CHILD—SOME SORT OF KITCHEN MENIAL?
NOT A BAD GUESS! LET ME SHOW YOU AROUND THE PLACE—I DO WANT YOU TO BE HAPPY HERE!
SEEDY?
KITCHEN MENIAL!
GARBAGE MAN!
A MEMBER OF THE IMPERIAL ORDER OF ALBANIAN JAILERS!

AN ATMOSPHERE OF GLOOM AND DEPRESSION DESCENDS UPON THE SCHLOSS.....
CANDLELIGHT SUPPERS! DAWN BREAKFASTS! SHE'S POSITIVELY OBSESSED BY THAT CREEP!
SHE CAN'T BE STUCK ON THAT NERK!
OOH, DARLING! THAT'S NICE!
WHAT ARE THEY DOING?
I CAN'T SEE A THING!
BUT FROM THE SOUND OF THINGS IT COULDN'T BE WORSE!

OH, BUT IT COULD! AND AS THE DAYS PASS IT IS!.....
THAT TOWER OBSCURES MY VIEW OF THE VALLEY WHEN I GET UP IN THE MORNING!
KNOCK IT DOWN, SAPIENS —AT ONCE!
BOO'FUL!
NOT NOW, PUSSCAKE! RUN ALONG AND PLAY WITH YOUR TEDDY. RUDY AND I HAVE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DISCUSS!
DON'T YOU THINK THAT THAT OAFISH FELLOW WOULD LOOK LESS CONSPICUOUS IN LIVERY, DARLING?
YES, PRECIOUS— I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT! SEE TO IT, GRUD!
I DON'T LIKE THOSE UNIFORMS, WANDA! UTTERLY WITHOUT CHARM!
WHY DON'T YOU DESIGN SOME NEW ONES FOR US?
HE'S GOT TO GO!

NO! LEAVE THIS TO ME, FELLERS!

Royal Suite
KNOCK! KNOCK!
COME IN!

NOW, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
OH, NO!
NO!
AAAGH!

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE SHE DID TO HIM?
IT BOGGLES THE IMAGINATION!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING
BOO'FUL! I'M AFRAID RUDY'S GONE!
GONE?
YES-HE PACKED HIS BAGS AN' DISAPPEARED DURING THE NIGHT!
DON'T YOU MIND?
OF COURSE I MIND! I'VE PUT IN A LOT OF EFFORT!
?
I'M EXPECTING SOME IMPORTANT VISITORS TONIGHT. I DON'T WISH TO BE DISTURBED!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! SHE HARDLY REACTED AT ALL!
WHO D'YOU SUPPOSE HER VISITORS ARE, HOMER?
THERE ARE ENOUGH SECRET PASSAGES AND SPY HOLES IN THIS PLACE FOR US TO FIND OUT WITH EASE!

WELL – CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING?
NO – A BIT HIGHER!
THAT'S BETTER!
I MUST SAY I'M NOT SURPRISED THAT IT DIDN'T WORK, WANDA! I KNOW RUDY'S FAMILY CONTROLS PRACTICALLY ALL THE SOUTH AMERICAN OIL RESERVES – BUT I THINK YOUR METHODS WERE A LITTLE UNSUBTLE AND DOOMED TO FAILURE ANYWAY!
I KNOW, MAGGIE! YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT! BUT I WOULD'VE LOVED TO HAVE GOT OUR CANDIDATE NOMINATED FOR THE 1980 U.S. PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION! A BIG OIL DEAL MIGHT'VE OPENED A FEW DOORS!
YOU REALLY MUST EXERCISE A LITTLE MORE PATIENCE, WANDA, MY DEAR! SHE'LL BE READY FOR THE 1984 CAMPAIGN AND PERHAPS, BY THEN, OUR MOVEMENT WILL HAVE MADE MORE PROGRESS IN U.S. POLITICAL CIRCLES!
WE MUST TRY TO GET MORE WOMEN INTO POSITIONS OF POWER IN THE TRADE UNIONS! WE COULD DO WITH A BIT LESS MUSCLE AND A LOT MORE INTELLIGENCE THERE!
DON'T FEEL TOO BADLY ABOUT IT! OUR TIME WILL COME!
I'LL TRY – BUT WHEN I SEE THOSE IDIOT MEN PLUNGING THE WORLD INTO CHAOS AND MAKING SUCH A COCK UP OF THINGS – I GET SO MAD!
OH, HOMER – WE'VE SET THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT BACK YEARS! IF SHE EVER FINDS OUT SHE'LL KILL US!
YOU'D BETTER HURRY UP AND GET HER MIND ONTO OTHER THINGS!
UNLIMITED OIL (WHILE IT LASTS) AND A LADY AS A PRESIDENTIAL FRONT RUNNER! OH, WHAT A YEAR THIS COULD'VE BEEN! OH, AMERICA – WHAT HAVE YOU MISSED?

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

emotional awareness—apart from any kind of external socialization—have been intricately connected to, if not dictated by, the fact that I possess between my legs a hollow, a hole. I have, in a very real sense, always been penetrable. Even before I knew what that meant, in the winter I could feel the cold wind inside my body and, in summer, the hot.

The subconsciousness of my internal vulnerability, the intimate interior knowledge of the peculiar workings of my female body, is what makes me a female—just as, I imagine, the consciousness and subconsciousness of his external vulnerability is intricately involved in the development of any male infant.

I am not bragging when I say I menstruate, but it's important, very important, and any woman who can't menstruate will tell you so. Every month blood comes out of my vagina. Just like that: it runs down my legs and gets on my underpants. It's always a little bit of a surprise and a little scary, and sometimes it makes me feel a little bit like an open wound. But it means that I can grow a child inside me. That blood is part of the matrix that my body can provide to nourish new life, and the knowledge of my potential power as a mother for future generations is also what makes me feel female. And those women who cannot become pregnant often feel cheated of their female birthright. They feel bad; they don't feel smug.

And the male fantasy of feeling female, like a female fantasy of rape, is based on imagination and external perceptions, and on not one of the realities.

So I can't accept male transsexuals as females. I believe you are terribly alienated from your own bodies, so alienated from your own genitals that you wish them gone. I am sorry, Mr. Saunders, that you have been through so much pain. But your desire to be a woman does not make you a woman no matter how big your breasts grow from hormone shots, or whether you wear dresses, or how tight a vaginal canal they construct for you. You are a man, and when your testicles are removed and your penis is refashioned into a finite and alien convexity, then you will be a transsexual, a transsexual human being worthy of the dignity owed to every human being on earth, but never, Mr. Saunders, never a woman.

It is because of people like Emily Prager that women are not taken seriously. In reading her ludicrous and biased article on "The Sex Change Conspiracy," I felt that her comedic efforts must have been perpetrated to further her career in humor. Considering, however, that *Penthouse* published her article under "Advise & Dissent," it would seem that

Penthouse feels that this hypocritical and desultory attack is of some merit.

From the overall tone of Prager's comments, I must conclude that she is obviously not secure in her own feminine role. She raves about men "infiltrating our [women's] ranks" for such absurd reasons as a "free drink at happy hour" or "to be eligible for the post of den mother." She gives no such arguments for a female's reasons for changing sex. She attacks only those males who opt for surgery. In many instances Prager has not done her homework. Some 10,000 to 20,000 men and women in the United States can be classified as transsexuals, perhaps many more. Although four out of every five are male, one cannot overlook that fifth person who is female. Is Prager's knowledge of this subject so limited that she believes transsexualism is only a male affliction?

Prager contends that men are repeatedly encouraged and rewarded for purchasing and/or donning female attire. Haven't women for many years been encouraged to cast off those feminine articles for more masculine garb (i.e., trousers, jeans, shirts, etc.)? One must realize that there are no laws against women wearing men's clothing in public. But in many states, if a man puts on a skirt, he will go to jail. Perhaps this is why there are more known male transsexuals than female.

Prager declares that the reason why Johns Hopkins University discontinued sex-change operations is the staff's sudden realization that this business had some "seedy overtones" and that the rate of "joyous cures among these men was surprisingly low." Does she realize that the Meyer study was based on only 15 subjects who had undergone surgery (the other 35 were preop)? That these 15 in many instances did not go through a trial period or even psychotherapy prior to the operation? That the criteria for judgment were not medical but socioeconomic—testing residence mobility, job status, and educational levels only? That one reason why operations have been discontinued at Hopkins is that they have lost two prominent surgeons, Dr. H. W. Jones, Jr., and Dr. M. T. Edgerton? As Dr. Charles L. Reynolds, of the Oklahoma Gender Identity Foundation, comments in the most recent issue of *Transition*: "With very rare exceptions we find that sex-reassignment surgery, properly done, improves the quality of life for true transsexuals. The operation has prevented a lot of suicides and converted a lot of unhappy drifters into meaningful, productive people."

In her inane attempt to prove that all women are different from all men, Prager offers a trivial exercise with a chair. I am a woman (not a transsexual) with 20 years of acrobatics and dance training. Does the fact that I cannot pull off this little trick prove that I am not a woman? Prager offers this test as a "surefire way" to determine sex.

Moreover, Prager is convinced that transsexualism is a male-dominated plot. Her efforts, whether intentional or not, reek of the same bullshit found in Janice Raymond's atrocity *The Transsexual Empire*. Raymond's paranoia is that transsexualism is the ultimate macho plot to totally possess women! Prager urges women (including, I guess, female transsexuals) to "mass together in an effort to declare transsexualism as a typical male trick. . . ." I would find it more to everyone's advantage to "mass together" in an attempt to stamp out the alliance of such an ignorant "sisterhood."—*Judy Barkley, Hollywood, Calif.*

Emily Prager replies:
Congratulations, you almost got it. The piece is supposed to be humor; black humor—absurd, ludicrous, hysterically insecure, and nonetheless capable of proving a point. What point? That male-to-female transsexuals are not females and that casually accepting them as such is casually accepting the very essence of female role-typing, against which women's liberation has been waging battle for the last 80 years.

Since I was working from what Mr. Saunders rightly points out as a "closed-

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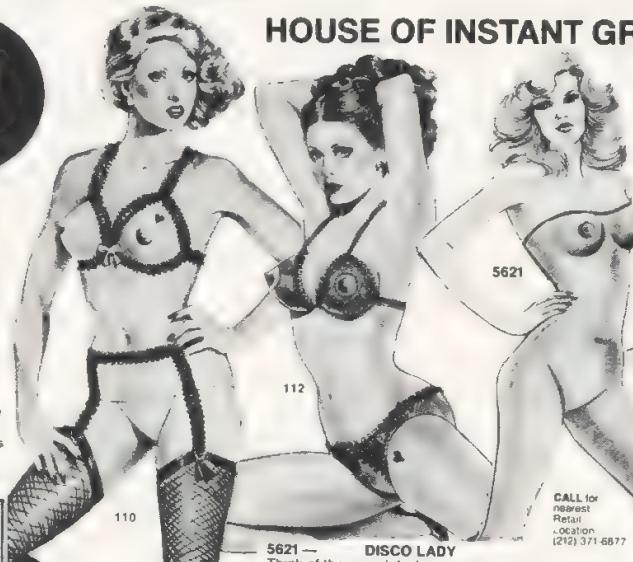

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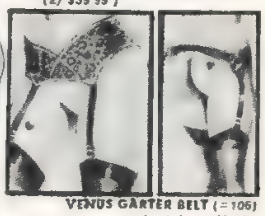

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loop" logic, female-to-male transsexuals had no place in my argument. But I know of them, and the reasons why they seek to become "men" would seem clear to any woman who searches for equality in a sexist society. Nonetheless, a woman who has her clitoris reconstructed into a penis is only "acting out," and rather anticlimactically at that. In my eyes and, I venture to say, in the eyes of most men, she will never be a man, but rather a woman with a severe personality disorder.

Now, with your reference to facts, Ms. Barkley, don't quote me a passage filled with legalese bullshit as concrete evidence: "With very rare exceptions . . . surgery properly done . . . true transsexuals. . . ." *How does a* false *transsexual differ from a* true *transsexual? How the hell does anyone ever know? How does a transsexual know if the surgery has been "properly done"? In surgery of such drastic consequence that is not medically* necessary, *should there be any exceptions? Almost any qualified doctor will tell you that sex-change operations are considered seedy and experimental by the* mass *of the profession. The rate of returning depression after surgery is high. And, as far as I know, sex-change operations will soon no longer be done in this country. Anyhow, I never quarreled with the* right *of a transsexual to have the operation but rather with the idea that such an operation changes his/her sex.*

Of course the chair thing is inane. And the fact that you can't do it means you did it wrong. I did learn it in high school, and it has something to do with a woman's center of balance lies more in the pelvic region than in the upper arms and chest.

Let me close by assuring you that I was kidding about the male-dominated plot business. It was an exaggeration to point out how far logic can be twisted to prove a point that we do not wish to investigate with intelligence. In this case the twisted logic was that if a man says he is a woman and cuts off his cock to prove it, then it follows that he is *a woman and we should accept him as such. So then it also follows that if a man says he is a woman and cuts off his cock to become one, and women have in the last ten years acquired more equality and power, then he is cutting off his cock to become a woman so that he can get some of that power. Get it?*

Good. And now let me ask you something, Ms. Barkley: what's your beef? Why do you care? Did you think about the question at all, or did you write just to point out that an obviously absurd piece was absurd? Where are your arguments for transsexualism? Have you thought about the question of gender identity? How would we define the sex of children if not by genitals? These are the basic problems that should be addressed in any rebuttal to my piece.

Clean up the act!

The article "The Sleazing of America" (December 1979) by Craig S. Karpel is compelling reading. Karpel's vividly surreal commentary on the aesthetic degradation of America makes the flesh quiver with indignation. The article draws timely attention to a condition—the widespread destruction of a larger environmental framework and the consequent deadening impact of this loss upon our sensibilities—that has been largely neglected by both environmentalists and the fourth estate. As an advocate and planner who has pioneered "visual literacy" sessions before numerous chambers of commerce, downtown associations, and preservation groups, I know that there is a vast audience that is repelled by sleaze but is frustrated by the pervasive problems of fighting it. Absentee landlords involved in the plasticizing of main street, the perversion of the Highway Beautification Act by the outdoor advertising industry, and the power of franchises to impose their banal sameness on street corner and strip alike.

The Karpel piece brilliantly satirizes the environmental wasteland of Route 1 by merely describing one mile of it. But the effect of the endlessly duplicated ghastliness—the loss of context, the loss of a frame of reference—on our national con-

sciousness is harder to define and, hence, to pillory. It is perhaps a metaphor for a loss of belonging, a fragmentation of community, which can have far-reaching consequences if it is not arrested. It seems to represent a breakdown of the inner harmonies of the mind, a loss of grace both intangible and yet profound, which affects a generation left bereft—blinking numbly in the void connecting home to work to shopping center. Is it any wonder, then, that the art of conversation has deteriorated at the same time that the visual language of the environment is losing its civility—grows strident and devoid of environmental reference to place, time, and character?

Mr. Karpel's surrealism about the problem of sleaze is welded to an almost psychedelic vision of total release through demolition as he grapples like Sampson with the pillars of the temple to bring the Pruitt-Igos tumbling down around our heads. Bravo! Visions of the coming Apocalypse is an excellent literary device. But what is needed now, and what I believe will address a vast and frustrated constituency for your magazine, is a series of articles that offer practical strategies for change. Show where design review is working as a tool for conserving community identity, where new architecture is compatible with older cityscapes, where artists and artisans have been integrated back into the design process, and where cities have crimped the strip and revitalized Main Street.

Let Mr. Karpel's article be a prelude to a manifesto against the specter of sleaze that is obliterating and obscuring rather than haunting America. Let the manifesto chart the counterrevolution of values—the quest for roots and real places—that needs to be assisted by practical examples that show us where sleaze has been overthrown!—*Ronald L. Fleming, Cambridge, Mass.*

Editor's note: Penthouse *plans on publishing in the near future an article dealing with the issues raised in Mr. Fleming's letter.*

Well-aged

Thank you for printing the well-written article "One Hundred and Forty Years in the Same Location" (January 1980) by Peter Kaminsky. It seems that Mr. Kaminsky knows a good instrument when he hears one.

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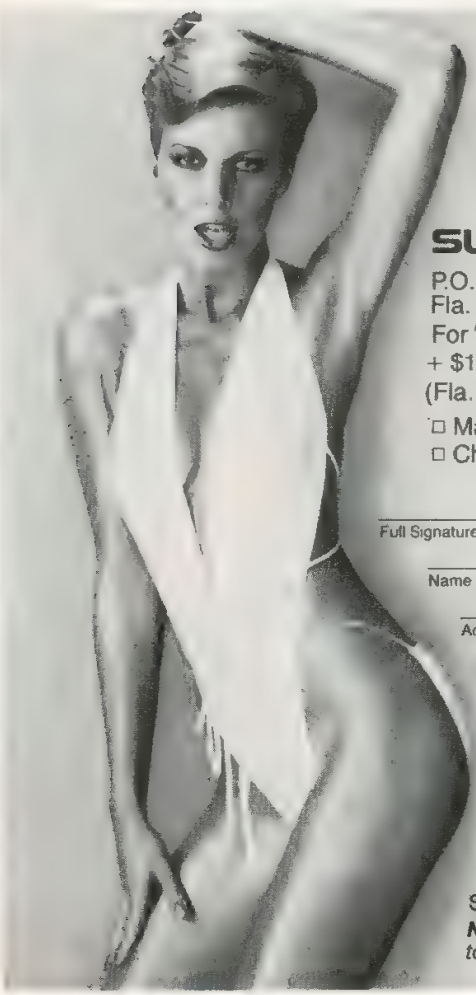

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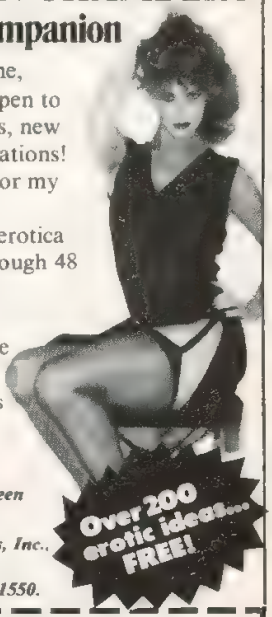

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FORUM

was going to give me one of the best fuckings I have ever had. And, believe me, it was. It was also one of the longest.

She was no expert at giving head, but she was an incredible screw. After our love session, Ann and I got dressed and rested. We don't see each other very often, but when we work the graveyard shift together, we repeat our little episode.—*Name and address withheld*

Blowing in the wind

On a late October evening the air had a sensuous and mystical feeling. A friend and I were on our way back to the dormitory when we noticed this dude leading a sexy-looking chick toward the dorm opposite ours. Before we knew what was happening, the chick had her back to the wall and had dropped to her knees. She was wearing a slit-cut disco dress. I could see her exposed mound, wet and shiny in the soft moonlight. The dude took his position in front of her and released from his skin-tight jeans a gigantic cock. We overhead him say, "Blow me good, bitch. I don't have much time!"

My friend and I couldn't help being turned on by the erotic scene we were watching. We wanted a closer look; so we started toward the couple. Suddenly we noticed that there were about five other guys watching. We all decided to get in on the action, and before you could say *gangbang*, we were all standing around with our dicks in hand, awaiting our turn. She started moving around so that she could go down on all of us. Her buttocks were now pointing away from the wall, and I heard her repeatedly say, "Fuck me!" One of the guys, whom we will call Richard, got down on his knees behind her and started fucking her up the ass. At the same time, this dude we will call Mike lay down on his back, slid between her legs, and started eating her muff.

I was awaiting my turn in anticipation when she turned her head toward me and went down on my bursting shaft. She sucked and sucked on my member until I could not contain my orgasm any longer. I screamed in ecstasy as I withdrew from her titillating mouth. My come came rocketing out all over Mike's head and chest. At approximately the same time Richard withdrew and blew his load in Mike's direction. Mike just kept eating until the chick began multiple orgasms.

Since we were on an air force base, we had an early curfew. We heard someone telling us that we had to get inside; so we all got dressed and headed for the door. I wanted to take one more look, and when I turned around, I saw Mike, covered from head to toe with at least four people's semen, kissing the chick good night. I never laughed so hard, nor have I ever seen such a gangbang in the hardest of hard-core movies. I wanted to share my true story with all of my fellow "Penthouse Forum" readers.—*Name and address withheld*

What a throttle!

I am an avid reader of your column, and ever since I picked up my first *Penthouse* at age nine, I have hoped something worthy of your column would happen to me. Well, I am now 19, and it has finally happened.

I have spent a great deal of my time since high school working on cars, in hopes of one day becoming a certified mechanic. About a month ago I was working on my carburetor in the parking lot of my apartment complex, and I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder. I turned around to see Hilary, a gorgeous 22-year-old brunette, whom I had been noticing sunbathing her fantastic 34-22-36 body at the complex sundeck ever since I moved in. She was still wearing her tiny string bikini, which barely covered her nether regions. Smiling politely, she asked me if I would examine her Volvo. I asked her to repeat the question, having thought she said something else. She realized the ambiguity and winked. My crotch began to swell noticeably.

We walked to her car. She said she

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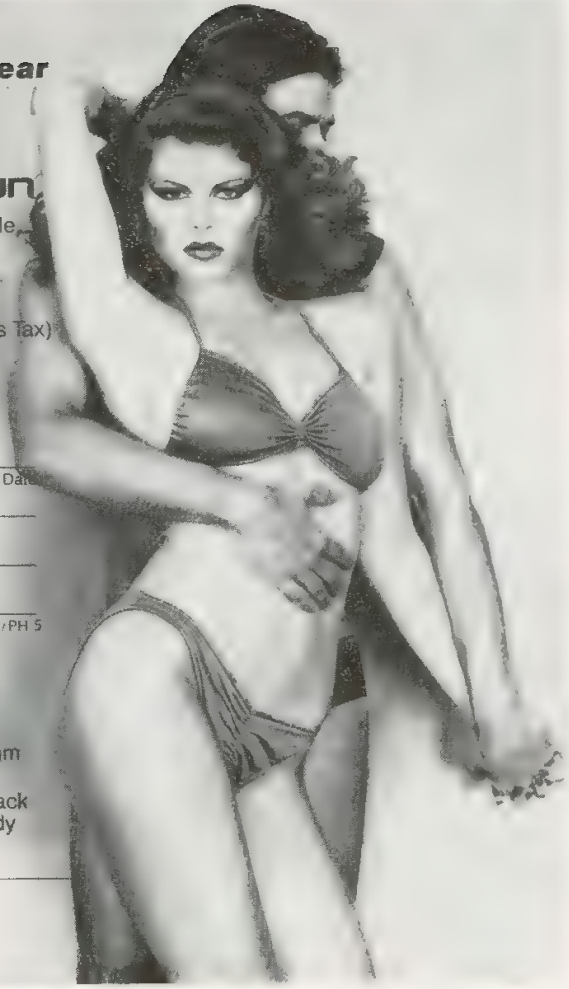

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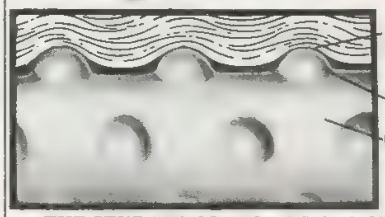

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didn't know what the problem was, and we would probably have to take it for a test drive. Seizing my opportunity, I jumped into the driver's seat as Hilary positioned her firm derriere next to me. As we cruised the neighborhood, Hilary's hand found my growing crotch. She was very hot and began teasing my ear with her sensuous tongue. Fearing an accident, I parked the car on a side street, where we kissed passionately for about 20 minutes. Hilary suggested that we return to her apartment. I readily agreed, because my erection was becoming uncomfortable. On the return trip I noticed nothing wrong with her Volvo.

When we entered her apartment, Hilary suggested that I wash my hands, since they were soiled from my carburetor. When I returned from the bathroom, I was momentarily shocked to find Hilary masturbating on the living-room floor, her bikini discarded in a far corner. Not wishing to wait any longer, I tore off my overalls and joined her on the floor. Gently removing her hand from her moist, musky snatch, I replaced it with my mouth. She came to a volcanic orgasm almost instantly.

Hilary begged me to fuck her. I thrust my huge nine-and-one-half-inch tool into her viselike box. We fucked with a vengeance for what seemed hours. She experienced dozens of orgasms before I, with several final, powerful thrusts, filled her well with buckets of fervid spume.

I pulled out of her, and we both lay there, exhausted but ready for more. It was then that I told her that, until then, I had been a virgin. She said that she never would have guessed from my performance. She then moved down and began giving me the greatest blowjob in the history of the known world. My erection was soon back at full throttle.

Satisfied that we were both ready to go again, Hilary climbed halfway up on the sofa, exposing her drenched pussy from behind. Taking my cue from her, I cautiously mounted her doggy-style. I eased my throbbing cock deep into her until my pelvis met her firm, tight, shapely ass. We fucked easily in this position as I massaged her clit with one hand, putting the middle finger of the other up my own ass. Hilary began to buck and shudder against my rhythmic thrusts, and then we both exploded together in one great, cataclysmic orgasm.

We spent the rest of the weekend, and have spent every weekend since, experimenting with different positions. I am learning all I will ever need to know about fucking from a veteran. I never imagined the auto mechanic business could be so profitable.—*T. R. H., Washington, D.C.*

The absent director

Being an avid reader of your fine magazine, I would like to relate an unusual experience I had. I am currently attending a southern university that is so small you can count the good-looking women on one hand. I lead a pretty active sex life, but at this school I haven't had my tubes cleaned yet. Well, I think finally my luck has changed, because I just had the best piece of pussy in my entire life.

My dorm director was out in California, looking for a better job. This gave me no great hard-on, but the fact that he left his wife behind did. Benny is the foxiest looking lady that I have ever seen (36-24-36). So the other day when my air conditioner went on the blink, I waited for the right moment to tell my absent director.

When I knocked on the door, Benny opened it and was looking very tempting. Finally, the magic words came out of her mouth, and she asked me to come in. She got me a cold beer, and we sat down opposite each other to talk. We started talking about my air conditioner, but the conversation quickly turned toward my social life

Benny asked me if I had a girl friend. I told her any guy that has a girl friend at this damn school should have his head checked. The smile that came to her face told me that she was very pleased with my answer. As she told me that her husband was out of town, she uncrossed her long, beautiful legs to reveal her darkened crotch area. As my eyes kept gazing at that lovely sweet spot between her

legs, the bulge in my pants continued to grow. Benny was very aware of what was on my mind but continued to tease me by licking her lips and rubbing her thighs. By this time I was so hard that if I unbuckled my pants, my cock would have hit my chin.

Benny came over and sat down on the couch next to me. She told me that I had nice lips and asked if she could give me a kiss. As soon as our lips met, I slipped my tongue into her mouth for a long, lingering wet one. I was not sure how much she was ready for, but I soon found out when she started to massage my extremely stiff cock. That was all the encouragement I needed to start playing with her hot, sticky piece of muff. I took my finger out of Benny's extremely tight cunt, and she put it in her mouth as she led me to the bathroom.

In no time we were in the shower, and she soaped up my prick and ordered me to stick it up her bum. I barely got the head of my ten-inch member into her when she pleaded with me to stop, but of course I did not. I fucked her ass so hard that I thought she would never walk again, but somehow she handled it and begged me for more.

After a very nice shower, it was off to the bedroom for an even better treat. Benny asked me to tie her hands and feet to the bedposts and to put two pillows under her ass. The sight of that pearly clit and those juicy cunt lips almost made me shoot my load right there. Before I fucked her, I sucked her cunt to make her juices flow like Niagara Falls.

I sucked her clit so hard that I thought it would come off, but she just kept coming. She had so many orgasms that I thought she would drown me in her love juice. As I started to bang her for all I was worth, she told me that I was hurting her and that her husband had such a small cock.

Those words made me feel so good that I just had to take total control. I untied her and started to pump her doggie-style. Finally, after about two hours of fantastic fucking, I let loose with enough semen to overpopulate the moon.

We were both so exhausted that the only thing we could do was sleep. When we woke up, we enjoyed a delicious 69 for breakfast. After literally eating out, it was finally time for me to make my exit. To top it all off, as soon as I was leaving, my once absent director was making his entrance. He asked me what I was doing in his apartment. I replied how thankful I was that his wife was there administering to our problems.—*Name and address withheld*

L'Eggstasy

I would like to share an experience I had with your readers and hope that some might try it themselves. I have a fetish for nylon, which goes back to my youth. I can remember my mother giving me a pair of my sister's tights to wear during

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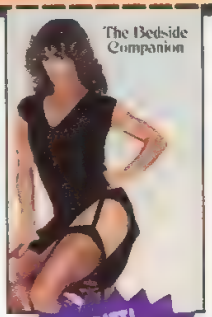

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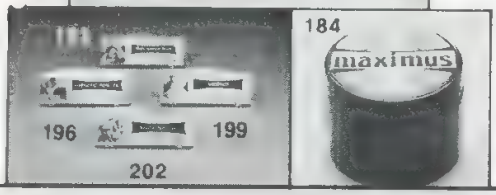

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the winter. I enjoyed wearing them, but I was phased out of them as I got older. My fetish was suppressed when I was 16 years old.

One weekend, with nothing to do and my family away, I started reading the letters in an old issue of *Penthouse*. The letters that aroused me the most were the ones in which men related their experiences dressing up in nylons, etc. I then proceeded to search the house all over for every pair of panty hose I could find. I put on every pair, one on top of the other. In total I had 23 pairs on. It was just incredible feeling the tightness in my legs and against my throbbing cock. Needless to say, I experienced my first orgasm without realizing what had happened. Over the next few years I used every opportunity I could to parade around in my mother's and sister's nylons.

One summer, when my family was away in Europe, they asked my next-door neighbor, Sara, who is in her mid-twenties, to keep an eye on me. I was having the time of my life wearing nylons for a long stretch of time. One day I got so involved in my fetish that I didn't hear the front door being rapped upon. Seeing the door open, my next-door neighbor entered the house to see if I was all right. The look on her face when she saw me clad in nylons from the waist down made me want to die. I couldn't stand it if she told my parents. However, my agonizing situation was soon relieved when she regained her composure. She talked to me kindly and said she saw nothing wrong with wearing nylons. I explained to her that they were very comfortable to wear.

Sara then asked me if I got any sexual arousal from wearing panty hose. Bashfully, I said yes. Having said that, Sara started to remove her clothing to reveal a most beautiful, well-proportioned body. She knelt down and began to suck my cock through the nylons. Immediately I came, but she didn't get to taste very much. My come had stuck to the nylons. I helped her scoop it off and massaged it all around her big tits. She beckoned me to eat her. I probed her hairy bush for her clit with my tongue and tickled her ass until she had a quivering orgasm. Regaining her senses, Sara left before arousing the suspicions of the other neighbors. For the rest of the summer she sneaked over the back way, and we enjoyed many hours of fucking and sucking.

Just before my family arrived back, Sara brought over a package for me. I ripped it open and found, much to my delight, a leotard with matching tights. She said that I should have my own wardrobe now instead of sneaking into my sister's and mother's nylons. I eagerly tried my outfit on and couldn't believe the pressure of the leotard and tights against my cock. Sara removed her clothes and was clad in an outfit similar to mine. We then proceeded to fuck our brains out. After that I didn't get to see Sara again until she came over to tell me that she was moving away. She thanked me very much for adding variety to her sex life. I couldn't thank her enough. Before she left, Sara gave me all of her leotards and tights.

Now with Sara gone I had no one to share my fetish with. It remained dormant for a while until I happened upon a yoga class at the local "Y." Imagine my elation at finding a roomful of females clad in leotards and tights. I almost creamed in my pants right there. Immediately, I got an idea. I would enroll in a yoga class and therefore have an outlet to parade around in my leotards. The class was coed; so I was naturally embarrassed when women and particularly the men stared and laughed at me in disbelief. However, my embarrassment was soon overcome when the pretty instructor applauded me for being in proper attire for yoga, even though she didn't expect the men to wear leotards. She took an interest in me and helped me with all my moves. Those men who laughed at me earlier were now eyeing me with envy. I have been with her ever since, and she has taught me everything about muscle control.

So for all you hesitant males and doubting females, let your inhibitions go

and experience the pleasure I get from nylons. Not only are they good for sex, but also they are good for exercise, for general lounging, for winter underwear, and, finally, just sensational for use in the swimming pool. I hope to see the day when nylons become recognized as a legitimate wearing apparel for men.—*Name and address withheld*

More than a heating unit

I never thought that I would be writing a letter to you. After all, I'm just an average guy jerking off over all your latest issues of *Penthouse*. I never thought that this could ever happen to me.

It all started early this summer, when I was asked by my next-door neighbor, whom I will call Trish, to keep an eye on her house while she was spending the summer on the coast. She teaches grade school but doesn't look anything like the teachers I remember. She is about five feet seven inches tall with lovely, shoulder-length, honey-blonde hair. Her breasts, while not overly large, are the firm, perky type that really turn me on. And you wouldn't believe what she could do with an ordinary pair of blue jeans.

Earlier in the year I had had the opportunity of having dinner with her, as her boyfriend was no longer living with her. Much to my disappointment, nothing came of the event, and so I was forced to spend the remainder of the evening jerking off and dreaming about what might have happened.

Late this summer, when she returned, we had an unexpected cool spell, and since our units are gas heated, I had extinguished the furnace pilot light in her unit to save on fuel while she was gone. It so happened that this cool spell coincided with a barbecue held by our tenants' organization in our communal backyard. About halfway through the evening, Trish was mentioning that the temperature in her unit was reaching a very uncomfortable level at night. I then explained to her the situation involving the pilot light, and I apologized that I had not reignited it earlier. She then suggested, although not urgently, that I should show her how to do it. We went into her unit, and I made my way to the crawl space where the gas furnace was located while Trish, I assumed, was making coffee as she'd suggested. It was actually a simple but time-consuming procedure to reignite the pilot light, and I was at a loss to determine why she could not have done it herself rather than freezing these past few nights. When I exited from the crawl space back into the kitchen, my uncertainty was soon resolved.

There in front of me stood Trish, in a terry-cloth bathrobe. In her hands was a tray consisting of our coffee, sugar, and so forth. A bulge appeared in my pants. She began to giggle and said, "How would you like to ignite another pilot light?" A drooling idiot would have been able to pick up the not-so-subtle hint, and

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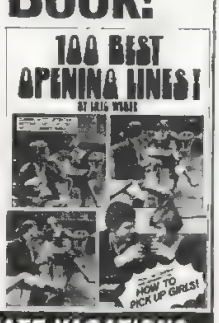

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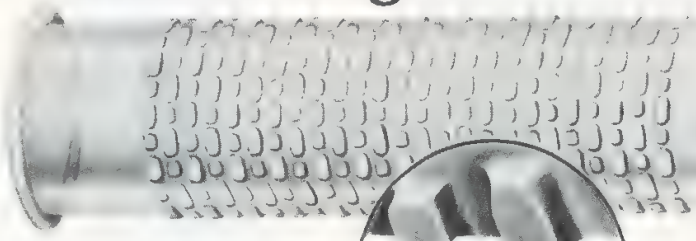

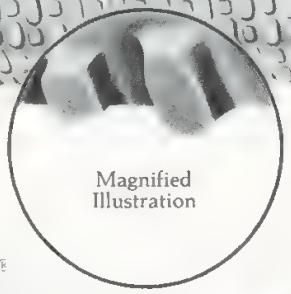

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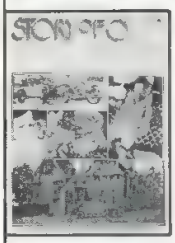

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I followed her into the dining room, where she placed the tray on the edge of the dining-room table and removed her robe, revealing her succulent body. She undressed me, and when she pulled down my pants, my throbbing cock sprang like a mousetrap. Motioning me to get up and kneel on the center of the table, she proceeded to give me one of the greatest blowjobs of my life. She leaned on the edge of the table, allowing me to play with her hard nipples, while she delicately stroked my member with her delicious, pouty mouth. I had not jerked off for several days prior to this and so was on the verge of coming. She sensed my peak and, rather than swallowing my eight-inch member, she then said, "Cream in your coffee, sir?" and then proceeded to dip my ejaculating boner into her simmering cup of coffee.

Needless to say, it was quite an experience as the hot coffee nearly gave me second-degree burns, which I hardly noticed until after our encounter. I was temporarily drained and sprawled out on the massive oak table while she proceeded to delicately sip her double-creamed coffee. "That's just what I needed," she said with a laugh. "It was so chilly outside, but now I'm really warmed up!" By then I was ready for more. Sensing my readiness, she removed the tray from the table. I drew her face close to mine, and before I knew it, her hot tongue was massaging my tonsils. I said, "Now that you've had your coffee, do you mind if I have my dessert?" "What do you have in mind," she said, smiling playfully. I motioned her up on the table, and gently positioning her on her back, I propped up her head with a sofa pillow and then sat down to a gourmet feast. I opened her delicious thighs and was treated to the most beautiful sight I had ever seen.

There before my eyes was her lovely hazel muff, glistening with the wetness of her excitement. I leaned forward in my chair, and she placed her silky legs around my neck, drawing my face toward her waiting pussy. She smelled and tasted terrific, like the first sip of a fine Chablis. She placed her hands on my head and neck, moving my eager mouth to where it pleased her the most. After a few minutes she began to move her hips wildly and pressed my face harder into her body. I continued to eat her, and she later said that she'd lost count of the number of times she had come. I now wanted to fuck the ass off her. I pulled her closer toward me and, she slid off the edge of the table onto my painful erection. She proceeded to ride me and within minutes, I came again, this time more violently than the first. She felt my hot, thick, come spurting into her love channel, and, unable to control ourselves any longer, we collapsed in exhaustion.

After a short rest, we dressed and cleaned ourselves up and then went back out to the party. By this time we had been missing for an hour and couldn't help notice the inquisitive stares pointed in our direction. Just minutes prior to this, someone from one of the units had brought out a pot of hot coffee. Trish and I smiled knowingly at each other. As we drank our coffee, she smiled at me and said, "Coffee Mate sure tastes great!"—*J.M., Ottawa, Canada*

Grand-slam home run

As each month comes, I eagerly purchase *Penthouse* and scrutinize the letters in "Forum." Of course, everyone I know thinks the letters are from a bull, but they can still boost my pulse during those dull moments in the day. Even though the letters seem phony, I must confess that since I started reading "Forum" several years ago, I have been more bold in going after babes, and I have consequently moved in on and boffed several babes I might otherwise have been to scared to approach. I had never really thought about giving "Forum" credit for these successes—that is, not until this past week.

I attend a small, academically elite, and predominantly male university in Baltimore. Although most of my time is spent either studying or chasing chicks, I have managed to devote some time to selling beer at the Orioles' games.

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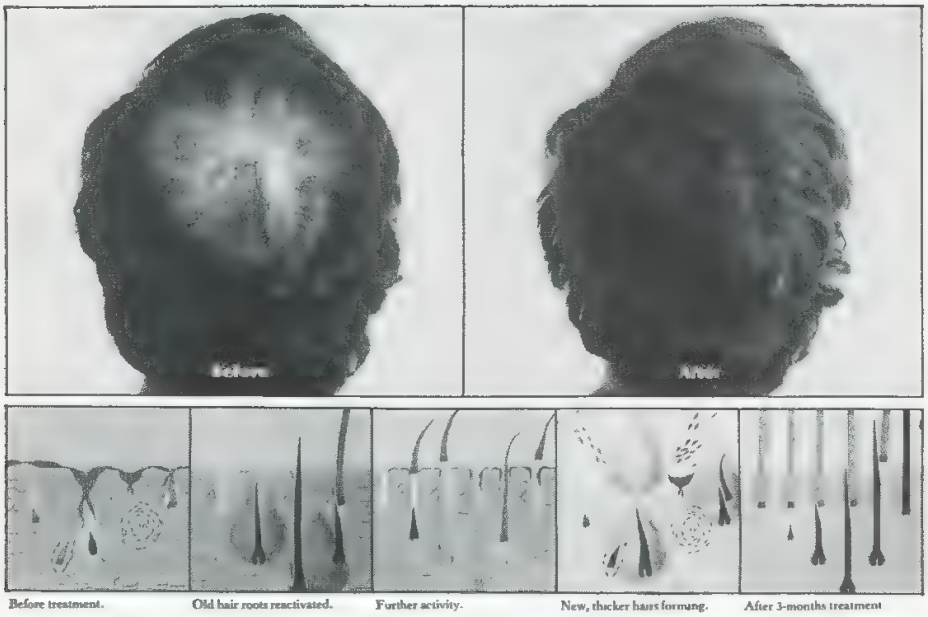

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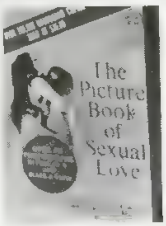

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I'll tell you, after spending all day on campus, where the girls are nonexistent or ugly, it's quite a pleasure to view the tremendous variety of dollies at the park. Unfortunately, because selling beer takes a lot of work, I never have the time to go after any chicks.

Last week, though, was different, and I feel that "Forum" contributed directly to my having the most exhilarating sex of my life.

It was the second game of the American League play-offs, with the California Angels in town to play the O's. Before the game and during the early innings, the grogs were really selling, because it was a beautiful, sunny day and the O's had built up a substantial lead. I simply could not run back fast enough to the beer stand behind first base to get fresh cases.

Well, I must admit, I was feeling pretty good. The sun was shining; the O's were winning; the beer was flowing; foxes were everywhere, and my own head was spinning from a six-pack of Heineken before the game and a copious intake of "Forum" letters. I was on the lookout constantly: my Roscoe was more often up than down. Babes with long, tanned legs and full, plump hogans were everywhere. But still, I kept to my work.

Beer was selling fast at the back of the stands on the third-base side of home plate, especially in Section 3, where folks gathered to do tokes on high-grade hoona (i.e., reefer). These people were always hounding the hot-dog and popcorn vendors for munchies, and as they needed megabrews to wet their parched throats, I was only too glad to oblige them. Whenever I brought a fresh case up to Section 3, I always left with a box full of empties. It was great.

In the early innings I also noticed a stunning fox among the partiers getting high at the back of Section 3. I saw hundreds of good-looking pieces that day, but she was by far the best. What really amazed me is that every time I went to the back of Section 3, this fox would smile at me, wave her hand, and shake her buns. Needless to say, my rod was so inflated that I was having trouble walking. Because I was mildly buzzed and had been reading "Forum," I was hoping for the best. So I figured, "What the hell I might as well go after this knockout, because she's acting like she wants to get boffed." The brews and "Forum" had given me the balls to flirt with her in front of what were apparently several boyfriends.

At the end of the fifth inning, the big group of fans getting high at the back of Section 3 had just polished off my case when this fox (I'll call her Melissa) asked me for a brew. I looked up into her smiling face and told her that I was sorry that I was out of beer, but if she came with me to the beer station, I could give her an ice-cold one. I couldn't believe it when she said, "Yeah, that sounds cool."

It seemed like my cock was rubbing my kneecap as I danced down the steps to the nearest exit. The question was, Where the hell was I going to fuck this babe?

I took her back to the beer stand, which was a big freezer in the main walkway under the stadium. "Forum" was spurring me on. I gave her bullshit like, "You can get a great view of the parking lot from behind the freezer. Let's take a look." I put down my case of empties, took her by the hand, and led her behind the large cooler. From this position, although we were hidden from the stadium crowd, people outside the gates could see us through the fence.

As soon as I got her behind the freezer, I went straight for her steaming pussy. It was like "no questions asked": her shorts and halter seemed to fly off, and my own drawers were but rags upon the ground. I'm hung pretty well, and I love to keep it up for quite a while, but the circumstances of our encounter so excited me that I blasted my glory nectar in tremendous gushes upon her legs, her bush, her stomach, her boobs, her face, and the freezer. At a moment's notice, she was lapping my sagging mast; I couldn't believe it, but my crimson crowbar didn't even go half-soft before it be-

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came hard again. I fucked Melissa against the freezer, under the freezer, next to the freezer, and opposite the freezer. My cock, so powerful for so long, needed a brief respite. At that point, Melissa whispered slyly, "I sure like those long bottles of beer you sell." I replied, "Oh, so sorry—here's the cold brew I promised you."

My eyes must have come out of my head when Melissa began to stick the long, dork-shaped bottle up her dripping pussy. "Oh, this is so good," she moaned, and then, to my amazement, I saw the cap of the bottle drop to the ground below us. I said to myself, "Is *any* pussy *that* tight?" My excitement was increasing, and I yelled, "Hey, Melissa, forget *that* brew. How about a natural? It's a little longer, a little wider, and a *lot* warmer."

My enlivened brew-stick was starting to foam; so I began fuckin' the stuffin' out of her (and me) against the freezer when all of a sudden a female stadium attendant—I never found out her name—appeared to our left. Normally, I would have been scared shitless, but I was intoxicated with the nerve of the letter writers to "Forum"; so I simply put out my hand and said, "Miss, don't just stand there; come and enjoy." When she dropped her skirt, my boner seemed to get even bigger. I put Melissa on her back and began thrusting deeply while the attendant started licking my ass and caressing the rest of my body.

We must have been going wild for 45 minutes when we finally came up for air. Apparently, some crowd had been forming outside the fence in the lot below us, for when we got up to dress, a hearty round of applause greeted us. Unfortunately, the applause also drew the police, who began to run toward our section.

Well, I was gone in a flash, and it didn't bother me that I sold no brew after that big inning. I'll be visiting Section 3 quite often during the upcoming World Series, and I sure hope the sexual returns are befitting a major championship. Thanks again, "Forum."—*M.S., Baltimore, Md.*

Biker's delight

I'll start by saying that I am male, 25 years old, and single. I work in a local chemical plant and have a lot of days off. I like to take advantage of weekdays off because there are not many people around.

An amazing thing happened to me last week as I was riding my bike on some trails in the woods behind my apartment complex. I was minding my own business when I came across some other bikers. There were three of them, two white and one black. They weren't just bikers, but hippies on Harley-Davidsons.

I stopped and talked to them for a little while, and they were passing a joint around. After a while everybody was pretty stoned, and that's when things started happening. One of the guys said

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The Suppression of Alternative Cancer Therapies—In perhaps the most important article in our series on cancer to date, Gary Null, with special assistance from Kalev Pehme, tells the story of Dr. Josef Issels, whose clinic in the Bavarian Mountains became the target of what Null describes as a "blatant, virulent, and far-reaching campaign of political harassment by the scientific community." What was Issels's crime? Why was he blacklisted in several countries? Basically, Null reports, because he thinks differently than the medical establishment. "Issels has discovered," writes Null, "that cancer is not a localized disease, limited to an organ, limb, or any particular part of the body. . . The principal means to combat cancer should be to strengthen the entire body's overall structures against cancer cells." Two independent studies found that Issels had a cure rate of between 16 and 17 percent for "incurable" people. No other therapist, scientist, or institution has made a similar, authoritative claim for overall cancer cure. Yet the cancer establishment refuses to investigate his claims adequately and has conducted a vendetta against him. If you wonder why we're losing the "war" against cancer, Dr. Issels's story will provide an answer.

Big Oil, Big Banks, Big Trouble—Although our political leaders tell us that the state of our economy is all *our* fault, that we're greedy spendthrifts who enjoy wasting oil, who have sold our country out to a bunch of Arabs, and so on, the truth is just the opposite. It *is* true, writes investigative reporter Robert Sherrill, that "in a very real sense, the Arabs now control the U. S. economic pacemaker." But Sherrill discovered that the reason why the United States has become hostage to the oil-producing countries of the Middle East is that a small number of greedy American banks, whose financial health is critical to the U. S. banking system, hold most of the Arab oil money—which, of course, came mostly from U. S. consumers to begin with. The Arabs could therefore destroy these banks, and our economy, at will. Sherrill describes how our politicians remain deliberately ignorant of just how much of America has been sold to OPEC and why they allow OPEC to get away with continuing price increases. Sherrill's article is "must" reading—especially now that our politicians are threatening to take us to war to bail out their bankrupt policies—and their bankrupt banking friends.

Weeds—Humorist Tom Eyen reveals the scandal of the century! More shameful than Vietnam, more shocking than Watergate, more depressing than Arab oil extortion! The disgusting truth is finally told in this shattering exposé of one white man's sleazy roots. Unfortunately, this man is our leading presidential candidate. Read *Weeds*, and you'll never vote again.

Walking on Air—When the star attraction of the Great Papouli Circus falls in love with a handsome stranger, the troupe must either find a place for him in the show or risk losing yet another part of Boomie the Boomerang Lady. When he turns out to be the Great Lazarus, his skill and the Humpty Dumpty Plan save the beautiful red-headed knife thrower. This excerpt is from the novel *Walking on Air*, by Pierre Delattre, to be published by Houghton Mifflin. O+

he was horny. Everybody agreed, and I said that there weren't too many girls around this time of the day. And he said that it didn't matter. When I looked up, all three of them were grinning. I knew what they were thinking and decided that I wouldn't try to get away from them because they were all huge. They all started to undress and told me to do the same.

I hesitated when they all dropped their pants. I couldn't believe my eyes. The shortest dick of the three had to be at least 12 inches. They were gigantic, because my dick is eight inches long, and it looked like a wet noodle compared with theirs. The black dude came up to me first and told me to suck him. I didn't argue with him and got down on my knees and grabbed his huge dick. I couldn't even get my hand around it. So I licked the head to get it slippery and then slid it in my mouth as far as I could. I just sucked up and down, each time getting it farther and farther down my throat. After about five minutes, I could feel him tense up and grow harder inside my mouth, and then he started to shoot his hot come down my throat. I couldn't believe how much come this guy had. He didn't stop for what seemed like a whole minute. I swallowed as much as I could, but some of it dripped out the side of my mouth.

Then one of the other guys said that that's what he was waiting for. He wiped some of the come off my face with his finger and wiped it on the head of his big dick, and then he went behind me. He rubbed the head of his dick on my backside and then pushed it in all the way. I thought I was going to split in half. He was pumping in and out slowly at first, and then he started moving faster and faster until my ass felt as if it were on fire. In a few minutes he came. Then he went soft and pulled out.

About that time the black dude was hard again and went behind me and rammed his huge dick in my sore ass. When I opened my mouth to scream, the other white guy rammed his dick down my throat. They were humping me from both ends now. Faster and harder they drove, until they shot their come.

I figured that it was over, but the first white guy said he wanted one more blowjob. So I took his big dick in my mouth and sucked until he shot still another load of hot come down my throat. Then they all started to get dressed, and I was lying there with come dripping out of my mouth and ass, and I realized that I really had enjoyed what had just happened. I had never been involved in any gay activity before, but I told them that I hoped I'd see them again soon.—*Name and address withheld* O+

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy send $2.00 to **Forum Magazine**, Dept. HM, P.O. Box 1805, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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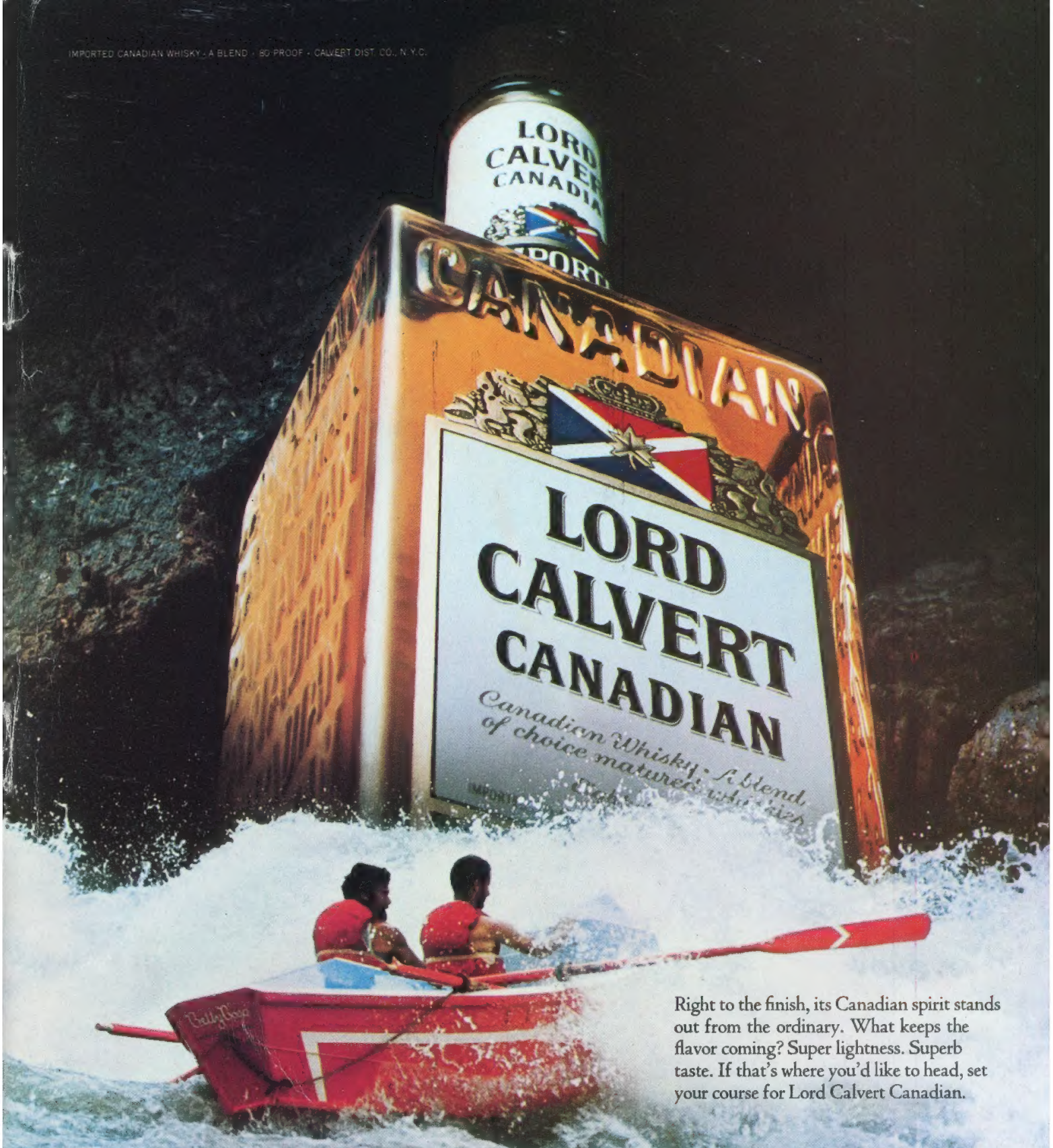

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